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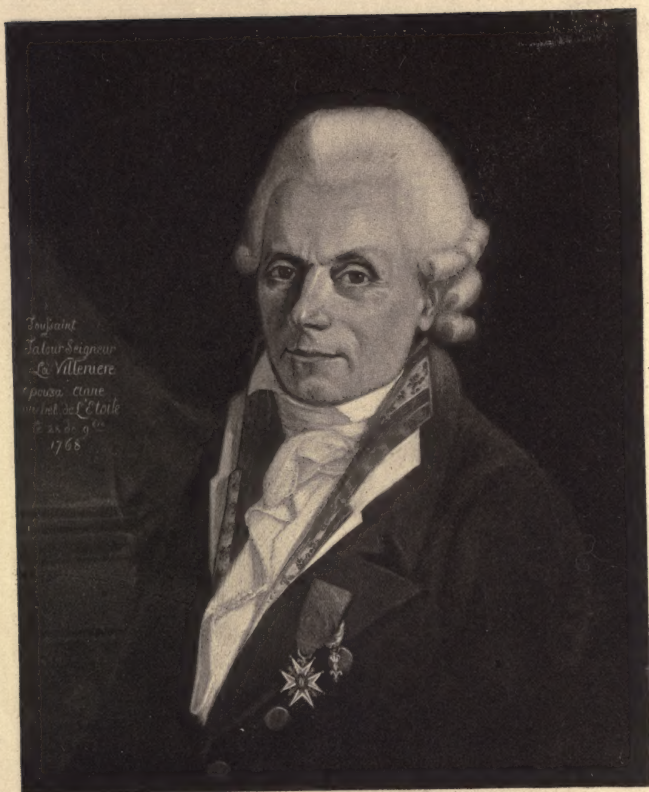
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MEMOIRS OF THE
COUNT DE CARTRIE

*“Cela est bien dit,” répondit
Candide; “mais il faut
cultiver notre
jardin”*



Toussaint
Talour-Seigneur
de Villenièrre
époux de
M^{lle} de la Cartrie
le 22. 9^{bre}
1768

Toussaint-Ambroise Talour de la Cartrie de la Villenièrre

C22557

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT de CARTRIE

A RECORD OF THE EXTRAORDINARY
EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF A FRENCH
ROYALIST DURING THE WAR IN LA
VENDÉE AND OF HIS FLIGHT TO
SOUTHAMPTON WHERE HE FOLLOWED
THE HUMBLE OCCUPATION OF GARDENER

With an Introduction by
FRÉDÉRIC MASSON
Appendices and Notes by
PIERRE AMÉDÉE PICHOT
and Other Hands



A PHOTOGRAVURE PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR
AND TWENTY OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD
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THE PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT

BEFORE the *Times* Book Club opened its mammoth store in Oxford Street, probably the largest bookshop in England was Mr. Iredale's in Torquay, and all lovers of old and rare books who have visited that famous resort will be familiar with a corner in the shop dedicated to old books, and presided over by that genial bibliophile, Mr. Thomas Dow. It was in October, 1904, that I received from Mr. Dow the fascinating report of the discovery of an old and faded MS. bound in stained and worn vellum.

It may be interesting to give some extracts from this report :—

“We have acquired an unpublished Manuscript which might be called Extraordinary Events in the Life of Ambrose Toussaint de Castric, Count de Villeniere (commonly called Comte de Castric), c. 1790-1800.

“This is not fiction, but a personal narrative. The writer came home to his family château from Canada after the deaths of his father and three elder brothers (killed at Minden and Port Mahon). He returned on parole, having been a Prisoner

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to the English. He then fought in the Vendean Civil War, and went through miraculous escapes and Adventures in the time of the Terror. Whilst an emigré at Southampton, etc., he compiled this volume, which in its present form is a translation by a friend."

Being naturally interested in such matters, I asked to have it sent to me at once, and after careful examination I came to the conclusion that it was genuine. But as the author's name, as well as other of the proper names, was spelled in so many different ways, I entered into communication on the subject with M. Pierre Amédée Pichot, of Paris, the distinguished scholar and sportsman, who has so often come to the rescue of English students in times of difficulty. Monsieur Pichot has been the editor of that famous French monthly, *La Revue Britannique*, which has done more to familiarize the French people with the best of English and American literature and science than any publication of its time. He is also the author of that remarkable book, *Les Oiseaux de Sport*. The combination of scholar and sportsman in M. Pichot is probably unique, for when he is not employed in unravelling historical problems or heraldic achievements, he is more than likely to be engaged in the present-day pursuit of falconry and hunting, or in studying their historical past. He has, also, the rare distinction of combining in his own person the

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literary and historical traditions of his family. His distinguished father, M. Amédée Pichot, whose fame is commemorated in his native Arles by a fine monument, was the founder of *La Revue Britannique*, while his maternal grandfather, General Hurault de Sorbée, accompanied Napoleon to Elba, and as his trusted emissary was the bearer to Marie Louise of the Emperor's last letter.

The following letters will afford abundant proof that even as a student of history, M. Pichot's sporting instincts assert themselves. The original MS. was sent to him for careful examination and study, and the outcome was a correspondence from which I can do no better than quote copious extracts, as these will most fully and conclusively establish the steps taken to disentangle this historic drama, and to elucidate the characters of its chief actors.

When on 31 October, 1904, I sent M. Pichot a copy of Mr. Dow's letter regarding the MS., I also wrote myself as follows: "In the British Museum I cannot find any reference to Count de Villenièr. I should be so glad if you could give me any information about this person or his family."

To which he replied as follows on 15 November, 1904:—

"... As for the person you inquire about, I confess that I know nothing. The names do not

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sound at all French, and the two most competent persons to judge, to whom I have expressed my doubts, are of the same opinion. De Castries and De Castres are French names, but nobody belonging to these families answers to the description in your note. Perhaps the names are badly spelt, which is of very frequent occurrence in documents of the time, both French and English. When I translated Colonel Thornton's *Sporting Tour in France*, I had to correct most of the names of the people and castles mentioned in it. If you could give me some further particulars of your gentleman—for instance, the name of his château, and other details which may be found in the manuscript—I should certainly, either by myself or with the help of friends, endeavour to hunt him up and bring him to bay, provided he is a real personage and not a creation of the fancy. . . .”

To this letter I replied on 18 November, 1904: “ . . . Your letter just received regarding the MS. has interested me greatly. I fear, however, that I did not give you sufficient data before making researches. The MS. has now come back into my hands, together with the report of my expert friend, Mr. Frederic Chapman, who seems to be much of our opinion, viz. that the MS. is genuine but the names are misspelt throughout; he has discovered an interesting topographical note in MS. just inside the cover of the book, describing the position of De Cas-

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tric's residence.¹ I am therefore sending you the MS. direct for your perusal, as I feel confident when you have the whole thing before you that you will be able, as usual, to unravel the mystery; and I shall await with much interest the result of your examination. . . ."

From M. Pichot.

"23 November, 1904.

". . . I duly received the MS. which you sent for my inspection, and therein I found all the necessary particulars for identifying the writer and the persons mentioned in his work. As I foresaw, the spelling of the names is most abominably incorrect, which is the more extraordinary from the fact that one is an English name, that of the author's sister, who is no other than the celebrated Madame William Bulkeley, the Vendean heroine. She was the widow of Monsieur Chappot (not Chabot) de la Brossardière, and her brother is Monsieur de la Carterie (not Castric or Castres), son of a 'Conseiller du Roi en la Chambre des Comptes de Bretagne.' His residence may very well have been in the parish of La Pouëze, in the Department of Maine et Loire, and near an old Roman tumulus known as La Motte de la Villenièrè; but I have been unable to find that he ever took this or any other title. Now it would take some time and a good deal of

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inquiry to verify all the writer's statements, in which at a first glance I notice several inaccuracies, or at least discrepancies between them and those generally accepted. For instance, he states that Madame Bulkeley was shot, after having been taken prisoner in one of the last engagements of the war, while other historians affirm that she died a natural death at the ripe age of seventy-nine, at Angers (13 March, 1832). The character which the brother gives of his sister differs considerably from that of other writers, who describe her as a fierce and cruel leader, to whom was confided the keeping or torturing of the Republican women, the burning of their houses, and the plundering of their property. This may be an exaggeration of the Patriot historians, as very one-sided accounts of the war in La Vendée were written by both parties.

"Very much has been written and published on the Civil War in Vendée: Madame de La Rochejaquelein's Memoirs (translated from the French and published by Constable in 1827), General Turreau's Memoirs (an extract from which is added at the end of the MS.), and records of the trials and executions which are kept in the public offices. So there is no end of material by which to verify the statements contained in the present memoir, and to complete or explain it; if it is published, this should be done with care.

"As I have only glanced through the MS., I

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am merely giving you my first impressions. There are others—who have made the gloomy times of the Revolution their particular study—much more competent to judge of its merits than myself. Some of these I might consult on the historical value of the document you have entrusted me with, if you deem it advisable, and I will only send it back on hearing from you that you think it useless to make further inquiry."

"26 December, 1904.

". . . I am sorry to have detained the Cartrie manuscript so long, but it has not been an easy matter to unravel its mysteries and to make a thorough and careful investigation of all the circumstances. I have read it with great attention, and have communicated with many persons far and wide. In many instances I have been obliged to translate certain passages into French, as some of my correspondents are unacquainted with the English language, and therefore would not have understood the original.

"Now I think I have it all.

"I have had the good fortune to fall in with a distant relation of the author, who was himself occupied a few years ago in studying the life of his great-grand-aunt, Madame Bulkeley, De Cartrie's sister. Through him I have got the clue to many things which it would have been a

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wild-goose chase to look for in the public registers, as there are no less than thirty-six parish records in Angers alone ; and I expect I should have had to run over a still wider bit of country ! But I am, like yourself, very keen on such investigations, and when I found that the MS. would in all probability turn out to be genuine I went into the matter thoroughly. I will only give you here an outline of what I have succeeded in finding out, as it would take some time to put my notes into proper order, and copy extracts from such works as may not be found in the British Museum.

“Of Cartrie himself I find there is little known. He is not mentioned in the books written on the Vendean War, and I conclude that he may only have acted there in the character of some subordinate officer, though he seems very intimate with the more well-known generals. Indeed, it looks as if he had only taken part in the Civil War under the pressure of circumstances. His inclinations were for a quiet family life apart from politics, and one reads between the lines of his narrative that he did not always view in a very favourable light the political and military actions of the Royalist leaders, though his loyalty prevented him from expressing any blame. Then he was not himself of a military stock, but of what we call a ‘*famille de robe*,’ or family of magistrates.

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"The patronymical name of the family was Talour, and the Talours came from Normandy to Anjou in the sixteenth century. When they married in this country, they added the names of their castles or lands to their own, as was the custom, to distinguish the different branches. Thus we find in 1590 the domains of La Cartrie in the hands of Pierre Talour, an *avocat*, that is to say, a barrister or lawyer, at Angers. Then follow in succession :—

"1. Barthélemy Talour de la Cartrie, also a barrister at Angers.

"2. Barthélemy, barrister at Angers, *écuyer*, *secrétaire ordinaire de la Chambre du Roi*.

"3. Barthélemy (?).

"4. Mathieu, who was at first in the Army, but resigned his commission in the La Gervezais Regiment in 1704 for the seat of *Conseiller-Secrétaire du Roi en la Chancellerie près le Parlement de Metz*, and became in 1713 *Secrétaire-Auditeur en la Chambre des Comptes de Bretagne*.

"5. Guy-Barthélemy succeeded his father as *auditeur de la Chambre des Comptes de Bretagne*.

"6. The eldest son of Guy-Barthélemy is Toussaint-Ambroise, who was born on 25 January, 1743.

"The last mentioned is our author.

"The castle of La Cartrie, or La Carterie, as it is sometimes spelt, is situated on the common of Becon, in the Department of Maine et Loire

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(Boscus de Quartaria 1080-96, *Cartulaire de l'Abbaye St. Nicolas* p. 149). The village De la Quarterie belonged in 1592 to the Abbey of St. Nicolas. The land was sold in 1783 to the widow of Balthazar de Meaulne. The castle is now the property of M. de Villebiot (see *Dictionnaire historique de Maine et Loire*, by Célestin Port, in which, under the heading of Talour, there is an account of the family).

"But to return to our manuscript, I find it correct in most of the events mentioned. The description of the battle of Dol, for instance, will well bear comparison with that in Madame de La Rochejaquelein's Memoirs, as seen from a different point of view. The proper names of persons and towns are outrageously spelt throughout. The work must have been dictated to the writer of the MS., who only caught the sounds of the words, and often caught them wrong. Thus the gentlemen who married Cartrie's sisters are : le Chevalier de la Grandière, which is right ; but Japinaud de Bastruguet stands for Sapinaud de Bois-Huguet, Joubert de Nochedemer for Jousbert de Rochetemer ; and Robon de lie must be read Bulkeley !

"According to the MS., the author's sister—Madame Bulkeley—married a Vicomte de Rohan-Chabot. The Chabot family is in no way connected with the Cartrie. It was a M. Chap-pot de la Brossardière who was the first husband

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of this lady, by whom she had a daughter—Aminthe de la Brossardière—who died in the prison of Angers as M. de la Cartrie relates. But he also states that his sister, Madame Bulkeley, was shot, which is not correct, and that Madame de Sapinaud had perished, while, on the contrary, they both outlived the war and indeed himself, and died a natural death. However, I can make allowance for such mistakes, as, owing to the troubled times, La Cartrie seems to have completely lost sight of his family until 1800—when he returned to France—and he may well have confused the fate of these ladies with the unhappy lot of many other women, among whom was Madame de La Rochefoucauld.

“I should like to know what became of La Cartrie when he returned to France, and I am making inquiries on the subject. There are also some persons whom I have not yet identified.

“There were two branches of the Chappot family—the Chappot de la Brossardière (now extinct) and the Chappot de la Chanonie. It is from the younger branch that the great-grand-nephew of Madame Bulkeley is descended. He has published an interesting account of his aunt in the *Revue du Bas Poitou* for 1892. The British Museum must have the Memoirs of Madame Sapinaud (1824), of Madame de La Rochejaquelein, of Madame de la Bouëre, and of many others which the writer of an introduction should master

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in order to do proper justice to the subject. The work is of great interest, and undoubtedly worthy of a translation into French, when one might get some Academician—such as Frédéric Masson—to write an introduction, so as to call public attention to the book.

"So much for to-day. I am expecting some letters, the contents of which shall be communicated to you later, for it would be a great pity to let certain points remain in the dark. I cannot trace the marriage of the author's son to a Mademoiselle de Montauban, and have set my hounds on the trail. . . ."

"5 January, 1905.

". . . I am pleased to see that the information I am collecting with reference to the Carrie MS. is to your liking.

"I had foreseen your desire to procure portraits and illustrations for the book, and have been on the look-out for such. The difficulty is that the Carrie line is extinct, and that many castles belonging to the nobility were plundered during the Revolution. I have been obliged, therefore, to seek out such distant relations of the family as may have preserved miniatures and portraits of the persons we are interested in. Under the Restoration, a series of large lithographic portraits of the most notable personalities

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of the Vendean War was published and sold by a committee for the benefit of the Vendean peasants. These portraits are now scarce, and some of them fetch high prices among the dealers in prints; but they can always be photographed at the Bibliothèque Nationale. I should, however, much prefer to find unpublished miniatures and the like, which would be more curious and more reliable.

"M. de la Chanonie has no portrait of his great-grand-aunt—Madame Bulkeley—but I may be more successful in my search. In 1818 there was a large lithographic print published in *Victoires et Conquêtes* representing Madame Bulkeley at the battle of La Roche-sur-Yon; I have a proof of this in my collection, coloured by hand. It would make a good illustration for a book; but of course it can have no pretension to resemblance. The name of the heroine herself is incorrectly spelt.

"At the Bibliothèque Nationale we have a very striking water-colour sketch of General d'Elbée, which has never been published. It was made by one of the military judges—C. Fachot—during the sitting of the Council of War by which D'Elbée was condemned to be shot. The Vendean General is represented standing under a tree, in the very remarkable costume which he then wore. In the background, the Republican Army is seen storming the fortress of

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Noirmoutiers, where the General fell into the hands of his enemies.

"Perhaps Frédéric Masson can be induced to write an introduction for the Cartrie Memoirs, for I know that he will take great interest in their publication. If he does so, it will be far more valuable than the extracts from General Turreau added as an appendix to the manuscript. Turreau's work is merely a pamphlet in vindication of his own management of the war, and is quite one-sided. Frédéric Masson has the largest known collection of documents and original MSS. on the Republic and the Empire, and his work would no doubt be new and original. . . ."

"11 January, 1905.

"... I have had some interesting information coming in since I last wrote. From Nancy I have received a communication respecting the Montauban family into which Cartrie's eldest son married. My correspondent there—the Marquise d'Eyragnes—is pursuing her quest, and promises me further details.

"I will see Masson about your proposal. What I have already told him about the MS. has interested him very much, and he is having certain inquiries made for me by his numerous staff of collectors.

"I will return the MS. in a few days, as soon



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as I have made out a list of the names, which it is very important not to copy wrong."

"30 November, 1905.

". . . Again and again I have failed in procuring portraits of La Cartrie or his family. I really believe that they are not to be found, and have no confidence in further research."

"7 January, 1906.

". . . Some fresh information has been coming in since I last wrote. Thus I have ascertained the correct names of the members of the Revolutionary Committee whom La Cartrie had to bribe for saving his wife and daughters in prison. These are Réthureau and Thierry, not Retureau and Guery, as the names were written in the MS. You will also see that La Cartrie's statement about his wife's imprisonment is not quite correct, for only the wife was condemned to be guillotined, while the daughters were left at large.

"I have found the correct maiden name of Serrant's wife. She was a daughter of the Baroness de Lugé—not Leugé, as the name is written in the MS.

"I have this moment received news from the curator of the Museum at Angers, Monsieur A. Michel, that he has found some portraits of the Talour la Cartrie family. They are in the

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possession of a great-grandson of one of La Cartrie's sisters—the Sapinaud branch—and this gentleman wants me to go down to see them. I understand these portraits represent an abbé and a chevalier, probably La Cartrie's brothers, but my informant has not seen them. I am writing to him to make an appointment with M. de Sapinaud, who is most anxious to further our researches, and I shall run down to Angers as soon as I receive his answer, as there may be other portraits besides the two mentioned. This would really be a piece of luck, after drawing blank from so many sources of information! . . ."

"22 January, 1906.

" . . . I have at last hunted up the nest of a great part of the Cartrie family portraits! My journey to Anjou has been crowned with success, and I am happy to report the discovery of our Vendean hero in the words of the Dauphin to the Archduke of Austria in 'King John'—

Before Angiers well met!

The destruction of private property and the dispersion of the old families under the Revolution has made this a difficult task. In fact, when I have come across distant relations of the Cartries, I have found they know very little of their family records, and have even lost sight of their still existing relatives. This is why I have been



THE ORIGINAL VELLUM-BOUND MS.

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so long before striking the proper trail ; but I have found at last a great-great-grandson of Carrie's sister, the Count de Sapinaud, who has most obligingly placed at my disposal the following portraits, which are still preserved in the castle of Lalleu :—

"First we have the portrait of our memoirist painted in 1812. The inscription, in gold letters on the background, clearly establishes the identity of the man. On a dark green coat he wears the Cross of St. Louis and the Order of the Lys. His hair is white ; but his face is not so worn as might have been expected.

"2. Carrie's sister, Madame de Sapinaud, the author of *Mémoires sur la Vendée*, published by her son in 1823, is represented by a small pencil drawing in profile. It is very striking, and gives an impression of a strong and masculine character.

"3. One of Carrie's ancestors, born in 1629, Canon of St. Laud, in the grey gown trimmed with lace, which is the costume of the Order.

"4. Mathieu Talour, the grandfather, member of the Court of Accounts of Brittany, who married a demoiselle du Bailleul in 1713.

"5. President de l'Etoile, who married a Talour in 1560.

"6. Claude Herbereau, wife of Barthélemy Talour in 1609.

"7. Rose Herbereau, wife of one Louis de l'Etoile in 1755.

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"8. Barthélemy Talour, a cavalry officer, Chevalier de St. Louis, who from the date of his birth on the portrait must be a cousin rather than the younger brother of Cartrie.

"But alas! nothing of Madame Bulkeley. Still, after so many discouraging failures, we must consider ourselves lucky in having got so much!

"I took down with me from Angers the photographer who works for the Museums of that town, and at Lalleu I made him take photographs of Cartrie, his sister, and his grandfather, who are particularly mentioned in the Memoirs, and also a photograph of the Canon of St. Laud. The others are of no interest for our purpose, and possibly you may only care for the portrait of the author. As soon as I get the proofs, which the photographer has promised to send in a few days, I will forward them to you. . . ."

"8 February, 1906.

". . . I send you to-day copies of the portraits I have had taken at Angers, which seem very satisfactory.

"I greatly regret not finding a portrait of Madame Bulkeley; I have an idea that if it is to be found at all it should be searched for in England. Her husband, William Bulkeley, was born at Clonmel in Ireland on 7 December, 1766. He entered the Walsh Regiment in 1785 through the influence of his uncle, Richard Butler,

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who had been Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment and Brigadier-General of the Armies of the King. His grandfather, Francis Bulkeley, was born in London in 1686. When William Bulkeley married Cartrie's sister, he may very probably have sent a miniature or a portrait of his wife, who was renowned for her beauty, to some of his relatives in England. I understand that there are still descendants of the family living, for a friend—I think M. de Sapinaud—told me he met one some years ago at Cannes who knew a great deal about his family antecedents. There must still be in England some members of the Walsh and of the Serrant families. The Serrants resided at 5 King Street, London, in 1800, and Dumouriez corresponded with them at that address.

"Walsh de Serrant's portrait has never, I think, been reproduced. Perhaps the Duke de Trémoille, being a rather near relative, may have a miniature of him."

"25 March, 1906.

". . . Yesterday I met the Duke de la Trémoille, who was kind enough to lend me a photograph of the portrait of Charles-Edouard-Augustin, Viscount de Walsh Serrant, De la Cartrie's great friend, which you asked me to try and get in your letter of 2 February. The photograph, the only one the duke has, is taken from

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a portrait in the Castle of Serrant. It is great luck to have found so much. . . ."

"25 April, 1906.

"The order of St. Louis was conferred on De Cartrie 29 July, 1814. The order of the Lys, created in 1546 and fallen into disuse, was revived by Louis XVIII in 1816. I do not know the date on which De Cartrie received this."

These extracts are given in the order in which they were written, and it is believed they form an unusually interesting instance of the romance of publishing, and the devious ways in which the intricacies of history are unravelled. It is, of course, M. Pichot's distinguished position in literary and social France which has enabled him to discover the lost links in this history of a nearly forgotten noble family, and to procure the documents that have substantiated the truth and accuracy of this minor historian of a great and tragical movement. M. Pichot's own sporting instincts have unerringly guided him in following up every scent and clue. He himself speaks of bringing the hero of the drama to bay, and he almost—though not quite—succeeds in running him to earth, for we are still in doubt as to the exact time and place of his death.

There are also some other points in which we have been defeated, viz. we have failed to

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discover in which of the nine Princes Streets in the London of 1795 the inn called the *Two Friends* was located. Also we have failed to trace an authentic portrait of Madame Bulkeley, as well as of De Carrie's chief benefactor in England, James Dott, of Bitterne Grove, Southampton. Of Mr. Dott we have discovered that he died in 1843 aged 91, and that for some years previous to his death he was wheeled about Southampton in a Bath-chair, and tradition has it that it was from his mental condition that the adjective "dotty" was derived. This suggestion is offered for what it is worth to the editor of Murray's Dictionary, and all others interested in philology.

Finally we are unable to discover the name of the translator of the MS. Still, what is more likely than that the translation was made by some Southampton worthy, with the object of providing funds to aid our distinguished émigré on his return to France? The translator's introduction clearly proves that the memoirs were prepared for publication, and they no doubt went the round of publishers in the early years of the last century. Possibly, however, after this wider publicity of the printed book in England and France, information may be forthcoming on some of the foregoing points before a new edition is prepared for the press.

In tracing the history of the MS. itself, I

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should add that Mr. Iredale informs me that he purchased it some two years ago from Miss Frances Latimer, the daughter of the late Isaac Latimer, the famous editor of the *Western Daily Mercury*. From Miss Latimer I hear that she does not know for certain from whom her father obtained the MS., but it is possible that he might have got it from Mr. Lowden, a well-known writer on gardening subjects in the beginning of the last century. She remembers that her father looked upon it as one of his treasures.

It may be as well to insert here the biographical note compiled by the original and unknown translator describing the personal appearance and manners of the Count de Cartrie.

“Monsieur de Cartrie was fifty-seven years of age; about six feet in height; not corpulent, but very muscular. He did not seem ever to have had the polish of the Court or a finished education, but possessed the manners of a plain country gentleman. In principles and honour he was not to be surpassed. He appeared to have been attached to rural amusements. He was very mild in his manner, and his misfortunes had brought him to think himself on a level with the most humble with whom he might converse. He never ran into debt at Itchen, and that he might not incur expense he even did the most menial offices for himself: washing his own linen; fetch-

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ing the wood for firing; dressing his victuals, which were principally vegetables; and mending his clothes. These were the means by which he kept his mind employed. At one time he lived in a small house on the top of a steep hill, lonely, and distant from any village. There he formed a garden, and reared some poultry and rabbits. At another time he had part of a house to live in, which was in Chancery, cultivating a portion of the garden. From all the neighbouring gentry he received assistance, and occasionally went to dine with them. He was generous in proportion to his means, and was always ready to lend his aid to his poor neighbours; this I have heard from those on whom he conferred favours, not from himself. And his manners were so mild that, when living at Itchen (where all the inhabitants are fishermen, and particularly inimical to the French), he was upon the best of terms with them, nor ever sustained the smallest insult from them; nay, they were always ready to render him every assistance. He purposely lived retired from all the French, as being expensive, quarrelsome, and dissatisfied (most probably from their disappointments).

“He appeared to have been very handsome in his younger days, but misfortunes had broken him down. His eyes were dark, and very expressive; his hair perfectly white. I always thought his mishaps had a little affected

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his intellect, as he was often absent-minded. A strong instance came under my own particular observation: in one of my afternoon rides at Itchen I was in an open carriage in a narrow lane; he was at a little distance before me, and proceeding forwards. He was walking in the middle of the road, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and I approached very near to him, without his hearing me. At the same time, a team of horses were coming towards him, when his absent-mindedness was such that he actually ran against the fore horse of the team before he perceived it. He was continually talking of his children when he could find opportunity, and I have seen the tears come in his eyes frequently on such occasions; his eldest daughter was his favourite.

"He received from Government one shilling per day in common with the refugees, and an extra allowance of one shilling per day for a servant; but out of this he contrived to save considerably. This and some contributions from the neighbouring gentry enabled him to undertake his journey to France in the year 1800 with fifty guineas in his pocket, and a good stock of clothes and linen."

Although I have put the following advertisement in the leading historical and literary papers of England and France, it has so far brought me no satisfactory response:—

The Publisher's Advertisement

TO LIBRARIANS AND COLLECTORS OF MSS.

LOST: The original MS. in French of the *Memoirs of Ambroise Toussaint de Cartrie, Count de Villenière* (brother of the famous Vendean heroine, Madame Bulkeley), giving his miraculous adventures in the war in La Vendée and his experiences after his arrival at the *Two Friends*, Princes Street, London, 1794, and subsequently as gardener on the estate of Mr. Dott at Bitterne Grove, Southampton, from 1797-1800. The advertiser would be glad to discover the original MS. before the *Memoirs* are retranslated into French by M. Pierre Amédée Pichot, under the editorship of Monsieur Frédéric Masson, and before the contemporary English translation now in the British Museum has been published. Information would be gladly received by John Lane, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, London, W.

It is quite probable that the original French MS., or a copy, was taken to France when Count de Cartrie returned in 1800, with a view to its publication there.

The MS. has now, however, been translated into French by M. Pichot, and to this will be added M. Frédéric Masson's exhaustive Introduction prepared for the English edition.

As appendices I have included, further, the original Introduction by the unknown translator, as well as the romantic history of the Talour family compiled by M. Pichot.

In conclusion, I am informed by Mr. Dow

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that the MS. was first offered to the British Museum, but as the authorities there could not identify any of the names mentioned in the MS. with the names of officers in the French Army List of the period, which is not surprising, considering that they were all misspelt, and possibly, also, owing to a chronic want of funds, the MS. was politely returned. However, the publisher has now presented the original document, as well as a selection from M. Pichot's correspondence, to the British Museum.

I am especially indebted to Mr. G. K. Fortescue of the British Museum for his notes on Prince de Léon, and on the Pensions to Emigrés. The latter subject is of great interest, and one well worthy of more serious study. The sums raised are very large for that period: in 1792, £33,590 was raised by private subscriptions; another fund under royal patronage amounted to £41,314; and in addition to these voluntary subscriptions large sums were granted from the Civil List, and voted by Parliament, amounting to £77,550; whilst in 1796 and 1797 the vast sums of £140,090 and £192,677 were respectively voted from the public funds.

It is much to be hoped that Mr. Fortescue will elsewhere go exhaustively into this subject; no one knows the period better than he, as all the readers of his brilliant Introduction to *Memoirs of Mademoiselle des Écherolles* will acknowledge.

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It seems that there has been no adequate account of this noble outburst of generosity on the part of England towards her neighbour France in the time of her great trouble.

My thanks are also due to Commander E. L. Austen, R.N., Mrs. Beatson, Miss Bramwell, Miss Frances Latimer, Mrs. Newmarch, Miss Howse, the Reverends T. Lewis, O. Davies, G. W. Minns, and J. D. Paton, Messrs. R. St. Barbe Baker, J. C. Commin, Chas. F. Cooksey, Robert Day, F.S.A., Henry March Gilbert, Owen Gilbert, O. T. Hopwood, Henry Kirke, Alfred Latimer, G. C. Reeves, and H. I. Sanders.

JOHN LANE.

THE BODLEY HEAD,
June, 1906.



INTRODUCTION

HABENT *sua fata libelli*. No epigraph could be more desirable for the memoirs of M. de la Cartrie; none could be a more suitable introduction to his strange fortunes. The original manuscript has not been handed down to us: entrusted by the author to a friend, apparently at the time of leaving Southampton to return to France, it was then translated into English, and the translator, but little conversant with all that concerned France and French personalities, so mutilated the names of people and places as to make them unintelligible, and rob them of all semblance of likelihood.

A hundred years later the manuscript of this English translation was confided to a man whose erudition equals his perseverance, who brings to bear on the solution of such problems the instinct, the ardour, and the science of the born hunter. This was M. Pierre-Amédée Pichot, who, succeeding to his lamented father, edited the *Revue Britannique* in such brilliant style, and continued to uphold this publication—one of the oldest and

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most reputable in all France—in the esteem of the learned and in the favour of the public.

To restore with accuracy the proper names, the precise genealogy of the author and the members of his family, to penetrate the mysteries of adventures so romantic as to appear incredible, to establish the veracity of a writer whose tales seemed beyond all possibility of examination, he was compelled—upon indications which would have escaped anyone else—to find the trail and follow it with patient and sagacious tenacity, to leave no stone unturned, to obtain access to family records most jealously guarded, to explore parish registers, and consult the service lists at the Ministry of War. He had also to retrace certain people through the changes in their family names which they were compelled to make during the revolutionary period, to discover them amid the obscurity which, since that time, has enveloped so many representatives of the lesser nobility, amid the decadence of ruined generations who, absorbed in the material cares of daily life, have no longer leisure in their present anxiety to take interest in the things of the past. This work was its own recompense: the aim of the hunter is to take the creature he has tracked—whatsoever it may be. Big game or small, furred or feathered, vermin, or a dish for a king, what does it matter to him? His delight is in the chase. The same does not apply to those whom he invites to par-

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take of the quarry; it is their duty and their right to show more discrimination; but they must admit that in spite of the many existing memoirs and accounts dealing with the wars in La Vendée, the reminiscences of M. de la Cartrie deserved to find an editor: undoubtedly they have everything to gain from such a commentator as M. Pierre-Amédée Pichot, and, but for his happy discoveries, they would probably have suffered from a lingering sense of doubt as to the author's veracity. As soon, however, as we can feel some confidence in them, they undoubtedly deserve a place to themselves. Few memoirs are so sincere, so humanly true, so free from pompous and royalist emphasis; consequently few give so just an impression of the ideas and sentiments which stirred the greater part of the gentry who were nominally the leaders of the insurrection in the West.

At the same time, however, on the unsupported testimony of M. de la Cartrie, it would be the height of audacity to pretend to draw conclusions as to the insurrection in La Vendée, and the social conditions of a France which an outlaw could thus traverse from end to end during the very climax of the terror, meeting at almost every stage with sympathetic greetings offered to a stranger at the risk of life itself. Compared, however, with analogous accounts, this record helps us to understand, first, the actual causes and origins

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of the rebellion in Western France ; why, and by whom, this revolt had to be suppressed ; also, how far the terrorist oppression was the work of a minority, and how heavily this tyrannical minority weighed upon the conscience of the nation.

By this means, the submission of our ancestors to the cruellest, most vile and odious domination hitherto endured by any civilized society, is in some measure explained and exonerated.

It seems therefore a propitious occasion upon which to state briefly some general ideas, hitherto lost in the details of events, which permit us, from a philosophical point of view, to grasp the French Revolution as a whole, and to define, without reference to party opinion, the methods by which this tyranny became established and perpetuated, and the resistance it had to encounter.

I

In August, 1792, a faction which united in a common desire for enjoyment, wealth, and oppression, the vagabonds of all the French provinces and all the States of Europe, unexpectedly gained the upper hand in Paris, thanks to the weakness of a King who, unable to defend himself, had no wish to be defended.

The downfall of the throne on August 10th aroused no serious opposition.

In truth it was not the collapse of Royalty, but the final disappearance of a phantom King.

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Since October 6th, 1789, when the King, compelled by the Paris faction—whoever may have been its instigator—had been forcibly brought to the capital and reduced to a kind of captivity; since June 25th, 1791, when, having attempted to escape from his royal prison, he had been forcibly recaptured, Royalty no longer existed.

This was clearly apparent on June 20th, 1792, when the exercise by Louis XVI of his constitutional rights of veto upon the decrees of the Legislative Assembly led to the invasion of his palace, to the worst outrages upon his person and to threats against his life. If in Paris itself the King found no defenders, the authorities in the departments raised an almost unanimous protest against the excesses of the suburban mob which had then become the instrument of the Girondist faction: a lawful protest, which, however, remained ineffective, because the heads of the conservative departments failed to see that, in order to protect the chief of the executive power, they had as much right, upon the pretext of federation, to raise and direct upon Paris the companies of the National Guard as the directors of the revolutionary departments.

Could we imagine the people of Marseilles and Brest face to face with the people of Normandy, Anjou, and Picardy, not counting the inhabitants of the Ile-de-France, the aspect of things would be entirely changed; for the Paris battalions,

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belonging to the centre of the town, would have been able to hold their own single-handed against the population of the Faubourgs, had they been ordered to do so. But nothing came from the provinces save the reinforcements demanded by the faction, and on August 10th the Revolution was accomplished.

In Paris there were but few decided Royalists to offer resistance; few men attached to the old régime by bonds of gratitude, duty and interest; solidly united with it, accustomed to handle the sword, and capable of drawing it in defence of their own cause and that of the King; in France there were even fewer. The majority, straitened by the agrarian revolution and the bourgeois persecution, greatly prejudiced by a false view of honour, and summoned by the Princes who had been the first to flee before the popular rising, had emigrated beyond the Rhine, and to Belgium, where they composed the army corps of the Princes and the army of Condé, whose lamentable story was to prove to the French what help they might expect from abroad.

Those who had remained in Paris gave their lives in vain. Had they found—as indeed, they had a right to expect—some support from the conservative National Guard which, in a vast majority, was prepared to fight for the maintenance of public order, the victory would have

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changed sides. But by the assassination of Mandat, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, the Paris faction had disorganized this defensive force and the attitude of Louis XVI had sown discouragement in its ranks, while awaiting his orders for its disarmament.

In the departments, had the Royalists attempted to resist the Revolution, worked by the Parisian faction, united on this occasion to the Girondins, they would not have been followed even by those who, although most opposed to the excesses of the Parisians, were perhaps equally hostile to the restoration of the old régime; who were still influenced by the prestige of the Girondins; who shared some of their constitutional theories and were reassured by their nominal presence at the head of affairs. The time had not yet come when these Conservatives would decide to accept Royalists as leaders; the tyranny of Paris had not yet made itself sufficiently felt, and patience was not exhausted.

Only a few constitutional generals, *ci-devant* gentlemen, made an attempt which might pass for a movement of resistance. The administration of one department desired to imitate them, but in the presence of the foreign foe they were bound to fail, and did so.

Twenty days after the 10th of August the Parisian faction, compelled to demand the consecration of its usurpatory actions by the simulacrum

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of an appeal to the nation, and to have recourse to general elections in order to constitute a Conventional Assembly, determined to anticipate all opposition by terrorism, and inaugurated an unauthorized method of electoral pressure. The Paris Commune (such was the title adopted by the leaders of the faction) prepared, organized and paid for the massacre of prisoners—nobles, priests, Swiss guards—collected from all parts of the town by means of patrols and domiciliary visits. All were included: patients from the mad-house, prostitutes, those untried, and those condemned under common law; but the desired effect was only obtained in Paris and a few other towns. The majority returned by the electors of the departments was distinctly hostile to the faction; but, like the electors which it represented, it was timid, unstable, incapable of strong resolutions, constantly influenced by the idea that Paris, the centre of the Revolution, could never cease to be the seat of the National Government.

What may be called Conservative opinion, that of the great majority of the French, of the third estate and of the people, who had wished the downfall of the old régime, the humbling of the aristocracy, and the impoverishment of the clergy, but would have been well content with a constitution similar to that of 1791, if it could have worked, now clung to the men of comparatively moderate views, impolitic and indifferent, who

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formed the elected majority, and who, by their numbers, eloquence, and reputation, should have dominated the Convention. Having constituted the sole parliamentary ministry which Louis XVI could have formed, or tolerated—the only one which could have been in touch with the Legislative Assembly—and having been dismissed by him, they gained by their return to office—to which end they did not hesitate, on August 10th, to become the allies of the Parisian faction—the same kind of peculiarly fleeting popularity which Necker had previously enjoyed during his second ministry. But this popularity stopped short at the Barriers ; in Paris, their confederates of yesterday had become, the day after the victory, their natural enemies, while admitting that they could never have been anything else.

They involved them in their crimes, made them the instruments of their own rule in the eyes of the provinces, assumed, thanks to them, the airs of a social protectorate, and planned to cast them aside the moment they became as unprofitable as a squeezed orange.

It must have needed an extraordinary degree of simplicity on the part of the provincials to imagine that such men were capable of raising a barrier in the path of the Parisian faction.

These Rolands—husband and wife—this Servan, these men of the Gironde—within and without the Administration—had contributed, in order

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to satisfy their base envy and petty spite, more than any others, to the downfall of Royalty, which they had disarmed and disgraced. In the interests of their party they had not hesitated to provoke Europe and declare war against her. They may have had talent as writers, orators, and economists, perhaps even they deluded themselves with dreams of generosity, but they were as lacking in character as in connected idea. They were influenced by the attraction of power, without realizing its duties or rights; enterprising against a weak monarch, they were weak against an enterprising faction, and their sole idea of defending the interests committed to their care lay in capitulation.

But, first of all, they corresponded to the sentiments and aspiration of the bourgeois classes, from which they emanated; they were the incarnation of their passions, feelings, and hatreds; like them, their chief object was to substitute the government of the class to which they belonged in place of the supremacy of the order which was not their own, and to assure their ascendancy over the nation by overthrowing everything higher than themselves.

Besides which, indifferently and badly as they may have governed, they had a share in the State as governors, and were all that remained of those who had held the ministerial portfolio since 1789. The rest—every one of them—were emi-

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grants or exiles, massacred or imprisoned. Moreover, they had succeeded each other during the Legislative Assembly at such rapid intervals that their obscure names had not even time to win unpopular renown. The three months during which the Girondin Ministry accumulated such a heap of ruins, hastened the downfall of Royalty, and declared war with Europe, seemed a century compared with the three days, thirty-three days, and ten days, which marked the duration of other ministries.

There are mistakes which cry aloud and fruitful crimes which, transformed by orators and journalists into beneficent inspirations, assume in the imagination of the people the irrefutable semblance of proved patriotism.

Those who have engulfed the nation find themselves designated as its saviours ; their stupidity has created their titles and their folly their rights ; but it would be waste of time to refute or fight them. Compared with those who preceded them they appear revolutionary, compared with those who come after they are moderate ; and while their followers of yesterday abandon them for leaders of more violent opinions, the conservatives who cursed them the night before, now follow without hesitation in their train. Poor physicians are those from whom we do not ask a cure, but merely some relief for the malady they have inoculated.

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Carried away by the passions they themselves had let loose, overwhelmed by the torrent for which they had opened the sluices, these men—now become the moderates—soon gave way before the violent spirits who went far beyond them.

Traitors to their mandate from the first, they endeavoured to recover a certain popularity in Paris by abstaining from opposition to the death-vote against Louis XVI, by taking part in it and by seeking salvation for him in the unworthy quibbles of politicians. Then, seeing themselves in danger, they attempted to retract. They formed the majority in the Convention ; but they knew neither how to attack nor how to defend themselves, and the Paris faction, possessors of the Hôtel-de-Ville, leading their bands once more against the defenceless Tuileries, succeeded, while decimating the Convention, in assuring to such of its leaders as sat in it a semblance of the national consent.

The 31st of May and the 2nd of June, 1793, were dates which touched the provincial bourgeoisie far more deeply than the 10th of August.

On this occasion the vast majority of the departmental authorities protested against this new stroke of violence on the part of the Parisian faction : several decided to have recourse to arms and to start the contingents of the National Guard on their march to Paris. But nowhere

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did the bourgeois representatives, forming part of the majority who had escaped from the gaols of Paris, march at the head of the National Guard they had called to their aid ; although they knew that their heads were in jeopardy, that their own existence and that of their friends depended upon their virile action, that in their hands lay the sole means of saving the entire nation from the faction. In no single instance did these men, who a few days later did not shrink from suicide, make even the gesture of liberation—the drawing of their swords. They talked, wrote, published proclamations, but took care not to mount and ride at the head of the battalions they were sending on the march. Everywhere, in the Departments of Eure, Bouches-du-Rhône, the Gironde, and Côtes du-Nord, things were wretchedly abortive. And yet the National Guards which the Paris faction despatched against those sent by the insurgent departments were by no means formidable : this was soon evident at Vernon, where at the first shot Normans and Parisians fled with equal haste some miles away from the scene of action.

The opposition failed prematurely on the very soil where it might have been expected to find both leaders and troops. In face of the revolutionary proceedings of the faction, which was setting itself up as an insurrectional power, and becoming a danger to the National Assembly,

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Dumouriez desired to forestall a *coup d'état* which he had good reason to believe was imminent. But the army did not follow him, any more than it had formerly followed La Fayette, in a revolt which became criminal in the presence of the enemy at the gates. Every individual of which the army was composed might abhor the faction ; transported to the interior of France and liberated from military service, each man might perhaps have been ready to march against it : but at the frontier all parties were obliterated ; the defence of the national soil took precedence of all other duties. To march upon Paris was to play into the hands of the enemy, to concert with him, to behave like the emigrants—to be traitors. The army repudiated those politicians who, after having declared war against Europe in the interests of their party, were now prepared to save this same party by coming to terms with her. At the same time, while rendering abortive the conspiracy which for four years had kept alive the first revolts in Paris, provoked the Revolutionary Days, overthrown the dominion of the elder branch, and brought about the execution of Louis XVI, it delayed for thirty-seven years the triumph of the Orleanist faction.

Even after this victory over their rightful enemies, the Paris faction did not find the field quite clear. It is true that the opposition which it now encountered was no longer parliamentary,

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as from the Convention, nor lawful, as from the so-called Federalist Departments. But is "resistance to oppression" only legitimate when clothed in certain preliminary formulas which lend it a kind of legal consecration? If by observing these forms there is every certainty of defeat, and the omission of them offers at least a chance of resistance, would it not actually be folly to hesitate? In both cases the penalty of the defeat is the same—death. What matter under what pretext it comes?

Wishing to offer resistance, and undeterred by scruples as to its legality, the conservative population sought for leaders who were neither lawyers, physiocrats, nor journalists, but soldiers. Convinced that the régime which in six months had replaced financial order by bankruptcy, administrative order by anarchy, and diplomatic order by war, was condemned by experience, they made a frankly retrograde movement, and desired to restore, if not the Old Régime precisely as it had been overthrown by the national consent, at least a Constitutional Monarchy, from which the administration could receive just that needful measure of authority which the Constituent Assembly was on the point of conceding during the last days of its existence. Hence the Revolt of Lyons, the Revolt of Toulon, the Revolt of La Vendée, of Brittany, Maine, and of some parts of Normandy.

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That the *coup d'état* of the Parisian faction against the conservative majority of the Convention was not the occasional cause of all these insurrections, that certain movements preceded May 31st and June 2nd, there is no doubt whatever; but under pressure from the faction, this majority had already carried out many iniquitous decrees, before it entirely succumbed; it was the tool of the Paris party before it became its victim.

It decreed on March 11th the *Tribunal Criminel Extraordinaire*, on the 18th, the execution within twenty-four hours of every emigrant or transported person returned to France, on the 25th the creation of the Committee of General Defence, on the 27th the outlawry of the aristocrats. With its own hands it raised the scaffold it was afterwards to ascend.

It is impossible not to attribute to the violence of the Paris faction the tentative "Proclamation" of Dumouriez which dates from April 1st, and the tentative rising of the Western Provinces which dates from the month of February. The Conventional Majority undoubtedly played a considerable part in the measures that incited the rebellion in the West. The decrees which it issued respecting religious matters were doubtless only the logical outcome of those promulgated by the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies. But from the letter to the application is a far cry, and of this profusion of documents, thrown broad-

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cast over the land—the outcome of that craze for legislation which had possessed the French since '89—how many, despite this spilling of printer's ink, remained unread, and accumulated in the lofts of municipal buildings? To pass into operation, however, to become more oppressive each day, to multiply penalties, to punish as criminal acts hitherto regarded as praiseworthy, this was not to invalidate the responsibilities of former Assemblies, but to aggravate their own. The carrying out of these decrees was bound to cause trouble; the application of coercive measures which continually increased in significance and became more serious in their consequences, could not fail to bring about an insurrection.

II

The rising in La Vendée was not—as it has been said to be—the outcome of loyalty to the Monarchy; otherwise it would have burst forth immediately after August 10th; it would have been the re-vindication by faithful subjects of the royal authority. But such was not the frame of mind in the West. Royalist conspirators, such as Armand de la Rouërie, could not have raised a man, or caused a shot to be fired.

The rebellion broke out on February 24th, 1793, because the Convention had decreed the raising of 300,000 troops, and because at the same time

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the persecution of the dissident priests was growing active and violent ; thus on the one hand we have a protest against military service, and on the other a refusal to repudiate venerated and familiar traditions.

The revolt became royalist for the same reason as the revolts of Lyons and Toulon ; because the rebels were forced to seek leaders among men who, having been officers in the Royal Army, and belonging to the sole military class—the nobility—had remained royalists ; it lasted longer than those of Toulon and Lyons, because it was more general at first, although it afterwards became more scattered, and because its suppression demanded more than the capture of a city—the occupation of twelve departments. Finally, it dragged on, because the actual war, which was short, was succeeded by a guerilla war, which continued as late as 1800, that is to say, until the moment when, religious freedom being re-established by the Concordat, the legitimate grievances of the western population were set right. This truth established, and these periods defined, the fact still remains that in La Vendée, as elsewhere, the aim of the revolt was to resist the tyranny of the Paris faction, the first manifestations of which date from the 5th and 6th of October, 1789 ; the existence of which is marked by a succession of blows—what are generally spoken of as “the days” ; the organization of which was completed

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on August 9th, when it took possession of the Hôtel-de-Ville and installed the Council General of the Commune; the power of which knew neither counterbalance nor check after May 31st, 1793, when it abolished, in the Convention, the opposition still encountered from the provincial deputies; the reign of which lasted until on 9th Thermidor, year II (7 July, 1794), it was overthrown by a counter-rebellion, having for leaders deputies who were chiefly provincial, for troops the Paris National Guard—conservatives defeated on August 10th—for chief a soldier Barras, from this day forth (until 18 Brumaire, year VIII—10th November, 1799), Dictator of Paris and master of France.

By the 9th Thermidor there had not been a single encounter, or a blow struck, between the defenders of the faction and their opponents; it was sufficient for the latter to spread their forces in armed manifestation to reduce to a shameful capitulation those who had been their oppressors for nearly two years; there was no fighting; one pistol-shot only—and that fired by a gendarme; but many insults were exchanged. This is political warfare. Whoever is most liberal in vituperation comes off victor. The same thing occurred in Paris, on October 31st, 1870.

It is sufficient, on some occasions, for the mass of right-minded people—peacefully disposed, and usually indifferent—to begin to make a move;

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the riotous mob disperses and runs to earth, thus establishing its own radical impotence.

But what, after the 9th Thermidor, assured a continuation of effective power to the man into whose hands the infatuated Conventionists had entrusted their welfare, was the fact that he was a soldier, or at least had the appearance of one compared with the civilian element represented by Robespierre and his friends, or even the grotesque General of the Commune, Henriot.

For the first time the Paris faction had to encounter a soldier : on June 20th, it found itself confronted by National Guards ready to parley and shoulder their muskets, muzzles down, and on August 10th, face to face with National Guards whose chief it had assassinated, and Swiss who had been disarmed by the very man it was their duty to defend. The work of the faction had really been made too easy for it. Now the aspect had entirely changed ; there was the soldier to reckon with, General Barras. His history remains to be written, even after the voluminous memoirs that have been published—and refuted—by M. George Duruy. He can never be passed over, even in history, as an unimportant character, this man who, despite the unanimous wish of France, upheld for five years his own power and that of a faction detested for its crimes and despised for its vices ; a faction almost anonymous, so obscure were the names of those who formed it, so difficult it is to

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speaking of any of their actions save as collective, so utterly confounded they are in the bloodstained mire where they writhe together like red worms in the slimy mud. This is the man who having, thanks to the Paris conservatives, triumphed in Thermidor over Robespierre and his friends, supported by the Parisian revolutionary faction; who, thanks to these same conservatives, having triumphed again, in the days of Germinal and Prairial, year III, over the faction itself and the anarchists of the Faubourg, turned in Vendémiaire (year IV) against his allies of the day before, who demanded with the right of free votes, the right—in a republic described as democratic—to substitute representatives of their own choice in place of those false representatives who had established themselves by violence, and usurped the supreme power by the Terror, and who now endeavoured to perpetuate their rule by force.

Thanks to the troops, to Bonaparte's gunners, and the Chasseurs of Murat, General Barras had no difficulty in repressing the attacks of the insurgents, nor in overcoming their resistance. Henceforth, whenever the conservative electors, using their right of suffrage, nominated for the two Councils deputies hostile to the régime—and this occurred on every occasion when they were consulted—Barras quashed the elections, either *en masse*, as on the 18th Fructidor, year V,

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when he decimated the National Assembly and transported the opposing members to Guiana, or individually, as when upon the ratification of the powers of the deputies elected in the years VI and VII he rendered invalid the mandates of those members whom he suspected. Of little consequence is the title with which the governments of an hour are pleased to adorn themselves; of little import the kind of constitution in which France is decked out in spite of herself, or the apparent number of those who seem to be invested with the executive power. One man rules alone, one alone holds the sword and commands the troops—General Barras.

The military dictatorship does not date from the 18th Brumaire; it dates from the 9th Thermidor, and follows immediately upon the reign of the Paris faction, which collapsed because it had a lawyer instead of a soldier at its head.

Cæsar, yes, but what a Cæsar was Barras! From the class of which he sprang he had gained a kind of assurance in danger, aristocratic ways, an air of detachment, the science of luxury, the art of spending other people's money. From his adventurous youth, passed amid every kind of intrigue, he had kept up with a whole train of swindlers and light women who formed his court, and whom he used for a number of equivocal ends; from his experience in the Assemblies he had gained a contempt for human nature, for all

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that is regarded as legitimate, and a conviction that the victory lies with him who dares ; but the few years during which he followed the military career, went through a campaign in India, and served in the Pondicherry Regiment, had left ineffaceable traces on the man, on his mind and character. He was a mixture of the dilapidated gentleman, of the verbose politician and the inveterate gambler ; but he had an effective glance, ready wit, decision, the habit of command and courage.

To be for ever rolling uphill the stone of Sisyphus, perpetually compelling France to submit to a rule she rejected whenever she had a chance of expressing her will, to give for five years a semblance of life to the headless and corrupted corpse of the National Convention, to employ all the forces of the nation—not for the triumph of principles, the enlargement of thought, or the realization of dreams, but to assure impunity and prosperity to some hundreds of cruel, besotted, cowardly scoundrels—what a task, and, despite the profits which it yielded him, what weariness must have weighed upon the man who had imposed it upon himself!

He was quite conscious that some day his downfall would come, that it was inevitable and sure! Therefore he tried to come to terms with the Bourbons, provided they would guarantee him life, liberty and property ; therefore he

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hardly went through the formality of protesting when another soldier—this time a true soldier—the victor at Arcole and the Pyramids, was brought back from Egypt by the nation to call to account those casual masters who had usurped the sovereignty since August 10th, and who, inaugurating the republican régime by the September massacres, perpetuated it by the transportations of Fructidor.

Understood as follows, the revolution is simplified and becomes logical : a period of widespread anarchy lasting from October 5th and 6th, 1789, to August 10th, 1792, in which the influence of the Orleanists is undoubted, while the Paris faction may still be included with the provincial element; the period between August 10th, 1792, and July 27th, 1794, when the Paris faction rules alone and reduces France to servitude by means of successive *coups d'état* and the Terror; finally a period during which a soldier, bearing no responsibility towards the nation, elected by assemblies which he makes and unmakes at will—assemblies indebted to him for any semblance of authority they can boast—becomes absolute master of the life and property of the citizens; this period extends from July 27th, 1794 (Thermidor 9, year II), to February 7th, 1800 (Pluviôse, year VIII), when for the first time the principles of the Revolution are brought into conformity with fact, when for a theocratic monarchy, for anarchical usurpation,

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for military dictatorship, is substituted the one form of government sanctioned by democratic right: the government which the French people claimed by three million as against fifteen hundred votes. Then the insurrection ceases to be an obligation imposed by conscience; the French, in arms for the defence of their essential rights, have no longer any reason for fighting, the West is pacified, and the national sovereignty—hitherto a mere snare—becomes a reality.

III

These three million Frenchmen, who voted for the Constitution in the year VIII, thus demonstrating their love of order and stability and their hatred of the Terrorist party, were in existence on the eve, as well as on the actual day, of 18 Pluviôse. They did not suddenly reveal themselves as conservatives, after having been anarchists up to this moment. Their number was not increased by the emigrants, since the laws against the latter were still in force, nor by the population of Western France, excluded from the Constitution by the provisional Consulate; they represent actually and honestly the opinion expressed by the nation the first time it was consulted as to its fate.

Undoubtedly many elements were mingled in this majority, which included as many repentant Jacobins and disillusioned Liberals as satisfied

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Patriots or broken-down Royalists : but the mass is the same which in Thermidor took up arms against Robespierre in Paris—the mass which may be described as Conservative. But how can we account for this mass—which always constituted the vast majority of the nation—having submitted for seven years to the yoke of a minority which seems almost laughable, even if we multiply by a hundred, or a thousand, the figures of the year VIII ?

This proceeded without doubt from the fact that at first the organized faction had only to contend with unorganized, scattered, fluctuating, and inconsistent elements, incapable of rousing a great mass which, although it was certainly sympathetic, was too inactive to pass from reprobation to revolt. Afterwards, thanks to the national war, in which it appeared to bear the colours, there was not an army, a regiment, or a soldier rebellious to its commands. The faction which had trampled upon all principles was entirely upheld by the principle of military honour, military duty, and the military oath.

There is no example of a civil uprising getting the better of admirable regiments, well-officered and determined to do their duty. On July 29th, 1830, on February 24th, 1848, on September 4th, 1870, and in March, 1871, the Paris insurgents triumphed, thanks only to the defection of the troops and the flight of the governors.

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Although at moments it appeared victorious, although it prolonged resistance in a remarkable way, although it was quasi-universal and in the end brought about the triumph of a just cause; yet the rebellion in the western provinces in no way reverses an axiom which all history permits us to lay down.

In this insurrection we must distinguish two distinct periods: the first military, the second social. The former was characterized by movements which bore some resemblance to normal strategical operations; the latter, by attacks made by partisans which tended to brigandage and led to the political justification of robbery and assassination. In the one case it is the duty of the police to take action, in the other that of the army. This is what we have to consider if we mean to deduce any lesson from the memoirs of M. de la Cartrie. It would be difficult to find more searching evidence as to the war in which the author took part.

The insurrection in the west was spontaneous; it emanated from below rather than from above, and was the outcome of the exasperation of the masses, not the result of concerted action on the part of an élite. No rebellion was ever more democratic, in the true sense of the word. Induced by the repressive measures of the government against those priests who refused to take the oath of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, which

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had already led to a first assemblage at Châtillon sur Sèvre on August 22nd, 1792, it broke out formally on February 24th, 1793, upon the decree of the Convention for the levy of 300,000 men. There was nothing political here ; nothing which touched the class of the *ci-devant* nobility ; their religious convictions were very lukewarm, if not negative. They were but little affected by the raising of 300,000 men. Soldiers from their childhood up, they did not regard the obligation of service in the same light as the peasantry ; apart from the cause of this levy—and it is not the cause, but the effect, which touches the masses—they could only have felt towards the refractory people that kind of contempt which all officers, old and young, instinctively feel towards everyone who refuses to be a soldier.

Were they to revolt, it would be for a cause, for a flag, for an idea ; not for an interest which seemed to them rather sordid than otherwise.

Thus the insurrection had no military leaders ; at the most it had but rectors and curates—its spiritual directors.

This was not sufficient for warfare. Consequently, after their first successes, which they owed to surprise, the peasants felt the need of having for leaders men who had served, who had been in action, or who were at least soldiers. They visited the estates, and compelled the aristocratic proprietors to march with them, although

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the latter had no wish to do so, since the war offered nothing in their own interests.

They resolved to take up their arms ; some because they saw a prospect of turning this spontaneous rising to the profit of their own ideas and interests; others because they felt the impossibility of remaining neutral between two parties who would wage fierce war and spare none.

Compromised as aristocrats, already despoiled of their goods and their lives threatened by the revolutionary party, certain that, whatever they did, they would be treated by the former as enemies, they preferred to march with those by whom they were loved, respected, and desired as leaders—but they took their resolution without enthusiasm, and the greater number on compulsion only.

In truth, the leadership which they now proceeded to assume was the most unmilitary and ineffective the world has ever beheld. No one obeyed them. Every time it was a question of a movement to be carried out, of an enforced march, of an order for action or a concerted attack, of anything, in fact, which called for some unity of purpose, the leaders had to pursue their men, to implore them, to harangue them, and remonstrate with them. Moreover, they rarely succeeded in rallying them again, but were more often obliged to follow wheresoever it pleased their men to lead.

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In no other record do we see so plainly the struggle between these strange soldiers and their unfortunate leaders as in these memoirs. In the same way it was impossible to amalgamate or to group these peasant volunteers, or to give them some semblance of military training. Courage, to any extent, occasionally warlike instincts, but discipline, never—and still less, if possible, any *esprit de corps*.

When they had had enough, no matter whether they were fighting or not, they returned home; they dispersed through their districts without any qualms as to the result; while the chiefs whom they had launched upon these adventures found themselves face to face with the republicans, supported only by a few old soldiers, or deserters, from whom they managed to form one or two squads.

The adversaries whom the peasants were at first called upon to encounter were just the same as themselves from the military point of view; very much alike in point of discipline, inferior as regards courage, activity, and pugnacity. They were, in fact, national guards, gathered from various parts, and, except those belonging to the immediate locality, to the republican towns dotted like islets amid the insurgent districts, they were not in the least fanatics, but marched under compulsion, and only asked to be allowed to return home. If we examine, unit by unit, the

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troops originally employed by the Convention in the revolted district, we shall find nothing but national guards, more or less disguised under high-sounding names, or, at the utmost, bodies of veterans who had never done more than police or sentry duty, such as the Guard of the Convention.

The generals, too, were as unsoldierly as the troops; and judging from the accounts of such engagements as the taking of Thouars, where, among the volunteers of La Nièvre charged with its defence, some refused to advance, and retreated as far as Poitiers, while others, fluctuating without leaders, dispersed at will, fought if they were so disposed, and boldly proclaimed their regret at being involved in the squabble—it is easy to understand the superiority and victory of the people of La Vendée.

The battalions of the Paris Requisition, or the National Guards of the Departments, were all alike, excepting, once again, the local national guards who offered some resistance, especially behind walls or barricades. This is the reason why the troops of La Vendée failed before the smallest hamlet, as soon as the alarm was given; why they never succeeded in taking a town or a port, and, although all but masters of the country, could never form either a centre for re-provisioning or a basis of operations.

They wandered, having only the ammunition which they carried and the rations they procured

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from day to day, the leaders dragging their families with them, the insurgents continually attracted to their own hearths.

Therefore, from the moment such bands were confronted by real soldiers—and what soldiers they were who sustained the siege of Mayence!—the victory ceased to be doubtful. Possessed of inordinate courage, firm in the resolve to conquer or die, making use of new tactics, which were ahead of the tactics of the day, and used for the first time, the disciplined force—even with one man against twenty—could not fail to triumph, if not easily, yet with complete certainty.

At the furthest extremity of the scene of war, and almost at the same time, we see the republican soldiers at the attack upon Berstheim applying these same tactics which the insurgents of La Vendée had instinctively discovered for themselves, and which assured their first victories. They scattered, and in a moment covered the plain, running full-speed towards Berstheim; but—here the soldier is revealed—having come within pistol-shot of the village, they re-formed in good order, and, battalion by battalion, rushed upon the enemy. Like the men of La Vendée, they deployed, in order to offer less mark to the foe; but to carry their obstacle they formed into close order—the only way to ensure an effective attack.

The soldiers of La Vendée could make indi-

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vidual efforts, which proved their courage and practical sense of warfare; but they were incapable of uniting these efforts for any collective task.

The example is topical, and there is no need to seek others. M. de la Cartrie tells us of the methods of the peasants to procure leaders, and the way in which they obeyed them, of the anxieties of these fathers dragging their wives and children at their heels, exposed at every moment to the chance of seeing them die of hunger or of hearing of their massacre; of the issue, in fact, of the Insurrection of La Vendée, which, no sooner opposed by regular troops than it dwindled away as regards an army, dropped strategical operations, and continued only as a guerilla war.

Whence comes this strange power of the soldier? Does it suffice for him to don a uniform and learn the use of arms? Certainly not. The men who during the first days of the national war fled at the first shot, shouting that they were betrayed, and excused their own treachery by massacring their leaders, wore uniforms and knew how to load their guns. So, too, did the men of the Paris Requisition, whose path may be tracked by the bodies of the women they murdered and the buildings they burnt down. It is not the uniform that makes the soldier; it is not even military training, but the service itself, the

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habit of discipline, that which the poet Alfred de Vigny has so aptly called "military servitude."

A company of regular soldiers is a condensed and multiple force, yielding the maximum effect with the minimum effort, impelled by training to move mechanically, enabled by habit to make light of distance and difficulty, accustomed only to satisfy their material needs when occasion offers. It is an agglomeration of men, of which every individual bears within himself so lofty an idea of the nation to which he belongs that he will not admit that it has an equal ; of which each man is convinced that the collective honour of the regiment is his own ; of which each member, penetrated by the religion of the Flag, brings all his intelligence, all his knowledge, all his physical force to bear, in order to ensure its triumph, and, without hesitation or argument, gives his life for it by an irrational, almost mechanical impulse.

This body has but one brain, which transmits its orders to every member by the motive power of the superior and non-commissioned officers. When entering upon a common action, each unit of which it is composed—with the exception of the commander-in-chief—renounces every thought, and even an individual conscience. If the action is scattered, each man resumes for the moment his autonomy and the exercise of his faculties, but is so deeply penetrated by the common senti-

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ment that he is guided by it all the same, and takes part in an idea which he never conceived, which has never been confided to him, but which he is impelled to carry out by some external force. The members of this body unite or disunite at a sign, without ceasing to collaborate in the work for which they have been formed.

Everything that checks the enthusiasm of other men is decked out for the soldier in a magic of attire which attracts him and carries him away. To be wounded, to die—is glory; and for this glory and twopence a day—which he does not receive—he lets himself be killed.

Can such conduct, physical or moral, be acquired at twenty-four hours' notice? Does a man in donning a uniform and making certain movements in unison become initiated in the sacred mystery of which the Cult of the Flag is the ultimate expression?

Can he be taught the honour of the regiment in twenty lessons; and even if he knew beforehand how to keep in step, to run lightly, to shoot blank-cartridge and furbish his accoutrements, would he have learnt to scorn death? In a few days it is possible to turn out a dummy soldier: a thing which seems to march, eat, and even to fight; by massing a quantity of these dummies, a most reassuring figure can be made on paper; but it is only a figure, not a body.

To create a soldier-spirit, month upon month,

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and year upon year are needed. He must be animated by discipline and kept continually under the apprehension of a dishonoured death; he must be exalted by the pursuit of that kind of honour which bears witness for ever in favour of him who acquires it, assures him the respect of his fellow-citizens, admits him to the élite of the nation, and distinguishes him, beyond mistake, from those who, being enriched by trade, can purchase for gold all but those things which can only be bought by blood. He must be trained to perpetual renouncement, and in order to keep burning in his heart the sole cult of the Flag and subdue all human affections, filial, paternal, or conjugal, he must be continually fed upon national pride, the assurance of his glory, and the contemptuous hatred of his enemies. The only conqueror is the man who believes himself invincible.

Being what he is, what does he care for party squabbles? Devoted to his duty—to defend and bear his flag to victory—will he obey those who take part in base intrigues with the foreigner, or those who have “made a compact with death” rather than yield to him?

Perhaps he is the dupe of high-sounding words; but these words are noble as his own spirit, and in dying for them he proves his faith. A nameless hero, he makes this Revolution—abject from so many points of view—a thing sublime.

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Confronted with lawyers who, intoxicated by their own verbiage and paradoxes, manufacture laws for some ideal humanity, or with anarchists who preach robbery, murder, and massacre ; confronted with the executioners who carry off, one by one, his unhappy generals, the soldier still maintains the admirable order of silence. He knows that, the foe being actually on the soil, rebellion is criminal, and prefers death to such revolt. By the virtue of silence he conquers all Europe in coalition, while he almost believes it was by virtue of the words spoken behind him. Nevertheless, his faith in this *sesame* begins to waver. Doubt and disquietude assail him ; but he obeys, for a general commands—General Barras. He showed himself brave at Toulon. But let another appear, one who wastes no words, but makes the gesture of victory, and how the soldier will hasten to follow him ; with what enthusiasm he will rush—bayonet to cannon—to clear out these lawyers who have so long deluded his rectitude by their deceitful and lying words.

For days and days past he has turned in disgust from the work imposed upon him. He is not going to keep the executioner supplied ; let the lawyers see to that ! To the exiles of France he holds out his hand ; offers his purse and brings them salvation. Thus M. de la Cartrie, in relating the story of his flight across France, makes us love the soldier even better than before ;

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while at the same time he makes us know and esteem more than ever these peasants of old France, farmers, small landowners, labourers, all ready to give their life for their former master.

Devotion, self-denial, the virtue of sacrifice, divine charity, which will never be replaced by the altruism of the future, perfume these pages, and from this human slaughter-house—that was La Vendée—springs the great, immaculate Lily, the blossom of these serene and simple souls.

FRÉDÉRIC MASSON.

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MEMOIRS OF THE
COUNT DE CARTRIE

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT DE CARTRIE²

CHAPTER I

Titles of nobility—The De Cartrie family—Six boys and eight girls—Three of De Cartrie's brothers are killed in action—He quits the service in 1763—His sisters' husbands—Father wishes him to marry his cousin, M^{lle} de l'Etoile—He is in love with M^{lle} de Turpin—Their engagement—Her death—He marries his cousin—Occupations and amusements after marriage—Death of his father and mother—Family of six children—His eldest son enters the service—Education of his eldest daughter—His son wishes to marry M^{lle} de Montauban—De Cartrie hesitates to give his consent—Marriage of the young couple at Luxembourg without this consent—Revolution breaks out—De Cartrie's troubles now begin.

TITLES of nobility have no merit except when supported by virtue, and without such support they are vain. However, I think I may venture to affirm that my ancestors for four centuries have enjoyed such titles with every degree of credit, having been held in esteem in their province, which has been more owing to their affable and conciliatory conduct than the consequence which they derived from the ample property they possessed in the province of Anjou.⁸

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I was born on 25 January, 1743. My father possessed a considerable fortune. He had fourteen children living, and this numerous family resolved him to retire to one of his estates—for it was before his custom to pass one part of the year at Paris, as was done by most of the rich families in the provinces. From that period his greatest pleasure was the education of his children.

We were six boys and eight girls. Of the first he put four in the military establishment, of whom two were captains of cavalry, myself and the other brother being only lieutenants.⁴ Three of my brothers were killed in action—two at the battle of Minden and one at Port Mahon. My father, being infinitely grieved for the loss of his three eldest sons, now only thought of detaching me from the service when the opportunity offered, for, though so young, I had made three campaigns in the face of the enemy, wherein I had run the same risks as my brothers. Peace was not yet concluded, but our regiment was just returned from Canada as prisoners of war, and therefore could not serve against the English until they had been regularly exchanged, which afforded some consolation to my father. At the Peace in 1763 he procured leave for me to quit the service, having in his mind to settle me near to himself.

On my return to my paternal habitation, I found great changes to have taken place. Out



MATHIEU TALOUR (BORN 1629). SENIOR CANON OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL
OF ST. LAUD, ANGERS

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of fourteen children only seven now remained ; four of my sisters were dead, and the other four were married, all advantageously. I shall have occasion to mention the names of my sisters very frequently in my narrative of the transactions of La Vendée, they having unfortunately acted a part in this terrible Revolution which made them too conspicuous to escape. Their husbands were the Chevalier de la Grandière,⁵ Sapinaud de Bois-Huguet,⁶ Joubert de Rochetemer,⁷ and Bulkeley.⁸

My father received me with every mark of paternal regard, considering me as the only son escaped from the perils of war. Of my two remaining brothers one was an ecclesiastic,⁹ and the other yet young.¹⁰ My father's mind at that time was therefore only bent on my establishment.

During my absence one of my cousins, an only child, had lost her father and mother, when my father being her nearest relation was named her guardian ; and it was his wish to give her an education suitable to her high birth and expectations. Her name was De l'Etoile,¹¹ a name that three hundred years back had been given by her ancestors—who were immensely rich—to a village in Picardy. The branch from which she was descended had come to settle in Anjou, and our relation was from our two grandfathers having married two sisters from that family.¹² She was

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descended in a direct line from the famous Jean de Bailleul, who distinguished himself so much in one of the Crusades, being at the head of the nobility of Normandy. Of that name there only remained two old unmarried ladies, who lived together at Mayenne. To their wealth, which was considerable, my father's ward was heir. But their riches and the part they took in my concerns during the troubles made them fall the victims of the bloodthirsty and rapacious Robespierre.

From my father I learnt it was his wish that I should marry my cousin, his ward ; but though she was very handsome and of a sweet temper, yet my affections were engaged, I having formed an attachment for Mademoiselle de Turpin,¹⁸ my neighbour, granddaughter by the mother's side to Marshal Lowendahl. She was not so rich as my cousin, being of a younger branch of her family ; but I was in love with her—in saying that, I say everything. With this I made my father acquainted, who the more readily agreed to it, because that marriage was not so very distant from his wishes. Had he not been guardian to his niece, this would have spared him much anxiety, under the pressure of circumstances, in some accounts he had to settle with a godson. However, he waived his interest and mine, thinking only of satisfying my love. In consequence, he immediately made proposals on my part to the family of Mademoiselle de Turpin which

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were agreed to ; but the fates decreed that we were not to be united, for eight days after our engagement she died of the smallpox. This was the commencement of my suffering, and it left a lasting impression on my heart. But now having lost my Love, I became indifferent on the other point, and in compliance with my father's wishes I married my cousin,¹⁴ on which occasion he presented me with one of his estates¹⁵ which had very great privileges in right of hunting. To this amusement being extremely partial, I determined there to fix my residence, my occupations being the embellishing of my domain, hunting, and other amusements incident to the country. This became my continual residence where I experienced a double pleasure, for at the same time that I improved and beautified my estate I gave employment and food to many of the poor around me. By this means it is that the rich have it in their power to command the services of the poor when wanted, and a more striking example of faithful attachment cannot be found than in the numbers of these my poor adherents who perished by following my fortune in the succeeding events, which at the same time reduced me to abject poverty.

My father and mother died within three weeks of each other,¹⁶ at which time I had one son and one daughter. By this event I became the head of my family, the younger branch of which had

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to look to me for a just distribution of the considerable property my father left behind him. And though this, from the clashing of interests, often becomes a source of everlasting ruin to all parties concerned—except the gentlemen of the law—yet with us it was otherwise, for by my making a few small sacrifices I promoted the happiness of every part of my family, and at the same time was amply repaid by my feelings on the occasion.¹⁷

We lived happy among ourselves which attached me more and more to my country life ; nor had I a wish to visit the scenes of dissipation at the capital. Thus time passed away, and my family increased to six children. When my eldest son had attained the age of fourteen, his manners were so amiable that with infinite reluctance I yielded to his earnest wishes to go into the army, for being offered a lieutenancy of cavalry I gave my consent, though I thought him too young.¹⁸ His departure was a cruel stroke upon me. However, after remaining two years with his regiment he obtained leave of absence, and returned to his parents, a tall well-formed youth of sixteen years of age, infinitely improved by the masters whom I had allowed him while with his regiment. He gained on my affections daily, which I permitted to increase to such a degree that my sufferings since on his account have been beyond description.

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At the end of six months he was under the necessity of rejoining his regiment; on which occasion my feelings are easier conceived than described. Thus it is that our greatest pleasures become the greatest sources of uneasiness.

My second child was a daughter who bore the strongest likeness possible to her brother, and equally resembled him in the sweetness of her temper. The care I took of her education was a great relief to the anxiety I felt in the absence of my son.

Regularly I heard from my son twice each month. However, on one occasion he was a month silent, when at the instant I was writing a letter of inquiry to the colonel I received a letter from him giving me to understand that, having imprudently contracted some considerable debts since his return to the regiment of which he had been afraid and ashamed to advise me, he had been paying his addresses to a Mademoiselle de Montauban,¹⁹ daughter of the marshal of that name, who had generously lent him money to relieve his present distress, it having been agreed between them that on their marriage she was to advance the money for the total discharge of all his debts, therefore that my consent to this marriage was only requisite to make him completely happy. This intelligence threw me into great perplexity. In my heart, I wished him to follow his inclinations, but his youth and my

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being totally unacquainted with the lady's disposition, as well as her family, made me pause. I therefore wrote to him to say that I could not give my consent to such a marriage without having seen the lady and becoming acquainted with her good qualities, and further that it was proper I should be known to her family. I therefore desired him to return home, and we would consult on the matter ; besides, I should wish that Mademoiselle de Montauban, with some part of her family, might favour us with a visit, when she would find how sensible we were of her great kindness to him.

My son has since confessed to me that this letter was by his comrades interpreted into a finesse to get him within my power, when I should shut him up ; and however much he was inclined to obey my orders, he was over-persuaded by these bad advisers. After remaining silent for some time—to my inexpressible uneasiness—I learnt that he had made a journey with the lady to Luxembourg on the frontier of France, where they were married just at the period when the detestable Revolution broke out, by which among other evils the father was deprived of all power over his son.

From this period, I may say, commenced my real family and political misfortunes, as uneasiness upon uneasiness began now to crowd upon me.

CHAPTER II

The States General—The *tiers état*—Alarm of the people—The nobility seek refuge in foreign lands—De Cartrie remains at his post—His parish defends himself and family—Immense requisitions for men made on each province—The drawing of lots—Upper Anjou in a state of insurrection—Engagement at Le Lion d'Angers—The Chevalier de la Grandière and his wife are imprisoned in Angers—De Cartrie draws the black billet for his second son—Takes steps to provide a substitute—Department refuses to allow one—Son departs for the frontiers—His youngest son and three daughters still remain with him—Cruelty of the Patriots.

THIS was the time when the States General were first convoked, and the nobility, clergy, and laity met in each province to appoint deputies from the different orders, who afterwards met and formed that unfortunate assembly, by whom one of the first steps taken was a decree that all the capital cities in the provinces should establish primary assemblies. For this purpose it was necessary that four men of the first consequence should be selected from each parish. And here began that cabal which proved afterwards the destruction of the nation by overturning the former system of subordination. First, the farmers from their ascendancy over their labourers and from their numbers got the nomination in their power, and,

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as may naturally be supposed, they selected artful and designing people who purposely laid themselves out for these nominations, and might be bribed to purposes the most destructive to the national welfare.

Many circumstances combined to create confusion and dismay. The *tiers état*, being the most numerous in the National Convention, took the lead in everything. Instead of these divisions, unanimity alone in a great and extended nation like France could have preserved internal peace and regularity at this time, whereas the tocsin was continually sounding at the same hour in many of the cities, boroughs, and villages. Alarm was spread on all sides; fear painted bands of robbers where no such were to be found, and malicious ill-designing persons went about reporting that such a village had been burnt and such and such people had been cut to pieces. Thus, many were induced through fear to quit both cities and villages to go and hide themselves in the woods and wheatfields, under the apprehension of having their throats cut in their own houses. From that time everybody armed themselves that they might be prepared for defence; and opportunity was furnished to the plunderers thus provided with arms to form themselves into bodies so formidable as to threaten the overrunning of the kingdom. Thus powerful, they took the law into their own hands, and proceeded to the houses

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of the first nobility, whom they called upon to give an account of their tyranny—as they termed it—and the justice they rendered was to burn the house, and assassinate the master. Nothing stopped them. And the farmers were found acting as their leaders. The nobility in the first impulse of fear sought safety in a foreign country, of whom, however, these might be in greater number yet. Some preferred the defence of their country to the abandonment of their post from an apparent danger, and of this number I made one.

Of my six children, my eldest son was separated from and in a manner lost to me by his marriage. The remaining two boys and three girls²⁰ continued with me, and notwithstanding the adjoining parishes were inimical to me, yet my parish defended me and my family during the many attacks which were made on us; and indeed through the whole of the troubles I experienced from them the most steady and unshaken attachment.

If the neighbouring states had taken advantage of these intestine troubles, France must inevitably have sunk under such a complication of misery. Equally fatal would have proved her ill-success in the immense requisitions of men which were demanded from each province. But in this they succeeded. Each village, city, and borough was to furnish a prescribed number of men according

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to their population, every person between the age of sixteen and twenty-five being subject to this law ; and the smallest hamlet provided ten men. In such an extended and populous kingdom as France, it is easy to judge what numbers of soldiers were thus put in motion by the Convention through these means, if we say 1,800,000, it will not be an exaggeration. But for the first three months of this ordinance opposition was almost universally made, and on the prescribed day, when every parish ought to have drawn lots, the Convention received intimation in general from each department that they judged it unprofitable to carry the ordinance into effect. But the Convention at last fell upon a plan more successful, by giving orders that the drawing of lots in each parish should be on different days, when by an arrangement, and continual movement of the military force, and by the most compulsive measures, this edict was carried into effect throughout the kingdom, with the exception of a part of Anjou and of Poitou, where being armed they defended themselves against this edict by the famous league of La Vendée.

The ancient province of Anjou is separated by the Loire, a very considerable river which loses its name at Paimbœuf, at a distance of ten leagues from Nantes, where it discharges itself into the sea. That part to the north of the river, or Upper Anjou, was in a state of insurrection, and

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Lower Anjou would have risen also, but the local situation did not favour such enterprise. In consequence, the ruling power in the department of Maine et Loire had sufficient authority easily to prevent the assemblies of the people who wished to meet to resist the edict. However, there was a very considerable meeting at about three leagues from my residence. It was in the district of Ségré, a little town on the confines of Brittany, that about three thousand villagers and others assembled, and were proceeding to the town, but were checked by three pieces of cannon which were in the town, and proved its preservation as well as that of the officers. This ill-armed, and as badly-appointed, troop then turned towards Le Lion d'Angers, a small city in the neighbourhood, where an engagement took place which proved pretty obstinate. But the Patriots having had time to collect some additional troops, by their help this mob was put to flight, with the loss of many killed and wounded. Among them were three domestics of my brother-in-law, the Chevalier de la Grandière, whose cook was killed, his *valet de chambre* and gardener being wounded. In consequence, the department issued an order for investing the house of my brother-in-law, under the idea that his servants, who appeared to be the leaders of this body of men, could not have been there but by the orders of their master. He was therefore seized that night, and with my

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sister taken to Le Lion d'Angers at three leagues distance, from whence on the succeeding day they were conveyed, with irons on their hands and feet, to the prison of Angers, the capital of Anjou, where were held the sittings of the primary assembly of Maine et Loire. Three months did they remain in that prison, by which time the royalist army had become so formidable as to lay siege to Angers.

On the succeeding day I learnt this new source of inquietude, which filled my mind with bitter reflections for the fate of my unfortunate sister and brother-in-law.²¹

The affair of Le Lion d'Angers only served to increase the cruelty of the Patriots, and the ordinance for the levy of men in Upper Anjou was carried into effect with every possible rigour. At this time I had with me my two sons, one of the age of fourteen,²² the other just entered into his sixteenth year.²³ Of course the latter came within the age prescribed by the edict, and, though absent, I was obliged to draw for him, and my unlucky fate drew the black billet. At the instant this did not occasion to me so much uneasiness, because I meant to avail myself of the edict by which it was permitted to any one to be released on laying down the sum of 1500 livres [£60], which was supposed adequate to the finding a substitute properly equipped. I therefore took the proper steps on this occasion, but

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they proved useless. The department refused to accede to the decree in my favour, and I had the grief of seeing my son depart for the frontiers, of whom I have never since heard any account.²³ "Ah! unhappy father," said I to myself, "when will thy misfortunes end? Already two of thy sons are snatched from and in a manner lost to thee." Alas, little did I think that at the time I was thus complaining I was only at the beginning of my afflictions.

At this time there remained with me my son aged fourteen,²² and three daughters of the ages of eighteen, sixteen, and twelve. This was my situation at the end of the year 1792, when the Patriots were taking the most insufferable and cruel means to deter the country people from thinking of any meetings, carrying their malice to such an extent that on the smallest rumour of insurrection—which in many instances was spread by themselves—they fired on the innocent labourer while at his daily occupation.

CHAPTER III

Strength of the Brigands in 1793—Bonchamps takes Thouars and Saumur by storm—Patriots abandon Angers—Anjou declares in favour of the Royalist cause—De Cartrie wishes to join the Royalist party—His wife and children decide to follow him—Defeat of the Royalists at Cholet—Bonchamps dies at Varades—Treachery of the Patriots—Retreat of the Royalists—The crossing of the Loire—De Cartrie reaches Ancenis—Dearth of provisions—Determines that his wife and children shall seek a place of greater safety—They depart—He induces a body of soldiers to return to Varades—At Ingrandes he meets his eldest daughter—His family had resolved to return to him—He conducts his daughter to the house of a farmer whom he knows—Meets his wife and other daughters on the way to Candé—Siege of Château-Gontier—His party take possession of Laval.

IN 1793 the army of La Vendée, surnamed the Brigands, was in considerable force. Bonchamps, my nephew, who in the beginning of these disturbances had taken the name of Gaston,²⁴ was one of their most experienced generals. By his wise conduct and from his great knowledge in tactics, he had rendered himself the terror of the Patriots. He marched against Thouars, where, after a most obstinate engagement with the famous Marseillais band, he took the city by storm, and proceeded against Saumur, which he carried in like manner, being well

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supported by the different generals who had raised the troops which composed the royalist army.

The Patriots, astonished at the rapid progress of this army, took the alarm, and, in the fear of being overtaken by their enemies, they abandoned the city of Angers, the capital of the province, taking with them all their prisoners, among whom my sister and brother-in-law were included. These were conducted to Chartres, where their unhappy destiny was ended by the guillotine.²⁵ Two days after their departure, the Royalists arrived in that city, where the inhabitants were conciliated to them by the many acts of kindness and moderation observed towards them by their conquerors. Thus they were induced to quit their errors, and return to their duties of religion and fidelity to their king—the cause in which the Royalists were so strenuously engaged. A convocation of the nobility was summoned, when they were called upon to join this laudable cause at the same time that a great part of Anjou declared in favour of it.

When this convocation was held, I was at my residence, distant only six leagues from Angers. In my heart, I was decidedly determined to join this party, but I was sadly perplexed on account of my children, whose prospects of fortune I was about to involve in the cruel chance of this civil war. Thus situated, I addressed myself to my wife and children, setting before them my in-

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clinations, and at the same time the dangers they must run, as well as the risk of totally losing their fortunes. My wife and my children embraced me, declaring they would follow me, the preservation of my honour being to them infinitely more estimable than riches. Oh! unhappy father, it was unfortunately your duty and your inclination which thus led your deplorable family into distresses innumerable; and it was their attachment to you which induced them to follow you. Thus I abandoned my possessions and the safety of my wife and children, who from that moment were exposed to the tyranny of these regicides who abused, killed, and burnt all that came within their power; and indeed it was the abuse of their power that drove the people of Vendée to such acts of desperation. For nine months were my incessant cares totally occupied in the seeking for my family situations the least dangerous in the midst of surrounding multitudes of the regicides, who seemed to rise up in greater numbers from the ashes of those whom we incessantly destroyed.

The Convention, being alarmed at the destruction we made of the national guard which they brought against us from every part of the kingdom, at last sent for a part of their troops from the frontier, selecting those men that were the most violent Patriots, and, among others, they sent twelve thousand men, the late garrison of



Chromolithé et Pasquier, Jr.

Lithog. by G. Engelmann

THE DEATH OF GENERAL BONCHAMPS, OCTOBER 18, 1793

ALTHOUGH MORTALLY WOUNDED THE GENERAL, FORGETFUL OF HIMSELF, CRIED :

“Grâce, grâce aux prisonniers,

Bonchamps le veut : Bonchamps l’ordonne.”

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Mayence, although these men by the capitulation of that city were not to serve *against the allies* during the war. The Convention availed themselves of the term "against the allies" by sending the troops against La Vendée. To these men the Convention promised double pay in money and all the land they conquered in La Vendée, which last promise rendered them the most inveterate and cruel of enemies, for they murdered without exception those of all ages and sexes, never showing the least mercy. To gratify this their propensity they had full scope given to them after our defeat at Cholet (between 15 and 16 October, 1793), where many of our chiefs were killed or wounded, and our army totally routed, having no other alternative left than the repassing of the Loire.

My nephew Bonchamps died in my arms at Varades, a little town at two leagues distance from Ancenis, where our artillery had passed the river. We continued two days at this place, but were obliged to guard the banks of the river to prevent the Patriots from passing, who had been joined by six thousand prisoners that had been released by us on a solemn promise of not serving against us. It was owing to this piece of treachery that a great part of our army was cut off from the river, and obliged to retreat, and seek shelter in the woods to save themselves from these faithless men, who now followed them without giving

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the smallest quarter. But when men have abandoned their God and their king, what other is to be expected of them? It was at the earnest solicitation of General Bonchamps, who offered to pledge his life for their fidelity, that life and liberty were given to these men, both of which were forfeited from the cruelties they had practised upon our people when taken by them. This was an unfortunate and imprudent lenity, as it increased the number of our enemies, of whom we had before but too many on our hands.²⁶

This passage of the Loire was effected by about twenty thousand men, who were followed by about eight thousand women and children, which last but for a miracle must have perished from the precipitation with which the whole army made this movement, for the crowd was so great that the boats were infinitely overloaded, and we passed in a manner between two waters. Of our horses we lost a great number—these being drowned. The boat that myself and family were in was so full of water that it had got to the very edge, and but for the presence of mind and precautions of the boatmen we must inevitably have perished. We, however, escaped by preserving the equilibrium of the boat. My poor children saw not their danger, owing to their tears; for a considerable time I had nothing before me but the thought of seeing my children perish before my eyes. Had I known the hardships they were



THE TOMB OF GENERAL BONCHAMPS AT ST. FLORENT, BY DAVID D'ANGERS

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doomed to suffer, perhaps I should have wished the event, as the end of all our misfortunes.

After a rest of two days the army divided. Our part remained at Ancenis, a little city of Brittany upon the banks of the Loire ; a second part took post at Ingrandes, another small city on the banks of the Loire about four leagues from Angers, the capital of Anjou ; but far the greater part remained at Varades as an intermediate station being the headquarters, the distance being about six leagues from each.

Though we passed the Loire as it would seem by a miracle, yet all our stores were left on the other side of the river, so that we were even destitute of flour ; nor could any be procured by the cavalry. For myself, out of six horses four were drowned in crossing the river. With only two horses I saw the impossibility of subsisting my family, and considering the numbers of old people and women who followed our camp it was thought prudent to send away as many as possible. This determined me to get my wife and children, as soon as could be, to a place where they might be less exposed. On the night therefore that we were to depart on the morrow, I represented to them the danger of continuing longer with us, and also that it would be impossible to procure subsistence for them, unless we should be more successful, as at present there were not sufficient supplies for one half of the army, and if at any

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period they happened to be left behind they would certainly be massacred by the Patriots. I therefore thus addressed them :

“ Under these circumstances, I do not now mean to consult with you, but as the only chance of preserving you lay my commands on you immediately to quit the camp. I have a farm at eight leagues distance ; you know the way. I will accompany you the first league on the high road. It is now midnight, and though you are unaccustomed to make such long journeys on foot, yet you may now proceed four leagues to the Château de Beauchêne. All who remain there are friends to our cause ; they will conceal you during the day, and at night you will be able to resume your journey, when you may accomplish the remaining four leagues. Being arrived at the farm, you must disguise yourselves in the best manner you can to remain concealed from these regicides.”

They made no reply ; it was an order on my part. Their tears only showed the reluctance they felt in parting from me.

Immediately we set off ; and when we had proceeded about a league it became necessary that we should part. What a situation was this for a father to think of, parting with his family on a dark night in a lonely road surrounded by enemies, from whom death was certain if overtaken, and so to leave them with no other

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protection than their sex and their youth. A profound silence had been preserved by us during the journey, but now it became necessary for me to speak. I addressed them as follows :

“My dear wife and children, I have two requests to make. First, I desire that you will forget you have a husband and a father, nor think of the dangers that he must inevitably run. Let your thoughts be solely turned to your own preservation. Could I be assured of your safety and quiet, I would die content. In the second place, you must promise me to separate as soon as you arrive near our house. Go to such-and-such families who are faithful and devoted to us ; they will assist you in measures of concealment, until more favourable circumstances may occur. In short, take every measure for your own preservation, as the only means of giving me comfort.”

They answered me only with sighs. Our tears were mingled ; and we parted. My sufferings at this moment were so great that death would have been a happy release. I was in a manner lost to myself, nor knew I how far I had got on my return when I was met by a body of three hundred of our soldiers who seemed to me to have separated themselves from the army, having left Varades. Their presence roused me, and as soon as I could recollect myself I thus addressed them :

“Where are you going, my friends ? Do you

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not know there are very severe orders against those who retreat? The more dangerous the post, the more glorious it is for us to maintain it. If we are not resolute, the enemy will pass the Loire, and will prevent the reunion of our divisions on which depends our own lives, as well as the lives of all that are dear to us. And this is the very morning when we hope to reunite our strength as the only means of our preservation. Come, therefore, my friends, let me guide you."

By these persuasions I induced them to follow me, and led them back to Varades, where we arrived about seven o'clock in the morning. Here we separated, and I rejoined my post.

The divisions of the army now proceeded to form a junction, and our advanced guard was continually manœuvring to deceive the enemy as to our intentions. I, in consequence, went to Ingrandes, where we had a division that only waited the arrival of that to which I belonged to set off for Candé, the place of our reunion. I walked about the streets of Ingrandes to find some inn, or place, where I might refresh my horse rather than myself, being in such a situation as precluded hunger. But, when I descended from my horse, how great was my surprise—my eldest daughter came forward and threw herself into my arms. She could only say that her mother on reflection had resolved not to abandon

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me, and therefore they were returned. But said she: "I see not my mother; she is just lost in the crowd."

As two divisions had just met at this place to reunite, these formed a prodigious concourse of people in the streets. We sought my wife and other daughters in vain.

"My dear child," said I to my daughter, "we must inevitably part again. If you follow the army, you will certainly perish, nor is there a chance of safety but from concealment near my house, where, should you even be discovered, there is a probability that your youth may be a means of your not being included in my supposed crime."

I therefore immediately conducted her to a farmer's whom I knew, where I procured a disguise as a country girl, the like precautions being taken with her *femme de chambre*, who had accompanied her. On quitting her, I ordered her to bend her steps immediately towards my house.

This second interview with my daughter only served to imprint on my heart more strongly the sighs of the poor girl, from whom I was obliged to tear myself by force. When I directed my steps towards the army, which was then on its march, I followed it scarce knowing what I did, having in a manner lost the use of my senses. In this situation I had proceeded three leagues—having only one league to complete our

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destination—when one of my friends came up to me, and awoke me from my state of stupor by the information that my wife and two of my daughters, who had followed the army, were behind, in a state of fatigue not to be described. I instantly retraced my way in search of them, accompanied by my servant, when at half a league distance we met my wife and children, in a state truly pitiable, they having walked eight leagues from the time we parted on the high road. My wife had no shoes; her stockings were torn to pieces; and her feet were covered with blood. The children being young were more able to bear up against the fatigue, but their situation was likewise deplorable. My servant and myself dismounted from our horses, my wife and children were immediately placed on them, and thus we reached Candé; but it was not till eight o'clock at night and in the month of November. Here was found but a scanty supply of provisions, which were consumed by the advanced part of the army who had likewise occupied all the houses. However, I was so fortunate as to find a granary full of wheat, so that my poor wife and children lying on wheat had not a bit of bread to eat, and it was midnight, after infinite pains, before it was possible for me to procure for them two pounds of bread for their refreshment. This was only the beginning of those hardships which they were ordained to suffer. Fatigue

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caused my children to sleep, but my poor wife could not get repose on her bed of wheat.

However, next morning the army was in motion early to proceed to the siege of Château-Gontier. On our march it increased in a most astonishing manner. All the young men of the requisition who had received orders to march to the frontiers now joined us; add to which whole parishes came to the colours. And though not then armed, yet they were of material assistance in the siege of Château-Gontier, for as our people were killed or wounded they availed themselves of such arms, and fought with the greatest valour, so that in two hours we were masters of the city. Here we lost very few people, but the Patriots lost two thousand men. Notwithstanding this success, our women suffered much this day, as the roads they had to pass were excessively bad, and it had been ordered that all the followers of the camp should remain in the rear of the army. It was near midnight when they arrived, overcome with fatigue; but here they found provisions and a good house to lodge in, so that this night they passed in comfort.

Two days after we left Château-Gontier and went against Laval. Here the enemy made little resistance, and we became possessed of the city, where we found provisions in abundance and arms and ammunition in such quantities that we were able to arm the greater part of our recruits,

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who amounted to more than fifteen thousand men. This event restored our hopes and our confidence. Here we remained eight days, in which time the Convention, trembling at our successes, gave orders that the Mayençais who had driven us out of La Vendée, as well as all the troops in the neighbourhood, should follow us.

CHAPTER IV

Charette at the head of that part of the army which could not cross the Loire—D'Elbée serves under him—Defeat of the Mayençais near Laval—Rout of the enemy at Entrammes—Battle renewed at Château-Gontier—Masters of Mayenne—Discomfort of the old men, women, and wounded—Distress of De Cartrie's niece and her husband, the Marquis de Veau de Chavagne—The Demoiselles de Bailleul are guillotined at Chartres—Victory at Pontorson—Retreat from Granville—Return to Avranches—La Rochejaquelein takes possession of Villedieu—Disaffection among the Poitevins—Their departure without a chief—Their defeat at Pontorson—De Cartrie is asked to become their leader—A council of war—De Cartrie meets his sister, Madame Bulkeley—Receives a letter from his eldest son.

IT was at this time (6 November) that Charette, taking advantage of the absence of the troops from La Vendée, put himself at the head of that part of our army which could not cross the Loire, but which had fled and hid themselves in the woods. D'Elbée, who was before our General-in-Chief, and had been separated from us by our defeat, served under Charette on this occasion. They had soon a very considerable army, and in a little time were again masters of a great part of La Vendée.

In the meantime the Mayençais army were marching towards Château-Gontier, where they arrived 8 November, and the next day (9 November) encamped at Entrammes, a little village at

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two leagues distance from Laval, where we then were. At six o'clock in the evening they began their march to attack us, but being apprised of their intentions we met them half-way, attacked them, and pursued them to their very camp, with the loss of two hundred men. As it was night, it was not thought prudent to attack them in their entrenchments. The national guard, to the number of eight thousand men, had marched likewise from Le Mans, with the intention of making a combined attack upon us. By six o'clock on the morning of the 10th of November they were at the gates of Laval; but our army, being now refreshed and considerably reinforced, were prepared to receive them. Our soldiers prevailed, and followed them to Entrammes, where in this little time they had thrown up entrenchments that surprised us and gave us a good deal of trouble. The battle was again here disputed with the greatest obstinacy, and many men were lost on both sides; but a reinforcement of six thousand recruits arriving just at this instant decided the affair. The enemy were totally routed, and we pursued them to Château-Gontier, where again the battle was renewed with double fury; but our army, which augmented every hour from all sides, now became powerful. And the crowd advanced with such impetuosity—the first ranks being pushed on by those that followed—that some cannon which



GENERAL D'ELBÉE

From a water-colour taken from life at the Council of War by C. Fachot, an officer of Engineers, and one of the judges who condemned d'Elbée to be shot.

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were placed on the bridges and were firing grape-shot—by which an infinite number of our men were killed—were in a manner overwhelmed. These cannon were immediately turned upon the Place, and though the Mayençais kept up a most tremendous fire, yet nothing could damp the ardour of our soldiers. They charged them with bayonets, and in a little time totally overthrew them. In short, of eight thousand—the whole of the number of these bloodthirsty Mayençais that remained at the commencement of this action at Château-Gontier—there were not more than three hundred men alive at the end of it; add to which the loss of the national guard was very great indeed. By this decided victory we became masters of all Mayenne and its environs.

Two days after this victory we marched to Mayenne, of which we quietly took possession. From thence we proceeded to Ernée, where there was an affair of some consequence, and where the Patriots lost three thousand men. Next day (13 November) we were at Fougères. Here we found six thousand regular troops who were sent to defend the city. This did not hinder our attack; and it was immediately taken by storm, the enemy losing about four thousand men. Here we took three days' rest, and, leaving six thousand of our Vendéans to guard the city, we quitted it. This was the first place where we left any garrison; but our people were obliged to

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evacuate it in six days and rejoin the main body of our army.

Notwithstanding our repeated victories, very little ease or comfort was derived from them by our women, our old men, or our wounded. These were obliged to wait the event of all our engagements at a distance of two leagues in the rear, and it was generally midnight before they arrived at the place where we were to sleep the night. Provisions being very scarce on account of the number of our troops, the difficulty I found in subsisting my unfortunate family generally occupied me the greater part of the night.

Among others that looked to me for food were a niece, and two children of the ages of three and four years, of whom I had the sorrow to see the children perish almost by famine while at Fougères, notwithstanding I from time to time gave my niece all the assistance I could spare. She had with her her husband, the Marquis de Veau de Chavagne, who was so infirm that he could neither take care of his children nor himself.

All these circumstances increased my anxieties ; add to which my two old aunts, the demoiselles de Bailleul, had been taken to Chartres the day preceding our arrival at Mayenne, where they were instantly guillotined, though one was sixty years of age and the other fifty-seven. At the same time I learnt the tyranny which had been



MADAME SAPINAUD DE BOIS-HUGUET
(THE SISTER OF DE CARTRIE)

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practised on my sister, Madame Sapinaud de Bois-Huguet, who would never listen to our entreaties to quit La Vendée, declaring she would sooner remain at her own habitation and there perish, which was unhappily but too soon verified. But she suffered her daughter, Madame de Chavagne, and her son-in-law to follow us, both of whom perished after the affair of Le Mans,²⁷ where we were unfortunately defeated.

All these accumulated misfortunes only foretold the melancholy fate that awaited those most dear to me. I said to myself, sooner or later this must be their fate. Fortunately myself alone seemed at this time to have any reflection, for joy appeared painted on their countenances notwithstanding the fatigues and dangers they underwent; and they had now become habituated to the sleeping in the open fields, though surrounded by the dead and dying. To them nothing appeared hardships, or else they put on such appearance to deceive me.

On leaving Fougères, where our troops had perfectly refreshed themselves during their three days' halt, we proceeded to Antrain (16 November), a village where very few supplies were to be expected, but notwithstanding there was not the smallest want, owing to the quantities brought from Fougères. Next day we reached Dol (17 November), a city of Brittany which has a bishop. Nothing opposed us; but the badness of the roads occasioned many mishaps to the

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followers of our army. After a halt of two days we marched against Pontorson, where we were opposed by four thousand cavalry and four thousand infantry. This army we defeated after an obstinate engagement, wherein we killed about three thousand of them, those that remained flying to Granville. The next day we marched to Avranches (20 November), where we met with no opposition; this is a city of Normandy at about six leagues distance from Granville which we here made preparations to besiege. In two days (22 November) a part of our army appeared before the walls of Granville, on which day we began the siege at six o'clock in the evening. We remained before the city for two days; but it was defended by eight thousand regular troops and two galliots that were anchored in the road, so as to annoy us much with their cannon loaded with grape shot.

These circumstances obliged us to raise the siege and retreat to Avranches (24 November), where the greater part of our army had remained, particularly the women, old men, and children. But my wife and children would not stay behind; they accompanied me, and in these two days they underwent incredible fatigue. Nothing, however, made them uneasy; myself alone felt the weight of their misfortunes.

On our return to Avranches, La Rochejaquelein set off with the advanced guard of six thousand



LA ROCHEJAQUELEIN

(From an engraving by T. M. Fontaine)

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men towards Villedieu, which he took with ease. It was our intention to have marched the army by that rout to Rouen, the capital of the province, but an unfortunate disaffection which broke out at this period defeated the plan. It arose from the Poitevins (the people of Poitou) wishing to return to their own district. They therefore refused to obey the orders of those chiefs whom they had jointly nominated when we passed the Loire at Varades; these were La Rochejaquelein, as commandant general, d'Autichamp, as second general, and Stofflet, as major-general. The Poitevins declared that their youth prevented their having sufficient experience, or else their late march to the coast had been with the intent to get on board ship and abandon them. In this idea they would not be guided, but departed without a chief to direct them. They were about twelve thousand in number, and marched towards Pontorson, but the enemy, who had assembled some troops, obliged them to retreat with loss. They then sent some envoys whose entreaties were joined by part of the army then remaining at Avranches, who had been anxious to follow and support their departed comrades. These came to me with the request that I would become their leader. In answer, I told them that hitherto they had followed me as one of their commanders, and that I could not think of parting with that title for the one they offered me of their General-in-

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Chief. At the same time I represented to them the necessity there was that the chiefs whom they had acknowledged should be supported in their authority, if not, that disunion and inevitable destruction must ensue ; but in regard to their comrades, now under such difficulties, I would take upon me to say a sufficient force should be marched to their relief, and that we would proceed towards Poitou. This appeased them, and they retired saying they placed their whole confidence in me.

We immediately held a council of war, wherein I turned the scale by representing the necessity there was of attending to the wishes of so great a part of the army. In consequence, an express was sent to La Rochejaquelein to desire his return, and he rejoined us the next day. We immediately began our retrograde march by the very rout which had brought us to Granville, and half-way to Pontorson we fell in with the troops that had quitted us. In full strength therefore we proceeded to Pontorson (26 November) to attack the troops who were there collected. The affair did not turn out much to their advantage, as the Patriots there lost four thousand men. This night was a terrible one for my family, as they were during many hours exposed to an incessant torrent of rain ; but in the end I procured for them some little comforts.

This night we met with a part of my family

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that had been separated from us : these were my sister, Madame Bulkeley,²⁸ her husband, Made-moiselle de Chappot—her daughter by her first husband,²⁹ Monsieur de Chappot³⁰—Madame de Chavagne and her husband who had lost their two children, as before mentioned. We now contrived to get some waggons and carts, over which we made some coverings of straw to shelter us from the rain. Here my sister had the misfortune to see her mother-in-law, Madame de Chappot³¹—who also had followed the army with three of her daughters—perish. At last day arrived, but the rain continued with unabating violence till night, when we reached Dol (27 November), the place we had quitted ten days since.

It was at this juncture that I experienced a momentary pleasure by the receipt of a letter from my eldest son. Previous to my departure for La Vendée—by which I had sacrificed everything to join the Royalists—in the assurance that my life would be continually exposed I resolved to write a letter to my son ; for though I had not consented to his marriage, yet I only wanted their presence to have given my full approbation. In this letter I told him that I was unwilling to end my days without sending him my full ratification in form, in case they should have any children. This letter they had received almost a year before an opportunity presented of making known to me their acknowledgments. But, the successes of our

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army bringing us partisans from all quarters, it happened that one of my friends leaving Paris saw my son, and told him that if he wished to send any intelligence to me he was going to Angers and should be happy to convey it, as he doubted not he should be able there to learn some account of me. My son embraced this opportunity of writing. His letter reached me at Dol, and was delivered to me by a German who was a stranger to the person from whom he received it. This was the only moment of joy I had experienced in the fifteen months that I had been engaged in this campaign. In it my son assured me of his duty, that he was fearful of returning to me as ordered, but begged me to accept his and his wife's acknowledgments of my goodness towards them, at the same time acquainting me that as soon as an opportunity offered he should fly to me, and should esteem it the greatest happiness to lay down his life in defending that of his father.

CHAPTER V

The effect of his son's letter—The Abbess of La Ronceray—Rout of the Patriots—To the relief of La Rochejaquelein—Panic among the Royalists—Retreat to Dol—De Cartrie's wife and children will not leave him—He is wounded—Unsuccessful attempt to besiege La Flèche—A desperate position—De Cartrie places his family in the care of some of his farmers—Rejoins the army—Meets his youngest son—March to Baugé—Royalists enter La Flèche—No provisions—Departure for Le Mans—Provisions in abundance—General Tilly now joins the Patriots—Flight of the Royalists—Many perish—De Cartrie reaches Laval with part of the Royalist army—March to Pouancé—Three days at Ancenis—Supply of food exhausted—De Cartrie resolves to proceed to his estate with his son.

FOR fifteen months I had experienced nothing but hardships, losses, and disappointment; and a despondence had come over me that must soon have ended my days. This letter, however, worked on me a most wonderful change; in a manner, instantaneously I seemed to have revived from the dead. I said to myself, if I should perish in this unfortunate business, still my son remains to protect my miserable family, and even should they perish with me, still my son remains; that shall be my consolation. Thus it is that misery catches at hope.

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On our arrival at Dol every one went to their old lodging. For myself I was lodged at the distance of half a league from Dol, on the great road to Rennes, the capital of Brittany. At this house I had, on our first visit, placed the sister of Marshal d'Aubeterre, who was the abbess of the abbey of La Ronceray in the city of Angers.⁸² She had twelve nuns with her, and her two almoners ; they were still in the same apartment, which was very small. With them myself and family took up our residence. (Since that time they have all perished ; they were taken prisoners on our defeat at Le Mans, and all shot.)

Scarce had we entered the house when we heard the sound of drums coming on the road from Rennes. Though I was assured from that quarter it could not be any part of our army, I asked our landlord what troops they were who appeared to be at a distance of about one league. His answer was that they were a body of about eight thousand Patriots who were coming to Dol to sleep, and were meant to reinforce our army. I knew not whether he meant this as raillery, or that he mistook us for what we were not. However, I soon got my family downstairs, and made them remount their horses—for now we had both horse and carriages. I begged the abbess to follow me to Dol where I was instantly going to collect our troops, and give them notice of the enemy's approach. She replied that her people

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were absent, and that being excessively fatigued she should trust in providence. It was impossible for me to assist the number that were with her. Therefore I quitted her; and made all haste to join the rear of our army which had not had time to proceed to their lodgings, a circumstance which proved very fortunate for us, as at six o'clock at night about ten thousand men who had come from the side of Fougères began a furious attack. In consequence, however, of my intimation we were prepared on all sides by disposing our cannon so as to command the three great roads that lead to Dol. We charged our cannon with grape, which was attended with the happiest effect, and we pursued the enemy to the distance of about a league from Dol where the road again branched out in three different points, one leading to Avranches, a second to Pontorson, and the third to Fougères. These three roads were occupied by the eight thousand men whom I had heard as they approached from the side of Rennes, and were the remains of the troops we had defeated the preceding evening. The ten thousand men here faced about on the road to Fougères thinking they had now got us between three fires, but the little regularity that was observed in our army soon relieved us from that situation. Our soldiers seldom kept the high roads, and by cutting across the fields and byways we soon obtained such a situation that

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we got their two columns between two fires—for by making a circuit of some distance we became possessed of the two roads on which the Patriots were proceeding when they faced about. Being so situated, our troops marched back till they fell in with the rear of the Patriots whom they attacked with such fury that they soon routed these two columns. The Chevalier d'Autichamp pursued with his column for the greater part of the night that body which had taken the road to Pontorson ; Stofflet with his column followed that column of the enemy which took the road to Rennes ; and La Rochejaquelein with his column followed the ten thousand men to the distance of two leagues from Dol, where he was obliged to stop, not daring in the night to pass a barrier of trees which they had thrown across to serve them as an entrenchment. But the battle lasted with unremitting violence all night.

At seven o'clock in the morning of [? 28th] November the two columns under the generals d'Autichamp and Stofflet, who had routed the enemy's columns, returned to Dol to take some refreshment, when a strong body immediately departed again to succour La Rochejaquelein who was retreating before the column of Patriots that had been reinforced by the remains of the two defeated columns. About nine o'clock in the morning our brave soldiers joined their comrades when the fire of La Rochejaquelein's column,

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which had kept up during the whole night, was redoubled, and the enemy were attacked with irresistible fury. The troops that had been fighting all night being exhausted with fatigue and hunger, on finding themselves replaced by a body of men so equal to the encounter of the enemy, wished now to get some refreshments, and therefore quitted the field of battle. Our troops now continually coming up, observed on a sudden a great number of our people running across the fields to the right and left in search of habitations where they might get some victuals. This mistaking for the defeat of our troops, a sudden panic seized them, and the body of men not immediately engaged—consisting of full one half of the two columns before engaged—now retreated on Dol with the utmost precipitation. On their arrival the greatest confusion followed. All the women, old men, and children ran out into the streets which were filled in an instant, each seeking the high road towards St. Malo, and many getting into the fields and by-roads were murdered by the Patriot peasants who now concluded our army to be totally defeated.

My wife and my poor children, still undaunted, would not quit me, but followed me to the bridge that leads to St. Malo, where myself and some other officers, with a body of resolute men, immediately took post, sabre in hand, to stop the fugitive crowd, which was at last effected by

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representing to them that so far from La Rochejaquelein being defeated, as they supposed, he must have been successful, as the cannon, which had never ceased firing, instead of coming nearer to us was augmenting its distance every minute ; and even in the case of defeat it would be a folly to retreat by the road to St. Malo, except they wished for safety by throwing themselves into the sea. The passage being thus impeded our people had time to reflect, and recovered from their panic ; but the crowd was so great that neither those in front nor those in the middle could move, by which means many children were stifled. At last those nearest the town faced about, and the troops filed off towards Dol. Stofflet, who followed a considerable body that had gone on to some distance on the road to St. Malo, now returned with them ; and our whole attention was bent on La Rochejaquelein, who, with ten thousand men that still remained to him, had not only driven the enemy from the entrenchments, but had put them to flight. Our troops now joined him, and were as rapid in their advance on the enemy as they had been precipitate in their retreat. The carnage of the Patriots, in consequence, was dreadful ; their loss on this day was at least fifteen thousand men.

While I continued the pursuit with our troops on the high road, I was knocked off my horse by a spent ball which struck me under the left



STOFFLET
(From an engraving)

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breast. A poor German, who was wounded in the fleshy part of the leg, helped me up again.⁸⁸ This wound occasioned to me a violent tumour which obliged me to return to Dol, where I found the comfort of my family in having those about us who take a part in our cares. In two hours I was obliged again to march, after putting some fomentations and a dressing to my wound which dispersed the congealed blood; but nothing would remove the swelling which remains to this day. My family and self therefore proceeded to rejoin the army which had marched against Antrain, a small village on the road to Fougères, which we did not reach till ten o'clock at night, when the fatigue added to my wound brought on a violent fever.

However, on the morrow, I found myself much better from the care of my children, and the frequent fomentations they applied during the night. This enabled me next day to bear up against the fatigue of our march to Fougères, where we halted two days with the army. We then proceeded to Ernée, Mayenne and Laval; at the last place we remained two days. The total overthrow which we had given to the Patriots left us the road perfectly clear to Angers through Durtal and La Flèche, which was the rout we followed. At four o'clock in the afternoon of [?4th December] we arrived before the walls of that city, and by six o'clock we had begun the

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siege which continued that night and the succeeding day till four o'clock in the afternoon, during which time a continual fire was kept up. And, though we had beat down the gate of the city wall towards the faubourg St. Michel, we found within a double fosse which stopped the progress of our soldiers. Overcome with fatigue our men abandoned this gate, nor were the other attacks more successful. In short, our people gave it up as a vain attempt, and began to disperse. At last, I was sent after them to collect as many as I could, and returning with some pioneers and about two thousand men I caused a very brisk fire to be recommenced. Already we had overthrown a part of the inner wall, and though we had two of our cannon dismounted by the Patriots, yet we had still one remaining with which we continued the attack with such success that had La Rochejaquelein and Stofflet—who had rallied the army—now come up with proper succour we should have carried the city by storm. But our ammunition failed, and the soldiers becoming quite exhausted we could not attempt that which fresh troops would have done. But for this we might have got into the city with ease, for—as I have since learnt—we had so intimidated the Patriots, that they had begun to abandon the city by the gate of St. Nicolas, on the other side, by which they hoped to get to Nantes. At last, my men finding it a vain

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attempt, and having a vast number killed and wounded from the incessant fire of our enemies, declared to me that as La Rochejaquelein and Stofflet did not come to our support they were exposing their lives to no purpose, Thus were we obliged to retreat to the main body of the army.

On the success of this siege we had built all our expectations, but having failed in it I saw there was no hope for us. I therefore rejoined my wife and children, giving them to understand that our cause was now a desperate one, as our ammunition was nearly expended, and the Convention had given orders that we should be attacked on all sides, and that all the bridges should be broken down as we advanced.

"Therefore, my children," I said, "you will be too much exposed by following the army. Now I have some farmers in this neighbourhood. Come with me, and I will place you under their care, and you need not doubt their exerting every endeavour to disguise and conceal you from the research of the Patriots."

I therefore conducted them without loss of time to these farmers who received me with open arms. From them I learnt that the department had issued orders that all those who were able to carry arms should proceed to the city, this on pain of death; but that this threat had not intimidated them, as the numbers that had gone

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to the city were so great that it was impossible to know who had or who had not obeyed the order. In a few words I related the sufferings which my poor children had undergone in following the army, and said that I was resolved they should be no longer so exposed. I therefore desired that they would manage the business, and furnish my family with such disguises that they might get into the city as soon as our army were departed, for there they would find many acquaintances who would conceal them. My tenants promised they would do everything I wished. I embraced my family for the last time. Their tears and their sighs were incessant, and I with difficulty tore myself from them to rejoin our unfortunate army, where I was met by my son, who was in the cavalry serving under the Prince de Talmont.⁸⁴ I had now no one with me but this child who had also run many risks from which he had not yet escaped. It was eight o'clock at night, and our troops were in full march for Baugé. On our approach we were attacked by three thousand cavalry, but these were soon obliged to retreat, and we slept at a distance of four leagues from the city of Baugé, where we arrived next day by noon. Here we halted two days, during which time the troops that were in Angers came to attack us, but we likewise drove them back with loss. We left Baugé (8 December) to proceed to La Flèche. But the enemies

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that we had in our rear made us determine to send off the old men, women and children, and baggage before the army.

Here we had the greatest difficulty in keeping the army in a proper line of march, as many of our soldiers attempted to join the advanced guard, notwithstanding all those were fired at who quitted their line. Fortunately we had provided a very strong rear-guard. That precaution was our salvation for that day, as the enemy made an attack upon our rear when we had advanced about two leagues, but our men fought with such incredible courage that this day was one of the most bloody we had experienced since our passing the Loire. In short, we had to sustain a most furious attack as well in front as in the rear. But our front and rear guards having put to flight all that opposed them, this gave us time to repair a part of the bridge which the Patriots had broken down at the entrance of the city, and it was not till four o'clock in the morning that our women and baggage could begin to file off to enter La Flèche, from which we had driven the enemy. Our advanced guard had already entered the city, and the women and baggage were passing over the bridge—which we had repaired at its entrance—when near a mill about a league distant our army was attacked in the rear. At this time the carriages were passing over the bridge, on which account our soldiers

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already in the city had the utmost difficulty in repassing the bridge, it being so crowded with women and children all eager to get within the walls. Our rear-guard was also very much weakened by the numbers that under cover of the night had pushed forward to get to La Flèche. However, those that remained made such a resolute stand, that it gave time for the reinforcement to come up who soon put the Patriots to flight. During this time all the carriages had got over the bridge, when our troops passed the bridge which we immediately destroyed.

This was a terrible night for our whole army who found no refreshments whatever in this city, not to mention the cries and complaints of the women and children who were perishing with cold, their wants also taking from them all strength.

It is impossible to conceive a more distressing situation than was that of our army at this juncture ; it must have been felt to be able to form a just opinion of it. We were shut up in the city under the above circumstances, with the bridge broken down by which we expected all our resources, and the enemy keeping up a very warm fire on both sides of the city. Here we remained that night, and departed on the succeeding one (10 December) for Le Mans.

Dysentery now began to make its appearance in our army, of which disease many died at La

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Flèche; and near one half of our people were affected violently by it on their march, a sad pre-sage of our defeat. It was two o'clock in the morning that we began our march. Here some of our soldiers addressing themselves to me, said, "Why do we not return to Angers?" In reply, I told them they had lost the opportunity, that they ought to have persevered in the attacks at that time, or have perished under the walls, and that but for the dispersion of the army at that instant the city must have fallen into our power. Still nothing was heard on our march, but "Why do we not return to Angers?" This, however, became impossible. We had expended all the ammunition requisite for besieging a fortified place, and were therefore compelled to go to those cities that were destitute of fortification, which was the case at Le Mans, of which we became masters in two hours (11 December). Here we found every requisite for subsistence in abundance, but very few military stores of which we stood so much in need.

On the succeeding day we were attacked by the flying artillery, supported by their other troops which we put to flight that day. The same event took place on the succeeding one (12 December), when during that day and night the Patriots were defeated in three different attacks; but being thus harassed, added to the dysentery, very much weakened our army. In this state, and just as

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we had completed one of the most decided victories—where at least six thousand Patriots had bitten the dust—a reinforcement of eight thousand men under General Tilly⁸⁵ joined them. When our army learnt the news of this reinforcement, though in the midst of victory, a sudden panic seized them. A cry was heard, “Save themselves who can!” and immediately our people took to flight, and a total overthrow followed, though in less than an hour the enemy had been driven to a distance of two leagues from Le Mans. Our cavalry stationed themselves on the bridges to stop the flight of our people, and by every means tried to induce them to face the enemy who still pursued them. All effort was vain. Our people threw themselves into the water; and thus many perished. Our cavalry were forced back and obliged to re-enter the city, from which a part of the army fled towards Alençon, and another part towards Laval. All the women, priests, and old men immediately ran out of the houses trusting to their feet to save them—as we here lost the greater part of our waggons and horses—others, losing all presence of mind, ran to those parts where the crowd were gathered in the greatest numbers, and thus added to our embarrassment by stopping up the very road which was left for retreat, this being not a little increased by carriages upset in the streets. Thus the very means they took to effect was the very means of defeating their purpose.

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While this was passing I had followed a body of six thousand men, who had put themselves on the road towards Alençon. These I persuaded to return with me, with the assurance that our army was to defile off by the way of Laval, and that they were rallying at the bridge to make head against the enemy, and by this means give time to our army to effect their retreat with greater safety. In fact, we did so unite, and till nine o'clock at night we sustained the attacks of the enemy who, being now supported by some pieces of cannon which arrived at that time, obliged us to retreat, and join the main body of the army on its march by the great road to Laval. We continued our march all that night and till noon next day, when part of our army reached Laval (13 December).

During this march the greater part of our women, children, and old men, not being able to keep up with the line, were overtaken by the Patriots, and massacred by them without the smallest mercy. This was the terrible situation of our army, and, to add to our distress, we had lost all our artillery except six pieces, of which four were useless from the want of ammunition. We had therefore no other hope than by taking a direct contrary course from our enemies, to endeavour to repass the river Loire, and join ourselves to Charette, who was then in La Vendée. With this intention, we left Laval next

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day (14 December) at noon, having there waited the arrival of the shattered remains of our army. Our rout was by Craon, which we only passed through without continuing longer than it became necessary to refresh ourselves. We marched all that night to reach Pouancé, a small city at an extreme corner of the province of Anjou. Next day we proceeded on our march about eight o'clock in the morning towards Ancenis, but the cross roads and the torrents of rain which fell during the whole day prevented our getting farther than Saint-Mars, where we were obliged to wait the arrival of the numbers that stopped at the different cottages to refresh themselves. Here we stayed all that night, and on the morning of 16 December we left that place for Ancenis, from which we were only five leagues distant; and we ought to have reached it by four o'clock in the afternoon. However, we could not enter the city that night owing to the greater part of our troops halting from time to time to make fires for their refreshment. We therefore remained at one league short of the city, where every one was obliged to shift for themselves, and get the best shelter they could find from the torrents of rain that fell.

The next morning (17 December) we entered the city, and found that the Patriots—in number about 1500—had abandoned it, but unfortunately having had time to take away all the boats, and



**CHARETTE, COMMANDANT EN CHEF DE
L'ARMÉE ROYALE DE LA VENDÉE, FUSILLÉ À NANTES
le 9 germinal, l'An 4.**

De tous les chefs qui ont commandé en Vendée la sanglante guerre de la Vendée, Napoléon et Charette ont seuls survécu à ce combat et l'ont couronné. Ils étaient plus considérés des Vendéens que les Breuchamp, les Deltre, les Lécuyer et autres chefs bien supérieurs à eux en talents militaires. Charette était le plus ambitieux et le plus ardent des hommes. L'esprit de puissance dans un parti dont les espérances n'étaient pas abattues, lui fit saisir le caractère qui convenait au rôle qu'il voulait jouer. Avec les nobles bretons, il affectait les manières de l'aristocratie, avec le peuple, il se montrait le partisan zélé du catholicisme. C'est à son ambition que les Vendéens attribuaient leurs premiers succès. Charette signa son corps d'armée de la grande armée catholique, commandée par l'évêque et Breuchamp, dont il réunissait les drapeaux. Ses succès firent une réputation à la victoire de Châtou, et transporta les Vendéens de la rive droite sur la rive gauche de la Loire. Charette avait de l'ambition de vaincre. Ses succès à toute épreuve ont tenu par sa fierté. En vain on proposait à Charette, c'était l'enlever à la mort. Sa plus grande gloire militaire est d'avoir tenu une campagne d'été contre trente mille combattants. Il avait enfin parvenu à se procurer un repos de quinze à vingt mille hommes. Les chefs de la Vendée, comptant sur les Anglais et les émigrés, offraient les premiers, lorsqu'ils se proposaient le contraire, le traité de paix conclu à la Mésse. Après ce traité Charette ne marcha plus que de succès en succès. Les Anglais avaient été battus à Quiberon, et les nôtres furent vaincus au combat où il voulut entrer avec la flotte, en l'an 4 de l'An 4. Il eut à la course pour une lieue, comme une tête fautive, après avoir été poursuivi pendant six heures, il fut pris prisonnier par l'armée républicaine. Charette fut fusillé à Nantes le 9 germinal, l'An 4, après avoir été par un conseil de guerre, il mourut avec la plus grande fierté. Il donna à la Vendée un chef qui enveloppait un de ses bras, et fit quelques pas en avant des frontières. Il était âgé de 33 ans; l'effigie d'abord de ce chef de parti rappelle une des époques les plus intéressantes de l'histoire. Quand on voulait désigner quelqu'un comme mauvais citoyen, c'était avec une persécution aussi, généralement reçue que de dire, il est patriote comme Charette.

(From an old engraving appearing in a Republican publication.)

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this owing to the bad weather which had prevented our taking them by surprise. Thus we found ourselves in a very awkward situation from the want of boats to effect the passage. Stofflet and La Rochejaquelein had passed the Loire in two small boats we had brought from Saint-Mars.⁸⁶ Their purpose was to prevail on Charette to march to the borders of the Loire to favour our passage. The rafts we made were too small to answer our purpose, and most of those that embarked were lost before they arrived on the opposite bank, and the rest were massacred by the Patriots who were there in some force. We were three days in this situation at Ancenis (18-20 December). Every sort of food was expended, and the Patriots surrounded us on all sides. Thus it became necessary for us to disperse to find the means of subsistence. As to the seeking it along the banks of the Loire that became totally useless, as both banks were guarded by the Patriots at certain distances. The woods were therefore our only hope, and every man was to find out there such support as chance might throw in his way. In this situation, I said to my son :

“We have no other measures to pursue than to proceed to my estate, where we will hope to remain concealed among my tenants until we may find an opportunity of getting into La Vendée ; this is our only hope.”

CHAPTER VI

De Cartrie's wife and daughters reach Angers—M. and M^{me} de Chavagne are massacred—He advises M^{me} Bulkeley to go to his estate—He and his son depart from Ancenis—They disguise themselves as countrymen—Arrival at Montrelais—They seek refuge in the château La Romagne—Shelter is refused—They proceed to another house near—M^{lle} de Mergo. receives them with great kindness—They are nearly frozen—She provides them with food and fire—De Cartrie sleeps again in a bed with his clothes off—The National Guard visit the house—The lady entertains them so pleasantly that they leave without making any search—De Cartrie proceeds to the house of one of his farmers—He and his son spend the night there—They become inhabitants of the forest—He hears that M. and M^{me} Bulkeley, with M^{lle} de Chappot, have been put in prison at Angers.

MY wife and family had got safely into Angers, as I heard ; this to me was a great comfort under the pressure of our fate. I was, however, under great distress on account of my sister, Madame Bulkley, her husband, and her daughter, Mademoiselle de Chappot, as it would be impossible for them to escape the Patriots but by performing their journeys during the night and through the most unfrequented ways. These were now the only part of my family that remained, for Monsieur and Madame de Chavagne (my niece) were

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massacred after our defeat at Le Mans. My sister³⁷ escaped by the greatest miracle, for having had their horses stolen at the beginning of the massacre at Le Mans, she and some other women set off on foot, and had joined our army by keeping out of the high road. Before I left Madame Bulkeley, I told her which road she must follow to reach my estate, where I doubted not my tenants would take the same care of her and her family's safety that they would of my own. I also left with them about ten pounds of meat; bread I had none. I advised them only to travel by night, and not to keep all four together—for they had with them their *femme de chambre*.

My son and I departed at six o'clock in the evening (21 December), and stopped at a mill a quarter of a league from Ancenis. I addressed myself to the miller, informing him that I wished to arrive in safety at the *forges* belonging to the mines of Montrelais³⁸—which were at a distance of five leagues from my estate—and that I might travel with a greater prospect of safety in these troublesome times I desired him to give me his clothes, and I would leave him mine and my two horses. I know not whether it was interest or fear of us which actuated him—for we were yet masters of all around us—but he immediately agreed to my wishes, and we were accordingly disguised in country habits, leaving everything behind us by which we might be known, and

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taking with us no other arms than a pair of pocket pistols. As the cross roads were unknown to us, I told him he must accompany us to the mines. He did not hesitate, and we immediately set off on our road to Montrelais. On our way I gave him to understand that we should proceed to a very different place from our real destination. At Montrelais we arrived about midnight, and our conductor quitted us. We continued our rout, having the Loire as our guide, and followed no direct path, but made our way over hedge and ditch. By six o'clock in the morning we were within a league of my estate, and at a château called La Romagne,⁸⁹ where a gentleman lived. As we could not proceed the last league before daylight, I determined to knock at the window of the chamber where I knew the master slept. Though he was rather inclined to the Patriot party, yet I was in hopes he would have afforded us an asylum till night, but I was mistaken. When he asked who was there, I made myself known to him, begging a retreat only till night. He replied that the risk he should run by so doing, as well as the risk I should run in remaining there, laid him under the hard necessity of refusing me. When I found him so little inclined, I did not persist in my request. At half a league farther on I knew there was another gentleman of seventy years of age, but laid up with the gout; with him lived a niece who was known to all my family,

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and to whom I had rendered some essential services. This determined me to bend my steps that way. The getting there was easy enough, but the difficulty was to find the opportunity of speaking to the niece, and indeed the chance of her being at the house gave us some uneasiness. These sort of reflections occupied our thoughts the whole of the way, and exhausted with fatigue we arrived at the house, where I immediately knocked at the window of the apartment in which I knew she slept. Here we were fortunate beyond hope. Mademoiselle de Mergot⁴⁰—for that was her name—happened fortunately to be awake, and immediately demanded who was there.

I answered, "A friend."

"Alas!" replied she, "friends are very rare to be met with in these times, and I do not know you."

My fatigue and disguised voice prevented her recognizing me, but on speaking a second time she recollected my voice, and coming down immediately opened the door. In few words I told her our situation, and begged her to afford me shelter till night. She did not hesitate; her answer was:

"Make not the least noise, but go up into my chamber; not a soul in the house must know you are here."

When we got to the chamber, we were imme-

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diately revived by the sight of a good fire by which she placed us. Our stockings were clotted with mud and stuck to our legs; these were swollen with fatigue and from our having travelled continually in water and mud for so many hours at such a season of the year, which caused the water and mud to freeze, so as to appear one sheet of ice; and my hands and arms were of little use to me, being almost frozen to death. In like manner, my son was equally helpless. However, our good friend lost no time; she set to work immediately, and began to undress us by cutting off our stockings. She then told us to contrive as well as we could, desiring that I would get into her bed and my son into that of her *femme de chambre* in her dressing-room—fortunately, her woman was then absent. In the meantime, she went downstairs to fetch some bread and butter and a bottle of wine, with which she returned and refreshed us. At the same time she informed us of the risk she ran, as well as the whole family, but, when she considered it was to save so good a friend, nothing should intimidate her, and she thought herself but too happy in having it in her power to mitigate my accumulated distresses. About nine o'clock she told us she should lock us in her room.

“Do not get out of your beds,” said she, “nor make the least noise. Since your defeat the national guard come round every day to search

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every house. I treat them well, and believe they have such a confidence in me that they will in consideration of my attention pass by without molesting you."

It was near fifteen months since I had been in bed with my clothes off. I therefore found it so comfortable that I slept three hours most profoundly, and awoke refreshed beyond expectation.

At seven o'clock in the evening my good hostess came to my or rather to her chamber loaded with provisions, when she related to us the dangers we had escaped. We learnt that the national guard had arrived soon after she had left us, with orders to be still more minute than ever in their researches. She met them in the courtyard, and said to them, "Gentlemen, these daily rounds that you are obliged to make must be very fatiguing. I request you will take some refreshment before you examine this house." They consented, and she gained their confidence so much by the pleasant conversation which passed during the time that they departed as they came. "From this you may judge what dangers you run by staying in any houses," she said to us.

We eat plentifully of the victuals she had brought to us, and at nine o'clock at night we left her that we might proceed to the house of one of my farmers in whom I knew I could place the utmost confidence. We arrived at his house at eleven o'clock at night, where we surprised all his

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family by my disguise ; my long beard, and the fatigues I had undergone having so altered me that but for my voice it would have been impossible for them to have recollected me. From these honest people I received every offer of service ; they told me I might sleep there that night because the national guard had passed by, but that it would be impossible for me to sleep in any house without running the greatest risks. I gave them to understand it was my intention to hide myself in the forest, and every night I would inform them of the parts where I should conceal myself that they might during the day know where to bring me a little refreshment.

From the 20th December therefore I became an inhabitant of the forests,⁴¹ where the first two days I could not have the smallest communication with any living soul by reason of the patrols of the Patriots who continually went backward and forward in all those parts of the forest which bordered on my estate. The third day of my new residence I went to my faithful farmer about midnight. My son and I passed several times round the house and examined every part before we ventured to knock, in the fear of being surprised. They immediately opened the door, when while in all haste I eat a piece of bread and an omelette, they informed me of all that had passed. I then learnt that Monsieur and Madame Bulkeley had been apprehended⁴² the preceding

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evening with my niece, Mademoiselle de Chappot, and the *fille de chambre*, at about a league's distance from my estate, and that the municipality of Le Loroux Beconnais had interrogated them, and had sent them to prison at Angers. The incidents that have happened to my unfortunate sister have been so remarkable that I must here stop my narrative a little while I recite them.

CHAPTER VII

One of De Carrie's sisters had married M. de Chappot—Her husband died four years later—M. Bulkeley visits his uncle—Falls in love with M^{me} de Chappot—They are married—A very handsome couple—Departure for the Indies—Return to Vendée—Insurrection breaks out at this time—M. Bulkeley at the head of 10,000 men—His wife fights at his side in every action—They are taken prisoners, and condemned to be guillotined with M^{lle} de Chappot—Execution of M. Bulkeley—M^{me} Bulkeley declares herself to be with child—Execution postponed—M^{lle} de Chappot dies of fright two days later—Death of Robespierre—M^{me} Bulkeley is liberated—Puts herself at the head of a body of troops—Fights many battles—In her last engagement she is wounded, and seized by the Patriots.

MY sister had for her first husband Monsieur de Chappot. By this marriage she had one daughter, the same that was now arrested. Four years after their marriage she lost her husband.⁴³

At this time Monsieur Bulkeley,⁴⁴ born of a good Irish family, was on a visit to one of his uncles, the prior of La Roche-sur-Yon in Poitou which bordered on the estate of my sister. He was an elegant young man, in height about 5 ft. 10 in., of a fine figure and most amiable character, and served in the regiment of Walsh-Serrant.⁴⁵ During the first year of her widow-



F. Greuter, Jr.

ENGAGEMENT AT LA ROCHE-SUR-YON, VENDEE
MADAME DE BULKELEY COVERS THE RETREAT OF THE ROYALISTS

Lithographed by C. Motte

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hood their near neighbourhood, while on this visit, gave them frequent occasions to meet, when an attachment ensued from a similarity of sentiment. In the second year, when he had his (*semestre*) six months' leave of absence, he was again at this uncle's,⁴⁶ and by this time had become so attached and assiduous in his attentions that he passed a great part of his time at my sister's. It was then his regiment received orders to embark for the Indies. The sincere attachment which he now had for my sister made him feel the most poignant grief at the thought of leaving her. He therefore waited on her to communicate the order he had just received; acquainted her how sensible he was of the many marks of kindness he had received from her, and assured her he never could be happy at the thought of losing her society for ever; the near approach of this departure therefore emboldened him to beg her consent to a marriage previous to his leaving the country.

My sister gave him to understand that she had a proper sense of his merit, and that as his departure would not take place for six months, if he obtained the consent of his father and mother, she would with the approbation of her brother accept his hand. There being no just objections on either part, the marriage took place very soon after.⁴⁷ A second order was sent to him to repair to Brest, there to embark. It was then his wish

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to quit the service, but this my sister opposed, giving him to understand that as he would have sacrificed his views in the service rather than part from her she would fall upon a mode that should obviate all difficulties, and that she would therefore accompany him to the Indies. This made my brother-in-law perfectly happy.

My sister, though much older than her husband, was in appearance only twenty; but she was actually thirty-four years of age.⁴⁸ She was of an elegant shape, and had a pair of eyes so piercing that everybody allowed them to be the handsomest couple in our neighbourhood.

My sister immediately set about the necessary preparations for her departure, and notwithstanding every remonstrance on my part, as likewise on that of her *femme de chambre*, she would not leave behind her daughter, then eleven years of age. On 24 July, 1788, they departed for the Isle of France, where they stayed four years, returning in 1792, at which time all the kingdom was in a violent state of convulsion. My brother-in-law and my sister immediately proceeded to their estate in La Vendée, accompanied by their daughter and the *femme de chambre*, who might be considered as a relation of the family by the attachment she had for them. The insurrection in La Vendée,—which broke out two months after their return—obliged them to quit their château, and he put himself at the head of a body of the

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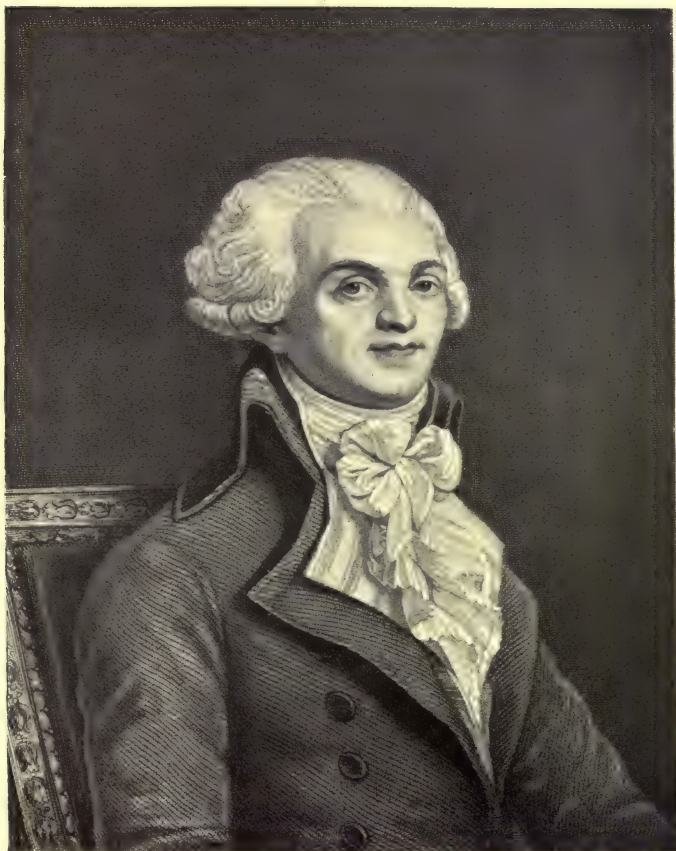
royalist army to the number of about ten thousand men, who were commanded by him conjointly with Monsieur de Chouppes⁴⁹ at La Roche-sur-Yon, and for eleven months they underwent the same difficulties as myself and family.

My sister, brave as a heroine, never abandoned her husband, by whose side she fought in every action in which he was concerned ; and though her clothes were on several occasions pierced by balls yet she fortunately escaped without a wound. When they sustained a defeat at La Roche-sur-Yon, the remnant of their force joined themselves to our troops, passed the Loire together, and were involved in the succeeding events. After the defeat of Le Mans they lost their horses, and followed the army on foot, escaping the massacre by avoiding the high roads. They rejoined us at Ancenis, where I gave them the instructions necessary to their preservation—to separate and proceed on foot. They, however, would not pay proper attention to this advice, for they travelled together, and on horseback. In consequence of this they were apprehended by the *gendarmerie* at about a league from my estate, conducted immediately to Angers where they underwent their trial, and were all three condemned to be guillotined, as likewise my niece, who was at that time only fourteen years of age, and though the law limited that punishment to the age of sixteen years. Their trial took place on 28 December,

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1793, and they were instantly led to execution. They began with my brother-in-law and the *femme de chambre*,⁵⁰ but at the instant they were going to execute my sister she declared herself to be with child, and they had so much humanity left as to suspend her execution until she was brought to bed.⁵¹ In consequence my sister and my niece were reconducted back to prison, and on the second day my niece died of the fright and horror which had seized her on beholding such a shocking spectacle.⁵²

My sister's only support under these accumulated distresses was the infant which she carried. In the meantime the death of Robespierre was announced. This changed the situation of affairs; my poor sister was set at liberty, and in a little time after was delivered of a dead child. The lonely situation in which she now found herself—being the only one left of the family—made her indifferent as to her future fate; and her courage being known to the numbers that had fought with her husband and her on the former occasions, she put herself at the head of the remnant of those troops, which with some new levies constituted a body of upwards of six thousand men.⁵³ With this little army she for eighteen months fought an incredible number of battles, sometimes alone, and at others in support of Charette.⁵⁴ But in the last she received two wounds which threw her from her horse; in this



ROBESPIERRE
(From an engraving by W. H. Mote)

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state she was seized by the Patriots, and shot on the succeeding day.⁵⁵ Such was the end of a sister whose virtues attached me to her most sincerely, and whose misfortune it was to return to France at such a period of troubles.

CHAPTER VIII

De Cartrie hears of his sister's condemnation—He orders Faligan to go to Angers to learn news of M^{me} de Cartrie and her daughters—De Cartrie and his son set out for their château—Joy of the cook at seeing them—A hearty meal—They return to the forest—Faligan brings news that M^{me} de Cartrie and her daughters are condemned to be shot—De Cartrie sends him back to Angers with presents for the leading men, in the desire of saving his family—Faligan succeeds in his embassy—Relates how the President has ordered the execution to be delayed—De Cartrie is no longer safe in the woods—Orders Faligan to find some means of getting him out of the country—On the eighth day of Faligan's departure he and his son visit the farmer—Sudden appearance of the *gendarmarie*—Flight of De Cartrie and his son—De Cartrie's accident—Faligan reappears in the forest—De Cartrie sends him again to Angers to obtain passports—He and his son procure food at the château.

THE news of the apprehension of my sister and her family left no doubt as to the fate that awaited them. Indeed, next day, when my farmer brought me my victuals he informed me of their condemnation. This was indeed a moment of extreme affliction for me ; but my misfortunes were now at such a height as to render my feelings in a manner torpid. Several of those most attached to me by this time were informed of my retreat, where I had in a manner now vegetated for eight

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days. These had joined their services to those of my good farmer, and were endeavouring to learn the fate of my poor wife and children. For three weeks I thus remained in the woods without the smallest intelligence regarding them.

Now among my faithful adherents was a carpenter, who was possessed of a degree of sense far above his situation in life. This man—whose name was Faligan⁵⁶—I wished much to see, but I was for some time prevented by the indefatigable search which the Patriots made in the forest, sometimes on one side and then on the other. For they assembled by parishes every two days, and proceeded to hunt the forest for the Royalists of La Vendée, as though they had been wolves. On this account it was impossible for me to fix the situation of my concealment until my people informed me as to the proceedings of these savages, and to this it was owing that I was so long before my carpenter could find me out. Indeed, when we did meet, he would scarce credit his eyes, in such a state of wretchedness were both my son and myself. With tears in his eyes, he threw himself into my arms, saying :

“My dear master, dispose of my life as you please ; only let me know by what means I can relieve you from this unhappy situation or mitigate your griefs.”

I then informed him that the only point wherein he could now assist me was to go to Angers, and

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there learn some news of my wife and children. I ordered him to continue there until he had succeeded in this point, and I named to him a part of the forest so thick as to be impenetrable to almost any but wild boars. There I told him he would be sure to find me any day between the hour of twelve and one at noon. He departed, assuring me that I should be soon satisfied. And myself that night undertook to go to my château where I wished to speak to two of my people whom Faligan assured me I might depend upon, and who anxiously wished to hear some news of me; one of the men was my huntsman, and the other my gamekeeper. From Faligan I also learnt that the *gendarmerie*, who were stationed at my house, had not been there for five or six days, having been ordered to march to the woods of Saint-Mars, where a part of our army had taken shelter, and procured their necessary support only by sallying forth during the nights, armed, and laying the neighbouring parts under contribution. It was by this village that we passed after our defeat at Le Mans on our way to Ancenis. These poor people had taken shelter in the woods of Saint-Mars ever since the heavy rains we there experienced. It was upon the strength of this information that I ventured out of my retreat with the greater confidence, at the same time being anxious to visit my old habitation.

My son and I took our departure at nine o'clock

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at night. We had about a league to walk which took us two hours, because we were obliged to go by unfrequented ways, in the fear of surprise or of being met and known. I stopped in the meadow near a gate of one of my gardens, and sent my son to look out round the house, and examine whether any strangers were in it. He found everything quiet, which made him resolve to go to the chamber door of the cook, where he knocked, in the hope of finding her there. As she was just gone to bed, she soon came out, and my son made himself known to her. She threw herself on his neck and embraced him, with tears in her eyes, at the same time inquiring what was become of me. He assured her that I was not far off, and if there was no danger that I would soon be there, in the wish of passing a couple of hours at my house. "No, no," replied she, "there is no danger. The *gendarmerie* are in the country, and will not return for some days; and as it is their constant residence the municipality do not here make their accustomed visits." My son returning to give me this information I went to the house, with tears in my eyes at the thought of the many happy days passed there with my family, whose situation at that moment was likewise unknown to me. Full of these thoughts, I heeded not the inquiries of the poor cook who was shocked at the miserable appearance I cut. At this time hearing a noise at the

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hall door which roused me from my lethargy, I was about to quit the house in all haste, when the cook stepped forth to inquire the cause of alarm. She found that it was the gamekeeper who was come in, but as he seemed to have taken too much wine she did not think it prudent to let him into the secret of my being there, or even of my being in that part of the country, of which they were [? he was] not apprised. On her return, I inquired if they had any provisions in the house, but I found they had nothing but some coarse bread and lard [? bacon, from the French *lard*]. I was not then displeased with the fare of my under servants, and we eat a very hearty meal, the poor cook eyeing me all the while with the utmost pity painted in her countenance.

After this repast, we quitted the house about three o'clock in the morning to return to our woods, where on the following day I repaired at the appointed time to the rendezvous to meet my carpenter. He was there within an hour, but with a countenance so sad that I concluded he brought tidings of the most unpleasant nature in regard to my unfortunate family. He informed me that as soon as he arrived at Angers he went to the department, on the pretence of some trifling business in regard to his municipality, and when he arrived at the district he met some public officers of his acquaintance, who said: "Oh, we have four of your parishioners in our prisons who



THE CHÂTEAU OF LA CARTRIE AS IT WAS FORMERLY



THE CHÂTEAU OF LA CARTRIE AS IT NOW STANDS

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have been tried by the revolutionary tribunal, and with about three hundred more women are condemned to be shot the day after to-morrow. The names of these women are Mesdames de la Villenièr Cartrie." He inquired where they were confined, and learnt it was at La Ronceray,⁵⁷ an ancient abbey for women, of which the abbess and twelve of her nuns that had followed our army had been shot after our defeat at Le Mans.

Faligan immediately repaired to the abbey, where he got access to my wife and family whom he found to be separated each from the other. From them he learnt their unhappy situation, that they were almost starved from the scantiness of their allowance—which was only bread and water—and had not the means of procuring the smallest refreshment. He immediately gave them the little money he had in his pocket which they said was sufficient for their supply of food for the little time they had to live. This news was to me as a thunderbolt ; I fell senseless on the ground, and in that state remained some minutes. But on recovery a due sense of my misery returned, when I addressed myself to Faligan and inquired who was at the head of the revolutionary committee. He gave me to understand the two leading men were named Réthureau, by trade a confectioner, and Thierry, by trade a *traiteur* [eating-house keeper]. It happened that these two men were known to me, and had always

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expressed their willingness to serve me. This gave me a ray of hope.

"You must return with all speed to Angers," said I to Faligan, "take these twenty-five louis d'or and this gold repeating watch ; they are all the valuables I have left in the world. Réthureau and Thierry⁵⁸ are two avaricious men. Go there ; give them this present, and desire them to save my family. You may let them know of my being in the neighbourhood. Fear not the exposing me, for if I cannot save my children I had rather die with them. Tell them I sent them that present, and that I trust they will act with discretion."

Faligan departed in all haste, leaving my son and me overwhelmed with grief.

All this night we remained in the forest. My son eat of some provisions we had left, but for myself I remained in a manner petrified, not even feeling the cold which was now intense. Nor did I even stir from the bush under which I sat attending the return of my messenger, who, in fact, appeared at two o'clock next afternoon, with joy beaming in his countenance.

"My dear master," said he, "take courage, we must hope for the best ; I have succeeded in my embassy. On my arrival, I desired to speak with the president Réthureau apart, to whom I delivered the present and your message. He received the present with a smile, and putting it

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in haste into his pocket hushed me out of the room in which we were alone, saying only, 'Go about your business.' I scarce knew what to think of this, but going downstairs I repaired to that part by which I knew the prisoners were to proceed to the place of execution, which was on the large esplanade in the front of the abbey of St. Nicolas. (Here upwards of two thousand poor people had been shot, and thrown instantly into trenches which were covered up immediately, though some of the poor creatures have been still alive.) On arriving at the spot I found a large trench already dug for the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers to be thrown into after execution. In a little time a long train of poor women appeared coming towards the place, when I soon distinguished among them your wife and three daughters.⁶⁷ The president Réthureau, to whom I had given the money, attended the procession to see the execution. I stood at a little distance from him, as the procession passed, when, as your family came up, he said: 'Take those four women back to prison, for I have just received intimation that the husband is still living, and concealed in the neighbouring woods, from whence I shall soon have him in my power, and then we will make a more striking example by executing the whole family together.' I saw then your family," continued Faligan, "safely reconducted to the prison, and am come in all haste to give you notice to

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seek another retreat as well on your as on their accounts."

This intelligence revived me, and I was able to partake of some refreshment he had brought at his imminent risk, for the departments having ordered that all those who were found transporting provisions should be arrested and shot, he had been obliged to use the greatest circumspection in bringing these provisions from the shop where he had bought them. After I had thus refreshed myself, I ordered Faligan to set about some means of my getting out of the kingdom—which at this time was a matter of the greatest difficulty—telling him that he would learn my haunts in the forest from my farmers.

After this, I had no communication with any one for eight days, as my people had given me to understand the search that was then making for me in all the neighbourhood. In short, I was obliged to use the greatest circumspection, and to go three and four leagues by night to some faithful friends before I could procure a little food, and often knocking at several doors before I was able to succeed in my applications, so great was the fear inspired by the *gendarmes* who were always on foot. The day, which sometimes broke upon my son and me before we could reach our forest, obliged us to seek shelter in the holes of the trees—being sometimes obliged to dispute this habitation with the owls—where we remained

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concealed during the rest of the day, and at times almost bent double. But providence had resolved to save us, for we always found two trees not far distant from each other, so that we had no difficulty in meeting again at night. One day, however, we were obliged to pass in together in the hollow of a very small tree, and without food. This happened during the seventh week of my inhabiting these woods, but the posture in which I was obliged to remain cramped me all over, and increased the inflammation that had seized many parts of my body from the intense cold. My son, from his youth, was better able to bear up against these oppressions. In short, our natural strength which was to conduct us to the places where we were to find sustenance had now very much failed us.

With great difficulty—it was on the night of the eighth day from Faligan's departure—I reached my faithful farmer's, and in despite of the great danger I ran in so doing; but my son and I made the circuit of the house several times to see if all was clear before we ventured to knock. The door was immediately opened, and I availed myself of the time to take a little food and warm my limbs which were perfectly benumbed with cold, the children in the meantime patrolling round the house to advertise me if the guard should approach. I had not been here above an hour, when one of the children came running in,

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and said, "Save yourself, sir, the *gendarmerie* are at my heels."

My son and I immediately got into the barn, which was full of straw. To this we had to ascend, and to descend on the other side, where there was a door that would let us out into the fields. When up at the top, and about to descend, my foot slipped, and I fell fifteen feet, where my head struck a cask ; but the blow principally fell on my shoulders. For a time I was deprived of sense, which, however, soon returned by the loss of blood from my head. My son at this time had descended by a ladder, and with his assistance I was enabled to crawl out of the farmyard and gain a field of broom, where I stopped as a place of safety to recover my strength a little ; and he stanchd the blood with his handkerchief, when I made shift to crawl to my forest.

Next morning I repaired to the spot which I had fortunately named to the farmer for Faligan to meet me. At two o'clock in the afternoon I heard his signal to which I immediately replied, and Faligan made his appearance ; but, when he saw me covered with blood, the poor fellow became apprehensive that I had been attacked by the *gendarmerie*. He was, however, soon apprised of the accident, and being a little acquainted with surgery, he examined and dressed my wound, which he pronounced to be by no means dangerous. On examining a tumour occa-

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sioned by the cask striking the lower part of my belly, this he pronounced to be a rupture, and for which he informed me that it would be necessary for me to have a bandage. I had not occasion for this in addition to my other misfortunes.

The deplorable state to which I was now reduced could not long be sustained by human nature. I therefore desired Faligan to go again to Angers, and learn news of my family, and what people said of their case; at the same time to endeavour to procure me by some means two passports from the municipality. These, by order of the departments, had been all printed as a surer means of preventing counterfeits, and instructions had been given to deliver them only to those who came in person to claim them.

Faligan immediately set about this work, and we passed the rest of the day in our forest. At night I said to my son:

“We must make another attempt to return to my house to get some provisions, where there is less risk of meeting the *gendarmerie*.”

I made shift to crawl to my house, and when I arrived on the lawn I sent my son to reconnoitre, as myself was so crippled that I could not venture nearer. He first examined round the house, and then knocked, but no one answered. We knew not whether the cook was absent, or whether afraid to meet us again. Thus we were

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in the greatest fever that our labour would have been lost, when chance brought one of the helpers in the stable to the very spot where I was. Without having the smallest knowledge of us, he began interrogating us as to the business which brought us there, when recognizing the man from his voice and being acquainted with his fidelity I made myself known to him. By my voice he also recollected me, and immediately threw himself at my feet.

"Ah, my dear master," said he, "in what wretched state do I see you? Let me know, I beg, wherein I can serve you."

"First tell me," said I, "whether the *gendarmes* are at my house."

"No," he answered.

"You must let me go into your room to warm myself," I said, "and get a little something to eat, as I am starving both with cold and hunger."

In short, we went into his room, where I enjoyed the comfort of an hour's fire, and where I got some bread and lard [?bacon]. All the while I remained at my house, or rather in my coach-house, this poor fellow—by name Honoré—was trembling like a leaf in the fear of our being surprised. At last, we relieved his anxiety by returning to our forest, taking with us two days' provisions. The third day I returned to my farmer's whom I desired to come to me in the orchard, in the fear of being surprised. He then

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told me the *gendarmerie* had made the most minute search through all the house, threatening to put him to death if they found he gave shelter or supplied food to any Royalist of La Vendée. I related the misfortune that had befallen me, at which he was greatly concerned. He gave me some bread and meat which I carried with me, after I had appointed the place where Faligan might expect to meet me in the forest.

CHAPTER IX

Faligan returns from Angers—Gives De Cartrie news of his wife and daughters—Delivers a message from De Cartrie's eldest son—De Cartrie is visited by the quartermaster of his son's regiment—The quartermaster gives him instructions as to the route he must take for his escape—Faligan interviews his brother-in-law, a boatman—The boatman promises his help—Faligan says that De Cartrie's miller must be taken into their confidence—De Cartrie assents—The miller is anxious to render any assistance in his power—De Cartrie and his son leave the forest—Change their clothes at the miller's—Set out on their journey—Farewell to Faligan—Proceed on their way to La Flèche—Pass the guard at Durtal—De Cartrie feels the effect of his march—From La Flèche they move towards Le Mans—Rest at an inn—The quartermaster and his wife pass in a carriage—De Cartrie follows them—Renewed instructions and warnings—They all spend the night at an inn near Le Mans.

ON the fourth day Faligan appeared, and informed me that he had seen my wife and children all well in the prison, to whom he had given the means of subsistence for some time.⁵⁷ He had likewise seen my eldest son who was just arrived at Angers, on whose account he had remained so long absent, not having been able to speak to him till the last day. To my son he had related my miserable situation, who, in reply, said : " Alas, however I may wish to fly to my poor father's

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assistance, the municipality have taken care effectually to prevent it by laying an injunction on me not to stir out of the city on pain of death until I return to Paris." He further informed Faligan, that he was come to Angers, in the hope of saving a part of the fortune, under the pretence of considerable debts to the quartermaster of their regiment, who was his friend, and had pretended to have advanced him money ; that the quartermaster was come with him, and had already delivered in a memorial which promised to succeed, and he further added, "Tell my father I shall send my friend to him to concert measures for his escape which is absolutely necessary for the preservation of the whole family. Tell him how concerned I am at his situation, and further that I have made application to the department for the release of my mother and sisters, but without success, that, however, I mean to proceed as soon as possible in my application to the Convention on the same subject."

The knowledge that my son was well and so near to me, that my wife and children had for the present been preserved from immediate death, with a prospect of the possibility of my son's being able to save them eventually by his application, all these matters revived my spirits, in the hopes that providence would be propitious to me in my escape by favouring the endeavours of Faligan on whom was placed my whole depend-

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ence; and he was truly indefatigable. The *gendarmérie* too favoured us by being less active in their researches, as they stopped to drink wherever it was given to them. By this means I now had the opportunity of more frequent interviews with my trusty friends, from whom I learnt that Faligan had succeeded beyond our hopes, as he had contrived the following plan: the wife of an old cook was sent to the house of the Mayor of Angers to assist in the washing, and by this stratagem she found the opportunity of stealing two blank printed passports from his desk. These, I learnt, would be conveyed to me in a few days, when the quartermaster was to be brought to me by Faligan. In fact, two days afterwards, Faligan came, accompanied by this gentleman who, in pity of my deplorable situation, said:

“Sir, in spite of the risk I run, you may rest assured that every means in my power shall be exerted to serve you. The following therefore is your plan: your people must provide some trusty boatmen who may be ready to pass you over the two rivers, the Mayenne and the Loir. When they bring to you the two passports which they have stolen, you must fill them up in imitation of the municipal officers, and you will denominate yourself master-gunner returning to his regiment at Toul, and for your son, you must say he is a *sans-culotte* going to meet his sister at Nancy. In the meantime, I will make all necessary

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despatch with the proper clothes for you both, which some of your trusty people must come to fetch the day after to-morrow, the 26th February; and on the 28th, if fortune favours our enterprise, which indeed is perilous, you shall meet me at ten leagues from Angers on the road between La Flèche and Le Mans, where as soon as you see me you will be careful to follow me at a distance."

After having thus concerted our plan, he left me.

It is true our plan was easily projected, but it was not so easily executed. I had only two days to remain in the forest. Now Faligan's brother-in-law was a boatman whom he knew to be of the right way of thinking. He therefore instantly set off to speak to him; and, though he lived at a distance of two leagues, which made four leagues going and coming, Faligan promised to be back with me by night. We had no time to lose, for the quartermaster, having in part settled my son's business, was obliged to rejoin his regiment, and if I lost the present opportunity I should not find such another; and it was impossible longer to sustain life in my then situation under such a complication of misery. Faligan returned at night, as he promised, saying:

"I have succeeded. My brother-in-law not only promises to pass you safe over the two rivers, but that he will on the farther side provide

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a trusty man who shall conduct you safe over the plains of Ecouflant which is a way so intricate that it will be impossible for you to make it out without a guide. Now in regard to your clothes, we must have the assistance of another person to bring them, and though you place no confidence in your miller, yet I can assure you of his attachment. On him we must rely for bringing your clothes, as he goes constantly backward and forward three or four times a week, and being a municipal officer no one will suspect him, and even at his house you must change your clothes. I am going to place the confidence of our secret with him."

I replied that I relied entirely upon him.

To the miller he therefore repaired, who, with joy in his countenance to learn that I was in the neighbourhood, said :

"My dear Faligan, I thought my poor master had been at peace with all the world. It is true we have had some little disagreements, but I will now repair all my offences, nor shall I consider the risks I may now run in serving him. This very night I shall set off to fetch the clothes, and to-morrow night he may come to my house and put on his disguise with all safety, as myself being in the confidence of the municipality my house is never visited. I will also supply him with a confidential person who shall show him the way in safety as well to my house as to the river-side."

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Indeed, he set off that night, and Faligan came to advise me of what had passed, desiring that on the succeeding night—which was that of 27 February, 1794—I should repair to the miller's house which was close to the village of La Pouëze—for that was the name of my parish.

On the 27th day of February, 1794, then, my son and I quitted our habitation in the forest—where we had sustained a deplorable existence—with the only alternative before us of death, or an escape through the perils of traversing the whole kingdom which appeared almost insurmountable; but we had no other hope. We therefore repaired to the miller's at the appointed time, from whom I received every assurance of attachment and wish to serve me. Almost the whole of my confidential friends had been summoned to attend by Faligan, and were in waiting as sentinels around the miller, and in case their assistance should be wanted. Myself was equipped as a master-gunner, and my son as a *sans-culotte*. Our passports had been filled up by me, and I had imitated the signatures of the different municipal officers, which my miller had taken the precaution to provide me for that purpose. This business ended, my miller set before us a good supper which we eat in haste. He then brought in one by one my faithful adherents to take their last leave, when I found to my astonishment that each of these poor people according to his means had

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brought a small sum of money to assist me in my journey, which they absolutely forced on me as a testimony of their gratitude for the attentions I had shown them.

Thus we parted from the worthy people with tears in our eyes, beginning our journey at eight o'clock at night that we might arrive at the appointed place by sunrise next morning, to effect which we had to walk fourteen leagues besides the crossing of two broad rivers, which to one in my then situation was a very great undertaking. However, I trusted that Providence, who had thus far aided me, would give me strength to accomplish it, and preserve us from the indefatigable search of the merciless *gendarmerie*.

Faligan and our guide conducted us to the boatman's by unfrequented paths in safety. There we found the boats ready, and the poor people had provided some provisions. We lost no time in our embarkation. It was now ten o'clock at night, and the torrent of rain that fell promised us no interruption from the guard boats which were stationed up and down the river at every quarter- or half-league distance. In an hour we arrived safely on the opposite bank, where we met the guide whom the boatman had provided to conduct us over the common, which was at a league's distance from the high road to La Flèche. It was there we parted with the most faithful and generous of men, and there it was that Faligan

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forced upon me the sum of fifty louis, and his brother-in-law, the boatman, also obliged me to take from him twenty-five more, assuring me I should want it on my long journey. On bidding them farewell, I said :

“My friends, such men as you are rare to be found. Alas, I have no other means of making my acknowledgments than by offering up my prayers for your health and happiness. Adieu! my dear Faligan. Through your kind endeavours I already feel my destiny has taken a favourable turn. When you see my dear wife and children, inform them that I remove myself to a distance from them as a means of preserving their lives. As to my own, it now becomes of no value to me when removed from my native country, and, in whatever corner of the world it may be my fate to lead a miserable existence, I shall only look for comfort in the hope that providence will suffer me to rejoin them at a future period. Further, tell my son to lose no time in endeavouring to procure the release of his mother and sisters, and he should not cast a thought on me until he has fulfilled that duty. Assure him that I love him with unparalleled affection, and that all my torments arise from the fear that I am parting with my family for ever.”

Having said this, with heavy hearts we proceeded on our journey over the common. It was almost impossible to see where we set our

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feet, but, being accustomed to walk by night, the object I had in view gave me legs which enabled me to accomplish the league in almost an hour, so that we arrived on the high road by midnight at a little village called Pellouailles, distant two leagues from Angers, and eight from La Flèche. When we quitted our conductor, I would have given him some money in acknowledgment of the signal service he had rendered to us, but he refused it, and immediately drawing from his pocket an *assignat* [paper-money of the French republic] of 100 livres assured me he should be much mortified if I refused to accept it; at the same time observing that it must bring me good luck. With regret I accepted this donation, at the same time telling him that, if I were forced from my native country by a set of wicked wretches, I yet had the satisfaction of reflecting that there were some left behind me whose virtues were without example. I embraced my generous benefactor, begging him to inform my family of my having got in safety thus far. We then bent our course towards La Flèche, having at this time accomplished three leagues by land and two by water. We had still eight leagues to walk before we should have passed La Flèche, and got beyond the country where we were known, which we ought to perform before daylight and to which we had only six hours. This made me say to my son :

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“Allons! Courage! We must exert ourselves to the utmost this night, as the lives of your mother and sisters depend upon our escape. It becomes necessary then that our legs shall perform a miracle.”

The first four leagues took us only three hours. Arrived at Dortal, we wished to have avoided it by making a circuit, but the river prevented us. We were therefore under the necessity of passing the guard, where we were stopped and asked for our passports which we immediately presented to them. The officer of the guard, I found, could scarce read; he looked at them, half asleep, and told us they would do. I therefore passed on, which was all I wanted, and happy were we to find our passports served us so well. Indeed, I had need of consolation under the painful reflection that I was abandoning my family, but the thought that it was in the act of saving their lives kept up my spirits. The forced march we had made had swollen my legs, but this was of no consequence when compared with the object in view. My feet too were covered with blood from the breaking of a number of little pustules. I did not, however, suffer this to impede our march, but I rather redoubled my exertions which proved too much for my son, to whom I was obliged to lend my aid from time to time to enable him to keep up. In short, I may say the Almighty worked a miracle in our favour, for

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the other four leagues we accomplished in less than three hours, so that just as day broke upon us we were arrived in the faubourg of La Flèche, which gave us the opportunity of passing round the city instead of going through it. We went on to Le Mans, and we stopped in the first public-house which I found of the description agreed upon between me and the quartermaster, where it was settled that whoever arrived first should there wait for the other. Now as I was the first arrived, that gave us time to rest ourselves. We therefore drew near to a good fire, and I called for something to eat, and being now beyond the country where I ran the risk of being personally known I might have considered myself extremely happy, if my unhappy destiny had not presented itself continually before my eyes. Nevertheless, I became wonderfully refreshed by the sleep that I took near the fire of which my body had been deprived of the comfort for so long a time; besides which, I had a new suit of clothes and white linen, which contributed much to my comfort. Having been a considerable time in the public-house and my quartermaster not arriving, I began to grow uneasy. I went continually to look at the door. One o'clock in the afternoon arrived without my seeing him, and it became necessary that we should settle the rout we were to take from this place to fall in with the regiment that had been assigned me.

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Now the routs of all soldiers were so settled that at certain places they were furnished from the general stock of grain, hay, and straw, all of which were in requisition for military consumption. Each individual inhabitant had only a certain number of bushels of grain for his consumption, on which account I should have found it attended with infinite difficulty to find subsistence on the road, and this difficulty would increase as we approached nearer to Paris.

In this state of perplexity, we remained in our tavern, when we saw a carriage pass in which were a lady and an officer. We should not have noticed them, had not the quartermaster seen me, and made me a sign by which I knew him. I therefore immediately paid the landlady her demand, and we again resumed our journey, following the rout the carriage had taken which he had made to slacken its pace. When at a proper distance from all habitations, he waited our coming up. He then said :

“I fear you will have many difficulties to overcome ; and, though you have already escaped some most perilous situations, you have many dangers yet to meet, in particular at all great cities which I would recommend to you to avoid as much as possible by making the circuit. I beg you also to bear in your mind that throughout the whole of the journey we appear not to belong to the same company. Further, in coming

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near any village or city you must let me get on about half a league before you, and remember that, when I stop, it shall always be at the last inn. Further, on the road when it becomes necessary to halt, it shall be at certain inns which we will settle as we proceed, but in regard to the cities I shall pass right through them, and shall always proceed to that inn in the faubourg which will be found nearest to the road we are to pursue. I beg you therefore to remember these general directions. But I trust, if any disastrous circumstance befalls you, it will be your care not to involve me in it, and on no account ever to let my name pass your lips. The dangers I run on your account are sufficiently great to make you value my safety, nor would my being exposed at all alleviate any danger to you. I will confess to you that, when I left you to meet your son, I pondered over the hazards of this undertaking, and was hesitating whether I should attempt it, but was decided by the solicitations of my wife who entreated me not to desert the father of such a son, and for whom we entertain the most sincere affection. In short, she protested that, if I would not become a part in the adventure, she would undertake it herself alone."

I immediately made my acknowledgments to the lady, assuring her that she should not run the smallest risk from my committing them through my imprudence.

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We now continued our rout. It was the twelfth league that we had accomplished when we met with the quartermaster, but we had yet six more to walk. Being within four leagues of Le Mans we stopped for the night, our conductor having got first to the inn and prepared a very good supper of which I partook with a hearty goodwill notwithstanding the excess of my fatigue, and I a second time in eighteen months slept in a bed with my clothes off. In short, the getting refreshments at inns and the travelling by day seemed to me quite a new world, nor was my repose disturbed by the continual roaring of cannon, or my fears raised from apprehensions of the pursuit of those murderers whom they were pleased to denominate *gendarmerie*. Had it not been that my thoughts were continually occupied by the situation of my family I should have been happy; but I always had before my eyes their danger in prison and the fear of the guillotine falling on their heads.

CHAPTER X

March resumed next day—De Cartrie and his son arrive at Le Mans—Arrest at Nogent—Taken before the committee of *surveillance*—Allowed to proceed—Meet the quartermaster and his wife near Chartres—Travel together to St. Hubert—Pass through this city in safety—Arrival at Versailles—The quartermaster and his wife leave for Paris—De Cartrie and his son continue their route—M. St. Brie, the quartermaster, rejoins them—They pass through Rheims and Soissons—M. St. Brie goes on in advance—De Cartrie arrives at Sedan—Conducted to the committee of *surveillance*—Appearance before the mayor—Passports here declared valueless—Alarm of the son—The mayor accepts the father's explanation—M. St. Brie again joins them at an inn—Two officers accompany him—Their suspicions are aroused—Suspensions allayed—De Cartrie is told that he and his son must part—A sleepless night.

NEXT day we resumed our march, but with the greatest difficulty. As to my legs, they were like two sticks, so stiff I could scarce move one before the other. However, it became absolutely necessary that we should proceed. For the first two leagues my sufferings were extreme, but, as we got on, I moved with greater ease. We reached Le Mans and passed over the bridge across the Mayenne, from which so many of our brave soldiers were slain and thrown into the river. After having passed the bridge, it is easy to make

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a circuit to avoid the public part of the city and get on the road to Nogent, which I did, but I stopped at a public-house near the bridge on seeing a squadron of *gendarmérie* approach, who by this means passed by without noticing me. While in the kitchen, I was struck with the appearance of two large carp, the smallest of which weighed 18 lbs. I asked at what price such fish were bought, and was answered that I might buy such for one shilling each. On inquiring the reason of their being so cheap, the inn-keeper informed me that on the defeat of the army of La Vendée there were so many killed and thrown into the river that ever since the fish caught there had occasioned dysentery, a disease with which the greater part of that army was attacked at the time the battle happened, and, indeed, of which great numbers actually died in that city. "On this account," added he, "it is forbid to eat the fish from the river."

If I had not found such difficulty in carrying the weight of my own body, I certainly should have carried one of these fish to my protector and protectress, who generally got so far on before that we never met till night brought us to the destined place for our rest. I therefore left the fish behind me, and got out of the city as soon as possible on our way to Nogent, which we reached by seven o'clock in the evening; but night prevented my rejoining my conductors, not

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being able to make the circuit of the city but by day. We therefore slept in the faubourg at the entrance of the city. Next morning, we tried to effect that which we could not accomplish by night, but in vain. We were at last obliged to proceed right through the city, and going past one of the guard-rooms we were arrested by two fusiliers who ordered us to follow them to the committee of *surveillance*. This was no sooner done than an old officer, who was alone, asked us for our passports, which on presenting to him he informed us were not worth a farthing beyond the extent of our own department, for they ought to have been approved by the adjoining department, which they were not. I replied that, as I served the republic in quality of cannoneer, I thought there was not a necessity for all that formality, and that the haste in which I was to rejoin my corps had made me less observant, as I knew it must be attended with such a loss of time. The air of assurance with which I made this declaration made him reply :

“Well, friend, you may proceed on your journey. You are not the first so circumstanced, for there are near a hundred who have passed not being better provided. I would all showed the same zeal for the service that you do. I wish you a good journey.”

We lost no time in getting out of the city on our road to Chartres, where we expected to re-



(Reproduced from an old engraving)

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join our fellow travellers who had also slackened their pace on our account, so that we overtook them about a league from the city. The joy that appeared in their countenances, in particular in that of the lady, convinced me of the interest they took in my preservation. I related to them what had happened, and the reason why it was not in my power to be with them the preceding evening; but that in the fear of involving them I had thought it best to forgo their society—a circumstance which happened more than once during the rest of our journey. From Chartres we had still ten leagues to accomplish which we completed by eight o'clock at night, though my legs and feet were in a terrible situation from this incessant state of fatigue. As it was impossible to go across this city without being arrested, I stopped at the first inn at the entrance, for my conductor had suffered me to pass while their horses were bating at ——. [Place not given.] Indeed one of these had fallen a little lame, and they were apprehensive they should be obliged to leave him behind. At the door I waited to see them pass, and when I had followed them to notice the inn they put up at I returned, and paying for the little refreshment I had, I and my son rejoined them.

When we entered the inn, we did not seem to have the least knowledge of them. We asked for a chamber, which was given us. A little time

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afterwards I entered into conversation with the quartermaster who had come down to the kitchen to order his supper. I told him I remembered to have seen him with the army, that he certainly must have some recollection of me at the affair of Le Mans where the artillery did such good service, as I was one of the master-gunners in the artillery. He then seemed to recollect me, and I begged permission to join my supper to his. He told me there was no necessity for that, and turning to the hostess said :

“Citoyenne, you will put an additional dish for this brave soldier and his companion who shall sup with us.”

We then went up into their room where we remained the whole evening, and we agreed upon another mode of travelling on the morrow. As I said, one of their horses was not in a condition to travel which made them resolve to travel post. My lamentable situation — my legs being so affected — determined my benefactress to take this mode of travelling by way of getting me on thirty-six leagues to Versailles.

The next day we set off post, all four in the carriage, my prudent management having determined both husband and wife to run the risk of travelling together, for my so great relief. Indeed, the risk was not very great, as there was only St. Hubert where we could be arrested, and here our two friends got out of the carriage, leaving me

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and my son in it. At the entrance of the city the postillion stopped at the door of the committee of safety. The officers then asked me to whom the carriage belonged. I replied that it was mine, that I was eager to join my corps, and that my circumstances put it into my power to make such sacrifice for the good of the nation. At the same time I presented my passports, begging the favour of them to detain me as short a time as possible, as I was in great haste to reach Versailles. Whether it was owing to the press of business or the confidence they had in me, they did not even examine my papers. However, I was prepared, as I had informed myself of the names of the municipal officers of the last department, and had counterfeited their signatures. My benefactors, who had followed me quickly, found me waiting for them at the extremity of the city. They were overjoyed to see me seated in the carriage, and, passing by, waited at a certain distance, when they got into the carriage. I was ashamed to have given so much fatigue to my charming conductress, who as well as being one of the best was one of the handsomest of women. It was pleasant to see the happiness she experienced from the idea that she was in the act of saving the life of a father to his family. We left St. Hubert, a city which formerly enjoyed great opulence from its being the spot where the kings used to resort for the diversion of hunting, but which since the Revolution

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had become almost deserted.⁵⁹ We continued our rout for Versailles, and alighted at the same inn, without the smallest fear, at nine o'clock at night, where we made an extreme good supper. We found this city almost totally neglected and without a guard. The next morning my conductor told me that he was going to carry his wife to Paris, after having shown her the Palais of Versailles, and added: "It is your rout to go to Poissy, where in two days I will rejoin you, and you will wait for me."

I then separated from them, after having shown to my son the ancient residence of our kings—now perfectly neglected. I did not let my fair preserver depart without making proper acknowledgments for my many obligations to her. On her part, she regretted not partaking with her husband the pleasure he was to receive from his further assistance in my escape, and added, that at Paris she meant to get me a seal similar to that of our municipality, of which she had an impression, and that by this means our passports would be rendered more unexceptionable.

We then resumed our rout, and they proceeded on theirs to Paris. We had nine leagues to walk before I arrived at the place where I was to stop, and this became a painful task, as my journey in the carriage had cramped and the want of exercise very much inflamed my legs. We, however, arrived there by six o'clock at night,

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and went to lodge at an inn at the extremity of this large village where I slept that night and the succeeding one, declaring that I could not proceed further from excess of fatigue. The second night, however, passed, and I had no account of Monsieur St. Brie—for that was the name of this officer.

The next morning the innkeeper asked me if I meant to continue longer at his house, as in that case I must deliver in our names to be carried to the municipality, it being their order that no one should remain more than forty-eight hours without that form being observed. As this was a ceremony I would rather dispense with, I replied that I would give him my name as well as that of my companion, but that I had proposed to myself to proceed that morning, though my lameness made it necessary to shorten my journey.

“In that case,” replied he, “I have no business with your names.”

I was obliged then to depart, notwithstanding the rendezvous that I had made with my conductor. I proceeded forwards two leagues where there was a wood that seemed a favourable spot for me to await his arrival.

In the wood I passed the night, and next morning placed myself at the edge that my officer should not pass me unobserved. After waiting some time at my post, I perceived him at a distance approaching, to my no small comfort after

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the unpleasant night I had there passed. He had left his carriage, and was now on foot. He gave me to understand the extreme uneasiness he had experienced on not finding me at the rendezvous, but from his inquiries he concluded he should overtake me, and had therefore come on foot purposely that we might be more together, as by this means we should be less liable to suspicion. We went through Rheims and Soissons, two large cities, without any accident. When arrived within one mile of Sedan, Monsieur St. Brie said to me :

“ I shall enter this city before you, but I desire that you will deliver a letter in my name to the major of the 5th Regiment of Moselle in garrison at Thionville. As we are now alone, we must not lose the opportunity, for we shall not meet with such another. And now I must open to you the means by which we propose saving your son. As to you other means must be sought, for I cannot accompany you beyond Sedan, where my *état-major* is fixed. In that letter Madame St. Brie has begged the protection of this officer for a young man, as a supposed relation, who is willing to enter into the service. Besides which, she got a Jew to copy the seal of the municipality which we have put on our passports, and you must do the same.”

So saying he gave me the seal, and departed.

As to myself, I proceeded slowly, and arrived

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at the city about an hour after him. This city being immediately on the frontier was of course well guarded, and it was impossible to pass by it. We therefore, as we expected, were arrested on entering the gate, and were immediately conducted to a *bureau*, where they demanded our passports, and then the continuation [*sic*] and other formalities. In consequence, we were conducted to the committee of *surveillance*, and our passports were there found defective. It happened that there was one of the committee who came from that quarter [La Vendée], by him I was thus addressed : "Well comrade, I am very happy to see one from my province. Tell me, I pray you, the news of La Vendée ; is that quarter now free since the defeat at Le Mans ?"

As I did not wish to enter into any discussion on this subject, I replied that I was almost as little acquainted with the subject as himself, for that I had scarce arrived to see my relations when I was recalled, and that in consequence I had immediately returned, and the state of my legs would show with what expedition.

"Bravo !" replied he. "You are the right sort, I wish all were as warm in the cause as you. Well, we will not detain you."

Saying this, he ordered our passports to be registered, and told the fusiliers to conduct us to the municipality. I would gladly have avoided this piece of ceremony, but I was now embarked

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in the business, and was to get through it in the best manner possible. On going before the municipal officers, the mayor asked me for the passports, which on looking at he declared were not worth a farthing, and said that he was surprised the committee of *surveillance*, whose business it was to examine passports, should attempt to transpose their work to the municipality, who they knew to be otherwise so fully employed. "Except, indeed," added he, "they have sent them to us as a means of detecting their falsehood."

By this time my son was as white as his shirt. Fortunately the mayor had his eyes fixed on me. My long hair, which was white, and my beard of some growth seemed to inspire them with veneration. The mayor therefore assuming a milder air said :

"How happens it that your passports have not been revised by your department?"

I replied that being on leave of absence I was at my own expense, that therefore on this account as well as my wish to resume my duties to the nation as soon as possible I had not thought it necessary to lose so much time as was always the consequence of attending to these formalities, that, indeed, it would be very extraordinary if it became requisite for an old master-gunner to procure vouchers from every district and department; that I could not now charge the state with the

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business; and that if they thought proper to detain me until these matters could be cleared up they would have to answer to the nation for the loss of my services during that period.

This made a proper impression on the mayor who replied:

“Well, I applaud your zeal, and will not longer doubt your good intentions, but has your municipality given you a certificate of civism?”

Fortunately, I had fabricated this paper, with the signatures perfectly well counterfeited. This the mayor found to be good; but I was willing to carry the matter off with the very best face, and therefore said:

“Well, sir, to clear up all your doubts, there, read that letter (throwing on the table that given to me by the quartermaster). You will find it to contain a recommendation of this young man to the major of the 5th Regiment of Moselle. He was going to his sister at Nancy, but I have prevailed upon him to alter his purpose, and have procured for him this recommendation, in consequence of which he is now going to serve the nation and to reap laurels.”

It happened that the major was an intimate acquaintance of the mayor's; this letter had therefore the best effect possible, and removed all suspicions. Of this circumstance I took advantage, acquainting the mayor that my young fellow-traveller was short of cash, and that therefore he

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would do him a great act of kindness by giving him a passport to Thionville, instead of being obliged to go to Nancy.

"That does not come within my department," replied he; "it is the commissary who forwards all recruits."

Without giving him time to ask any more questions, I begged him to give me his name in writing which would show where the commissary lived. This he wrote down, and delivered to me immediately, when I took my two passports and the address, and went away at an instant. My two fusiliers followed me, but as I had not given time to the mayor to deliver to them his orders, as soon as we got into the street I said to them:

"Comrades, you neither give me to eat or to drink, nor have I time to offer you any, because I must go to the commissary. Now, as I have his address from the mayor, I shall only be as much in your way as you are in mine; I think then we had better part."

They took me at my word, and very much to my satisfaction returned to their guard, and I lost no time in getting out of the city, going direct to that inn in the faubourg which was next the road to Nancy and Thionville. My poor boy, who had almost lost his senses, now began to revive again on finding that we had got safe out of our late very perilous situation. On arriving at the inn, I asked if an officer of chas-

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seurs had been there to inquire after a master-gunner. I was told it was about an hour since. I was sure this must be Monsieur St. Brie, and I determined to wait for him. Accordingly, about six o'clock in the evening, I saw him come in with two of his comrades. I had ordered supper, and therefore resolved to invite his two friends, being persuaded that he would not be in such haste to quit them. They accepted my invitation, and we were not long before we were served. In the meantime we talked politics, and in particular of the events that had happened and probably would happen during the present campaign. They spoke much of the bravery of the troops, and in particular of their regiment. They among other memorable actions recounted one in which my son was concerned, who was their captain, both these gentlemen being his lieutenants. It was a piece of duty he had been sent upon with two hundred men, when they were surrounded by six hundred Austrian cavalry, through whom he had cut his way, sabre in hand, with the loss of only ten men. This conversation alarmed me, lest the agitation it put me into, added to the tone of my voice and the resemblance I bore to my son, should have betrayed me, for circumstanced as I was it became necessary for me to answer all their questions. Indeed, one of them seemed to entertain some sort of suspicion in regard to me, for on getting up to leave the table he said :

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"My friend, you say you are a master-gunner, but surely from the education you have had and your knowledge of the world you ought to have risen to a more elevated station at your age. I am therefore tempted to believe that this with you is only an assumed character."

"Nevertheless, such is actually my station," said I. "However, it may be time to rest after my repeated hardships in the course of service."

"Excuse me, comrade," rejoined he, "the suspicions I have entertained; but, believe me, had they proved just you would in me have found one more ready to assist than to apprehend you."

In answer, I said I was astonished on what circumstances he could have grounded his suspicions, but to be revenged I was resolved to wash them all away by another bottle of champagne, which I immediately called for; and when finished, we parted the best of friends.

Monsieur St. Brie, of course, slept at the inn; and as soon as we were alone I informed him of all that had happened. In reply, he assured me that he was under equal embarrassment with myself in regard to the suspicions of his friends, as he feared the resemblance between me and my son would have discovered me to them, which he did not wish. However, he assured me that I had managed exactly as he expected, and in particular by having invited them. Having a

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chamber to ourselves, this gave us the opportunity of conversing over our plans, when I learnt that the major, his friend—by whom he hoped to furnish me with the means of passing the frontier—was absent.

“And as this was the only means that lay in my power,” he said, “it must absolutely rest with yourself to devise the mode of your escape. But in regard to your son I will undertake to secure him, provided you part ; but that becomes absolutely necessary if you wish to save him, to which purpose he will only have to go to Thionville and deliver the letter in your possession.”

The many other reasons he gave me at last decided me to make that cruel resolve, and I accordingly informed him that the next morning it should take place. My companions now fell asleep, but as to myself I slept not a wink, being fully taken up with the cruel circumstance of parting in the morning from the only one that seemed to remain to me of my family.

CHAPTER XI

De Cartrie's son departs next morning—The father's grief—De Cartrie takes leave of M. St. Brie—Alone in the world—Spends the night at Verdun—Proceeds to St. Mihiel—Arrival at Han—Makes inquiries about his daughter-in-law—Interview with one of her farmers—Hears she is now living at Nancy—Arrival at Nancy—Difficulty in procuring a bed—Landlady's kindness—One of her daughters takes a note to his daughter-in-law—She answers the note in person—De Cartrie describes his situation—She promises to help him—A disturbed night at the inn—De Cartrie meets his daughter-in-law next morning—Retraces his steps to her château at Han—The farmer assures him of his devotion—The *gendarmerie* visit the château—De Cartrie conceals himself in a decoy—The *gendarmerie* again come to the château—He conceals himself in the cellars—He is obliged to leave the château for good.

AT breakfast next morning we were concerting what was to be done. The letter to the major of the Regiment of Moselle was given to my son, with proper instructions for his rout to Thionville. We had half-finished our breakfast, when about twenty young men of the requisition, who were going to the same regiment, passed by. My son, who had intimation of this, fearing to take leave of me, got up, and leaving the room unperceived by me, followed them, while the quartermaster and myself finished our breakfast.⁶⁰ At last, perceiving

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my uneasiness at the long absence of my son, Monsieur St. Brie said :

“Your son is gone. I made a signal to him when those young men were passing by, which he instantly obeyed without putting you to the agony of taking a formal leave.”

Notwithstanding that I had agreed to this separation, yet the so suddenly carrying it into effect for a time deprived me of the power of speech ; and I remained in a sort of lethargy for the space of an hour. It was one o'clock when Monsieur St. Brie broke my silent grief by calling upon me to reflect that the rest of my family had still to look to me for their preservation, which must be done by my quitting that place, as twenty-four hours had now elapsed since our arrival, and the innkeeper would be under the necessity of carrying my name to the municipality. These reflections brought me in a manner from the other world. It seemed as though my whole family had united in the cry of “Save yourself, and in so doing save us all.” I then started up in a minute, took Monsieur St. Brie by the hand fervently, and not being able to utter a word ran out of the house not knowing which way I took.

At last I came to myself, and found that I was on the banks of the Meuse on the road towards Nancy. And here the idea came across me several times of putting an end to my miserable

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existence by making the river my tomb, from which I was only prevented by the thought that I might yet live to rejoin my family. Then again I drooped on reflecting that I was now cast upon the wide world alone, and without a soul with whom I could communicate ; my reflections were then truly pitiable. However, though scarce knowing what I did, I got on, and without a wish for the smallest refreshment I found myself in the faubourg of Verdun where I slept that night, and next morning resumed my journey. Having been very much fatigued by the journey of yesterday, I found myself much refreshed by a good night's rest, and my uneasiness less poignant. To-day I pursued my rout towards St. Mihiel, near which my daughter-in-law had a country-house in the village of Han which was just four leagues from that city. I thought if I could meet with her she would be of infinite use to me. This determined me to pass round the city, where I arrived about four o'clock in the evening. Very fortunately I was not under the necessity of entering the city. Therefore, as I passed round the ditch, I tried to meet some person who might give me intelligence of my daughter-in-law ; but I was very careful to whom I might address myself. At last, I perceived a man of middle age whose countenance I liked, who was accompanied by a middle-aged woman and a young one. They were at about twenty paces distance, and were

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going before and from me. I therefore quickened my pace, and came up with him just as the two ladies had entered the gate of a garden.

"Citizen," said I, addressing myself to him, "it is in your power perhaps to relieve me from a state of embarrassment. I have a commission to execute with a lady of Montauban who is married to an officer of the Regiment of Hainault Chasseurs, and whose name I cannot exactly recollect, but I believe it is Tigière."

"No, no," said he, "it is Villenièr."

"Yes," replied I, "that indeed is the name. The commission is from one of his comrades who has just left him, and as I was passing by Rheims he begged me to say to Madame Villenièr that her husband desired she would not be uneasy at his long absence, as he had been under the necessity of going from Paris to Angers, but that his journey had been attended with happy consequences. Now, citizen," continued I, "this deviation from my journey I do conceive to be a piece of folly. However, as I promised it, I have performed, but very probably I shall receive no thanks for my trouble."

"Excuse me," replied he, "the lady to whom you have this commission is held in the highest estimation; and you may be assured will consider herself infinitely obliged to you for your attention. Therefore, I beg of you to finish your commission. It is true it is some time since she

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has been at this city on her way to her estate (you must know that I am intimate with the family), but Han is only a quarter of a league from hence. You must ascend by that path which will bring you to the top of the hill, from whence you will perceive the village directly under you, and her château is very conspicuous.⁶¹ I fancy she will not be found there, as she has been very busy of late, and I hear has been living at Nancy ; but if you go on to Nancy the village lies in the direct road."

I thanked the gentleman for his information, and pursued my rout which brought me directly to the house ; but after knocking several times I found it was uninhabited. One of the neighbours, however, said :

"Comrade, you knock in vain at that door. The lady to whom the place belongs is not in this part of the country ; but if you have any matter to communicate her farmer lives only two doors from hence."

There I immediately bent my steps, and gave the farmer to understand that I had come out of my way to communicate to her a message from her husband.

"She will," replied he, "be extremely mortified at not having met you here, but in truth she has for some time back resided wholly at Nancy."

"Oh," said I, "that is fortunate, as my destination is actually to Nancy, so that it will not be

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in the least out of my way. Pray, where does the lady live in the city?"

The farmer named the same street that had been before pointed out.

At six o'clock in the evening I set off towards Nancy, which was at a distance of twelve leagues, but when I had accomplished two leagues the fatigue I had undergone added to my grief at parting with my poor son had so overcome me, that not having the prospect of any village near me I threw myself at the foot of a tree in a wood, where I passed the rest of the night.

At four o'clock in the morning I again resumed my journey; it was on March 28th, 1794. I accomplished my ten leagues this day, and arriving in the faubourg of Nancy I sought out that inn which had the most indifferent appearance. On entering, I inquired of the hostess if she could lodge me. She replied that her house was full, as were all the houses in the faubourg, on account of the great numbers of troops. But I entreated the hostess with such earnestness, telling her the smallest accommodation would do for me, that at last my white hairs prevailed on her to let me have one of two beds in the room where her two daughters slept, whom she made to sleep together, by which means there was a very small bed for me. She could give me nothing but some bread and cheese and a bottle of wine, and as she had been so accommodating with me I

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divided my bottle of wine with them, and we became very intimate. When I inquired of her if she knew the Citoyenne Villeni re, she replied "No"; but one of her daughters said that she knew her well. I then told her that I had a commission to execute from one of her friends, but that I was really so fatigued—as my appearance would show—that it was utterly out of my power to set about it, and that I must leave the place early in the morning. If then I could find no one to carry a note to her desiring her to call on me, and receive the intelligence, it must be dispensed with. The daughter immediately answered: "Oh, if you will trust me with the note, I will immediately convey it to her."

They brought me pen and paper, when I wrote as follows :

"Citoyenne, your husband has given it me in commission to communicate to you news regarding himself. If you think it worth the trouble, you will come immediately to the sign of the *Three Pigeons*,⁶² an inn in the faubourg." To which I signed the name of Cartrie, a name which no one but herself would understand, and that there might be no suspicions I sent the billet open. It so happened that the young woman met my daughter-in-law in the street. On reading the letter, she came instantly to the inn. I was at the door, and seeing a well-dressed young woman coming with the landlady's

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daughter I immediately knew who she was ; and though the evening was closing in and notwithstanding the length of my beard, she immediately recognized me from my resemblance to her husband. She would have run up to me, and embraced me, but I stopped her by a signal that we were not alone. I then said to her :

“Citoyenne, this inn is full of company, therefore, if you please to walk up the street I will deliver to you my commission.”

We then walked to a little distance, when, after assuring her of my affectionate regard, I informed her that the lives of all my family who were in prison depended on my escaping beyond the frontiers, as they would have been before destroyed, but that they were saved in the hope of being able to apprehend me, when they meant to execute us all together.

“I therefore, my dear child,” I continued, “expect your assistance in endeavouring to find the means of my escape to some strange country. Now the mode must be this : I must return to your château, and there remain concealed until you have devised the requisite means, but this only on the proviso of your farmer being a man whom we may trust.”

She replied that she was sure of him, as she was persuaded he would obey any injunctions she might put on him.

“Then,” rejoined I, “lose no time in writing

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a letter to him instructing him to receive me at your house, and to-morrow morning at six o'clock I will be at the door of my inn quite ready to depart, and you can accompany me over the common, when I shall have time to talk to you, which would not now be safe ; and remember these are perilous times."

I left her at the gate of the city, and returned to my inn, where I found myself immediately engaged in a new difficulty. There had stopped at our inn a man, who had the appearance of a water-carrier, with his wife to whom he behaved in a most brutal manner. It happened unluckily that this woman had accompanied the landlady's daughter when she went on her mission. Now this circumstance unluckily gave him the opportunity of making his jealousy the reason for still further ill-usage. He therefore told her she had only taken the opportunity of going out to meet such a worthless character as I was. Now, as I happened to be present when he made this remark, it became necessary I should remove all sort of suspicions. I therefore told him that a master-gunner was not a useless burthen to the nation, which was his case. The landlady too took my part in the dispute by insisting that her daughter had never left his wife, and she would not be concerned in taking her to any improper places, telling him that he was a worthless, jealous wretch, and, if his wife had not

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been with him, she would have turned him out of the house. This gave me the opportunity of getting out of the scrape. The man and his wife immediately went up into their chamber, where he continued beating her for a considerable time, though the whole family went to the door every now and then to threaten him with calling in the neighbourhood to apprehend him. As I was in the next room, I did not get much sleep.

In the morning, very early, I discharged my account with my landlady, and stationed myself at the door to wait for my daughter-in-law. Just as the clock struck six she arrived, and going forward to meet her we took the road over the common to St. Mihiel. I then had the opportunity of convincing her of my affectionate regard, and relating to her the events that had happened. I would not suffer her to accompany me too far, and we parted at a certain distance, when I had ten leagues to walk, which notwithstanding my state of fatigue I accomplished by eleven o'clock at night, not wishing to arrive sooner, that I might escape observation. Everything was perfectly silent when I arrived at the farmer's door, whom I informed that it was the stranger who had passed by two days since, and had now brought a letter from his mistress. He instantly opened it, and had not read six lines before he came to embrace me. As he had with him two women, I rather stepped back in

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the fear of being suspected, but he soon removed my embarrassment by assuring me that they were his wife and daughter who must be in our secret, as it must be from them that I must receive my food in the château of my concealment. This brought us all upon the most comfortable terms, when the good old man called me his dear master, assuring me he would sacrifice his life to save mine. As I was every way exhausted with fatigue and hunger, they immediately set about getting me something to eat, of which I eat with a very hearty good-will. I continued there till one o'clock, when we took advantage of the village being at rest to proceed to the house which was totally uninhabited. They made me up in haste a bed on which I slept very quietly until the next morning, and about noon the daughter brought me some victuals, telling me she could not return again till the next day, because it was not customary for them to come to the house every day, and were they to do so some suspicions might arise.

Thus I remained eight days without any extraordinary event occurring, but at the end of that time the *gendarmérie* arrived in the village to visit all houses where there might be grain. As all grains were in requisition, they suspected the farmer of concealing a part of their stock, and though my daughter's father was the agent for the nation his house was not exempt

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from search. Indeed, by virtue of his office, he was obliged to accompany the guard in all their researches, and, as they were to begin with my daughter's house, they sent me the intimation desiring I would immediately make my escape, for they were very strict in their search. I therefore got over a wall which conducted me into the meadow on the banks of the Meuse, where I sought a retreat until the visitation might be ended, which was to be by midday. I then placed myself in a sort of decoy that was made for ducks.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, when I was about to quit my retreat, that a horse passed near me, and the dog that accompanied began barking at me. The huntsman, thinking that it was some sort of game that his dog had come upon, advanced towards me, when not willing to be surprised I got up and affected to be drunk. The huntsman, astonished to find a man instead of some game, rode off with the greatest precipitation. Now, as he nearly took the same rout as must conduct me back to my château, I kept at a great distance, and as soon as I had seen him enter the village I took that opportunity of climbing a wall twelve feet high, which I did with a readiness that surprised me, when I came to look at the wall from the garden.

I kept myself snug in the house, and my farmer brought me some victuals at night. He

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then related to me the extraordinary adventure which had befallen the gamekeeper of the common—his relation—who being on the banks of the Meuse observed his dog to stand near a decoy. He advanced towards it, when he to his utter astonishment observed a dragoon come out, who followed him with a pistol in each hand which had determined him to make the best of his way to the village. This made me laugh for a minute, when I gave my farmer to understand that I was the dragoon, and that I had jumped up from my hiding-place on his approach pretending to be drunk, but not having any pistols as he described; and that it must be his fears that made a desperado of a poor creature who could with difficulty execute the task allotted for him. My farmer told me it often happened that the people of the village received great insults from the troops quartered at St. Mihiel. As this accident had not occasioned any suspicions, I remained eight days longer in quiet possession of my château, by which I recovered from my former fatigues. At the end of this time, however, the *gendarmerie* obliged me to keep close in quarters, as they again made a visitation on the score of corn, and actually took up their residence for four days in the stables of the house. On this account I remained for the four days concealed in the cellar, from whence I never ventured out till late at night, but where the springs and conse-

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quent damps were such that I could with difficulty preserve myself against them.

When the *gendarmerie* were gone, I again resumed my former mode of life for four days more. At the end of which time my farmer came to me, and informed me, with tears in his eyes, that it would not be possible for me to remain longer at the château, as he had received an order to give up the cellars for the purpose of depositing a large quantity of saltpetre, and that the people attending on that business must inevitably discover me, the consequence of which would be the death of himself and his whole family. I begged him not to be under any apprehensions on that account, that the sacrifices he had already made rendered him too dear to me, and that to prevent the smallest risk to him I would leave the château that very night. The poor old man continued crying and lamenting my unfortunate destiny, promising to return at eleven o'clock at night, when his whole family would bring their supper and take it with me to show their respect. At eleven o'clock they accordingly came with a most excellent supper and some very good wine. They informed me of what had occurred in the neighbourhood, a knowledge of which was necessary for my guidance in my rout.

CHAPTER XII

De Cartrie returns to Nancy—He has assumed another disguise—Stays at his daughter-in-law's lodgings two days—Determines to continue his route—Her aunt, M^{me} de Feriet, promises to give him a letter to a man at Corny—De Cartrie spends the evening with his daughter-in-law and her aunt—M^{me} de Feriet gives him the promised letter—He loses his pocket-book—Takes the high road to Pont à Mousson next morning—Meets some German prisoners with their guard—A young woman mistakes him for her uncle—De Cartrie leaves her in error—They enter Pont à Mousson together—On the way to Corny he joins two men proceeding in that direction—They recommend him to their cousin Thomas—De Cartrie tells them this is the man he is seeking—They take him to Thomas' house—De Cartrie gives Thomas the letter—Thomas says De Cartrie cannot set out for a week—De Cartrie gives him 4000 livres—Thomas consents to conduct him to the frontier, and to start in the morning.

AT one o'clock in the morning of 19 April, 1794, I left the château, the poor people having heaped upon me their kindnesses during my stay, and now having forced on me a present of twelve hundred livres, as they said this sum might assist me in my escape. I bent my steps then towards Nancy, to see if I could not again meet my daughter. By travelling all night I found myself in the faubourg by noon (20 April, 1794), which I passed through,

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and was resolved to proceed immediately into the city, and at all risks to find my daughter, whose residence I was now perfectly acquainted with.

I must observe though that I had thought it prudent to change my disguise, and no longer to appear in the dress of a soldier, as I learnt that all soldiers had before this time been under the necessity of rejoining their corps. I had therefore now assumed the dress of a conductor of convoys, in consequence of which I had thrown into the river everything, except two shirts which I wore one over the other. My dress too was made by myself in imitation of those worn by this description of men, which was a singular one and very favourable to my purpose, as I entered the city without being noticed by anyone.

Behold me then in the great street of the city, rue des Maréchaux, in which my daughter resided; and as my father had been very particular in his instructions I therefore went direct to the milliner's shop. The mistress was in the shop, of whom I inquired whether Madame Villenière did not live there. She replied "Yes," and that she was in the second storey; she quitted her work and accompanied me to the door, where I knocked, and was so fortunate as to find my daughter at home, she coming herself to open the door. She was extremely astonished at seeing me back, but I soon gave her to understand the reason of my coming, at the same

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time inquiring of her if she had yet found the means of my escape. She replied that as yet she had in vain made the attempt, but that the first thing to be thought of was the giving me some refreshment, as I appeared perfectly overcome with fatigue. She then gave me to understand that she did not eat there, as it was merely a lodging near her aunt's where she took all her meals, and where she in a manner lived; that, fortunately, her *femme de chambre* was gone on a visit for eight days, that therefore it must be her care to attend on me herself, as I must remain in those lodgings, and she should go and sleep at her aunt's. She then went out; locked the door as was her custom, taking the key with her. In two hours she returned, bringing with her some very comfortable victuals of which I made a hearty meal, having never broken bread since I quitted my farmer's. For two days I thus remained at my daughter's, she trying during that time to find out the means of my getting beyond the frontier through the assistance of some person who might be acquainted with all the byways. Her search was still in vain; I therefore told her I should no longer make her run any risks on my account, but should leave Nancy at eight o'clock next morning. As she saw me absolutely determined, she returned immediately to her aunt's to make her acquainted with my resolution. Her aunt replied:

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"In that case, he had better go to Metz, and inquire for a man named Thomas who deals in wine, and lives at Corny at two leagues distance from Metz, and through whose means my sons have been passed in safety beyond the frontier. Now as this man is very much attached to my interest, I will give a letter to him which I hope will forward the business, and this evening you can bring your father to sup with us, in which he will run no risks, as he departs to-morrow. You must introduce him as your agent in all business, and take care that you let it be so understood among my servants, as you come in; and he must mind and act up to the character he assumes."

My daughter, returning, informed me of all that had been resolved, with which I was perfectly satisfied; and accordingly we proceeded to her aunt's about nine o'clock at night. We talked of indifferent matters till ten, when supper was served. As she had a great number of servants, it became impossible for us to talk of my business till the meal was over, and the servants retired. Then the Countess de Feriet⁶³—for that was the name of my daughter's aunt—thus addressed me:

"I extremely feel for the misfortunes that have happened to you, and am ready to assist in everything which comes within the compass of my power, nor shall hesitate on account of the risk. But you must bear in your mind that we are

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now living in most tyrannical times, when to be rich and suspected is a sufficient reason for condemnation, and that consequent death which gives the tyrants the full possession of the whole property of the party. I shall give you a letter under my hand, but without my name, as my writing is well known."

She then took a small slip of paper, and on it wrote: "The bearer is an honest man, whom I recommend to your notice, and you will be so good to grant to him the favour he may ask at your hands." She then took my hat, and slipping back the lining passed the paper withinside, laying it again smooth. This done, she loaded me with good wishes, desired I would be of good heart, and she was confident the enterprise would be attended with every success, at the same time requesting I would bear in my mind the risk she should run in being known to have any hand in this business.

My daughter then reconducted me back to her lodging, where, when arrived, she desired me to put into my pocket-book two thousand livres in *assignats* which she presented to me from her aunt; but on looking for my pocket-book it was not to be found; it had fallen from my pocket. In what a situation were we then left. My daughter and I went backward and forward twenty times in search of it between the lodging and the aunt's house, but in vain. At last, she

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left me in the utmost consternation, and myself in a state of anxiety not to be described, from the fear that it might be picked up by some ill-designing person, who might by that means discover that my daughter-in-law had at her lodgings a person against whom the ruling power was so inimical. In consequence, I could not close an eye all night.

But in the morning my daughter relieved me from my anxiety by running up to me with the pocket-book in her hand, which she had found lying edgeways along the wall at the door of her aunt's house. This therefore lessened my concern in leaving her, as I had the consolation to reflect she would not now run any risks on my account. I embraced my daughter, and on quitting me she would have forced on me one thousand crowns, but I would accept only one half, telling her that the expenses which her husband and herself had incurred must put it out of their power to make such great sacrifice, and that I was confident I was possessed of a sufficient sum to pay my expenses, and induce the wine merchant to procure for me the means of escaping beyond the frontier. I then set off on my journey at nine o'clock, going directly across the city without interruption from a single soul, and taking the high road to Pont à Mousson, which is most beautiful, and passes along the banks of the Moselle. I had six leagues to go which made

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me quicken my pace to arrive at Corny while it was light ; this is situated at three leagues distance from Pont à Mousson.

In my rout I met some German prisoners who had as their guard a regiment of dragoons and a detachment of the *gendarmérie* who were in number about two hundred. As it became necessary that I should put on some degree of effrontery, I went up to them, and inquired how it happened that there should be so strong a guard for only 1,500 men? They told me that there had been a mutiny among the prisoners who had killed two of the *gendarmérie*, which had very near been the cause of the death of the whole of the prisoners, as at Pont à Mousson the guns loaded with grape had been turned on them. However, as it was found that liquor had been the cause of the riot, they had been excused, and the advanced guard—to whom I had addressed myself—had orders to forbid all dealers in wine from supplying them on the road, or they would be instantly shot.

I therefore continued my rout reflecting on this event, and was fully occupied with my thought, as I approached Pont à Mousson ; but as I could not get round the city I was under the necessity of passing through it. Just before me I observed a young woman walking, who was very well dressed. The day was extremely hot, and I had got so near to her that I heard her ask a traveller whom she met if he would assist her in getting

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a draft of water from the Moselle. The traveller in a surly manner said "No," and passed on. This gave me the opportunity of offering my assistance which she readily accepted, and behaved in the civilest manner. Considering therefore that she might be of use to me on the way, I begged she would permit me to walk with her as we were pursuing the same rout, telling her that at the first village we should reach, as she seemed fatigued with her walk, I would request her to partake of a little refreshment of a superior quality to water. She accepted my offer with much frankness, but observing that she kept her eyes continually on me, as we proceeded on our journey, and having always my fears, I inquired of her if she had any recollection of me.

"Certainly," said she, "you answer most perfectly to the idea I form to myself of an uncle of mine who went to the army six years since, and, though I was very young at the time, I cannot help thinking you are the same."

"It is true I have been absent six years," I replied, "nor have I returned to the country again in that time."

She now called me uncle, and I left her in error.

In the meantime, we reached the first village. I made her sit down to rest herself, and desired them to bring me a bottle of wine, while they prepared an omelette. Being refreshed we re-

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sumed our journey, having a league to reach Pont à Mousson which we soon accomplished. When we came near it, I begged her to let down her gown that we might not appear like travellers, which she immediately did. My reason for this was that being Saturday and the decade when all work was forbidden, the citizens would be assembled and taking their walks in the environs of the city, which proved the case, the numbers being very considerable. I therefore begged my good niece to take a turn or two in my old favourite walks before we entered the city, which we did till such time as I observed the people were re-entering it, when taking the opportunity of a great number passing the gate at the same instant I got into the midst of the throng, and passed the guard without the smallest notice. Thus I got into Pont à Mousson, and walked right through it. My fellow-traveller pressed me very hard to call and see her uncle—who it seemed was a handicraftsman and much at his ease—saying he would be extremely happy to see me, and would give me a bed and a good supper. As this did not by any means enter into my plan, I thanked her, and told her I was under the necessity of reaching Corny that evening, having some business to transact in regard to some wine, but that I would call and see them on my return.

“Now, don’t forget,” said she, “and I will then accompany you back to Nancy.”

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I very readily made the promise, passing out of the city with great pleasure, to reflect that I had thus got through this perilous situation.

I then took the rout to Corny, but there I found myself under a like embarrassment, for it was six o'clock in the evening and I had three leagues to walk, and then had to find out citizen Thomas.

This made me look before and behind as I proceeded, that I might join company with some traveller, if I could find him of use to me. I had then proceeded one league, when turning about I thought I saw somebody at a great distance following me which made me walk slower, and I was not long in being at a certainty. They were two men who were coming nearer and nearer, but I continued my rout that they might not suppose I was waiting for them. In fact they were not long in overtaking me. I let them pass me only saluting them, and when just by me I asked them if they were going to Corny. They replied "Yes," and that they were making all haste because it was so late, and this road had been rather dangerous for some time on account of a number of *mauvais sujets* who frequently attacked passengers. I told them, as we were going the same rout, I would join them if they would permit me, as we should in that case be a protection to each other, at the same time informing them that I was armed with a pair of pistols. They very obligingly accepted my offer, saying:

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"Citizen, we will travel with you with the greatest satisfaction, and will slacken our pace, as you seem very fatigued."

This frankness made me place some confidence in them, and I ventured to enter with them into conversation on the events of the Revolution. They replied with equal caution, but in regard to religion they expressed their astonishment that such measures had been pursued in a point so necessary to be supported for the good of a state.

Talking politics in this manner we arrived at a small inn on the road. I therefore embraced the opportunity of offering to treat them with a glass of wine which they readily accepted; and we took it at the door without sitting down, as it now was dusk, and we had yet a league to go—a matter of inquietude to my fellow-travellers, but to me from use day and night were the same thing. I therefore tried to keep up the spirits of my companions, as we went along, by informing them that I had just come from service, of which I had seen a great deal. After making out a long history of my own feats of valour, I acquainted them that I should now be with the army but for two wounds I had received which were very troublesome, and on which account I had got leave of absence, and that having collected a little money as assistant surgeon-major I was going to employ it in a venture in spirits and the best wine that I could

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meet with at Corny. They both with one voice said :

“ You are doing very right. You appear to be a worthy man, and we will therefore recommend you to a cousin of ours at Corny named Thomas who is a great dealer in wine and spirits. He lives at the entrance of the village ; we shall pass by his house, and will drop you there. He does not lodge anybody in general, and if he has not room for you, you shall be accommodated with us, but it will better suit you to lodge with him. However, before we part, we shall take our revenge on you for your attentions on the road.”

I thanked them for their kind intentions, telling them that Thomas was the very man to whom I was recommended, except there might be two of the name in the village.

I said to myself, the Almighty is certainly guiding my footsteps in the very path I ought to tread. In fact, before they entered the village, the two cousins proceeded with me to Thomas's house, where they called for some of the best wine in the cellar, as they said to be revenged of this honest man for his attentions on the road, begging him at the same time to let me lodge there, as I was come to make some purchases of wine and spirits, and bestowing on me very high commendations. They stayed to finish two bottles of wine, and then went to their own house. My new host then offered to divide his supper with

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me, a compliment I readily accepted, as I had eat nothing since I left Nancy, except the little omelette which I had divided with my pretended niece. During the whole time I was at supper I was pondering over my misfortunes, for as there were four persons present I thought it prudent to be on the reserve. This struck my host who said to me :

“Citizen, you seem to have an air of reserve, that is not the least necessary here ; therefore pray lay aside all restraint, for we are all one family, these present being my wife, my father-in-law, and my sister.”

Of this I took advantage before I went to bed, being willing to learn what prospect I might promise myself from my journey. I therefore addressed myself to my landlord in the following terms :

“Citizen, I am come from Nancy with an express commission from a lady of your acquaintance ; it is a note of which I am only the porter, being ignorant of its contents. Your friend put it into the lining of my hat, as you will see,” delivering the hat to him.

He took the note from it, and while he was reading it over and over I eyed him attentively, and said to him :

“I see by the air of candour in your countenance that I may promise myself to receive your aid.”

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"Yes," said he, "this note confirms my suspicions; but I see by the person from whom it comes that I may be candid and speak without reserve to you. I have been the means of escape of near two thousand emigrants, and if you had arrived the day before yesterday you should have accompanied a husband, wife, and daughter, whom I then despatched to the frontiers. You must therefore stop a week longer, and then you will proceed with a messenger who will arrive here on his way."

This delay did not half please me, as I knew the danger of remaining so long in one place. It was then my business to get away next day, if possible; I therefore took out my purse, and laid before him four thousand livres in *assignats*, saying :

"I expect that will induce you to set off with me to-morrow morning, and that you will conduct me to the frontier."

He did not reject the *assignats*, but giving them to his wife told her to put them in his bureau, and bring a couple bottles of the best champagne in his cellar. We set about emptying these two bottles, during which time he said to me :

"Comrade, we set off for the frontier to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. Your *assignats* are most admirable pleaders, for without them I certainly should not have been induced to set off so soon."

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And myself regretted not parting with them, as they were to accomplish the point I had had in view such a length of time, which had cost me so much inquietude. My host was of a very gay and lively disposition, and, though perfectly sober, communicated to me a portion of his cheerfulness, for he drank incessantly to the success of our journey. Indeed, he would have continued drinking till daylight, if I had not reminded him of the rest which it was necessary for me to take to enable me to sustain the fatigue of my journey the following day and night, especially as I had just come nine leagues without stopping and we should have twenty-eight leagues to accomplish without sleeping. We therefore betook ourselves to rest.

CHAPTER XIII

De Cartrie and his guide quit Corny—Arrival at Metz—Halt for refreshments—A stranger tells them that he has just witnessed the execution of three brothers, caught in the act of emigrating—Consternation of Thomas—De Cartrie plies him with wine—Thomas consents to continue their journey—Arrival at Thionville—Gates shut—They go on to the house of a farmer connected with Thomas in his work—Farmer is absent—Wife provides them with food—Farmer returns—Says he is too fatigued to proceed without rest—De Cartrie gives him 500 livres—They start at once—The farmer leaves them, after giving Thomas directions how to reach his brother's house—Thomas loses his way—De Cartrie becomes guide—Thomas' brother is surprised to see them—Tells De Cartrie that he will escort him to the frontier that night—De Cartrie retires—A meeting of municipal officers at the house—De Cartrie learns that Thomas has left the house in order to avoid suspicion—De Cartrie presents the farmer with a pair of pistols—The farmer conducts him to the house of a man residing in the Emperor's territories—Safe at last.

NEXT morning at eight o'clock we began our journey. We passed the Moselle in a boat belonging to Thomas, by which means we took the road on the opposite side of the river which enabled us to avoid entering the city of Metz, and merely carried us into the faubourgs of that city, where he said he must absolutely (*boire un petit coup*) take a refreshing glass which I was obliged to agree to, although against my inclination. He

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therefore ordered a *traiteur* [eating-house keeper] to prepare us a dish peculiar to the place, which he assured me I should find most delicious ; and indeed it was most exquisite. It was composed of a species of salmon-trout, of which the river produced an infinite number at that place. Here we lost some time, as my fellow-traveller stuck close to the bottle. But I was not the conductor : I was conducted. During this time there arrived a very well-dressed man, who came into the room we were sitting in and ordered a dish of the same fish we were eating, by which I perceived that the landlord, being on the banks of the river, turned this fish to very good account. This person, sitting himself down, addressed to us the following discourse :—

“ Citizens, I am just returned from beholding a melancholy spectacle. It was the execution of two brothers who were officers in the regiment of Roche Dragoons, and another brother, the grand vicar of Soissons, who were just caught in the act of emigrating on the frontier. They sustained their trial this morning, were condemned, and immediately led to execution. As I was passing the Place de Grève I saw a great concourse of people coming towards me, and stopped, being at the very place where they were to suffer ; I was so near that I heard all that passed between them. They began by entreating the Almighty to receive their souls, as

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the sacrifice they made by their deaths was purely occasioned by their persisting in their duty to their God, their religion, and their king. At the same time they prayed that their murderers might be forgiven ; and that they might be induced to resume their ancient habits, and be reconciled to their maker. Then addressing themselves to the people, one of them said, ' My friends, it is from the true Christian that you must learn how to die. You are now under a horrible state of deception in regard to the sentiments held out to you on that head ; and perhaps when too late you will feel the force of what I now say to you by recollecting my words, when lying on a repentant bed of death.' They began by the youngest, whom the two elder were encouraging to meet his fate with fortitude, reminding him that he would soon be beyond the reach of his enemies ; the second met his fate like a hero ; and the grand vicar with a calmness and placidity that made the strongest impression on all present. First, he offered up a short prayer, and then suffered like a saint. As to myself, the scene I had beheld had such an effect on me, that I left the city with the utmost horror."

This conversation made a visible impression on my conductor, as he was conscious that his fate must be the same as mine. In consequence, he did not seem at all inclined to move forward, but I plied him well with wine which often gives

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energy to a weak heart ; and, as we were drinking the new bottle that I called for, I addressed myself to the traveller, saying :

“Citizen, I am surprised that you should feel so much compassion for three men who are so culpable towards the state. Come, be of good cheer, and join us in drinking to the health of the administrators who in thus doing their duty do most essentially forward the interest of their country.”

My fellow-traveller, astonished to hear me talk thus deliberately on these events, did not know what to think of it, especially as I continued to discourse with the man as a true Patriot. While therefore he remained in this state of surprise, I said to him :

“Come, it is time for us to be moving, or we shall be late on our journey.”

Thus I placed him in such a situation, that he could not appear to differ from me in the fear of creating suspicion. We therefore paid our account, and resumed our journey, when as soon as we had got to a distance he said to me :

“I perceive I can place the utmost faith in your good conduct, but for that and the manner in which you addressed yourself to the stranger I do assure you I should have been deterred from proceeding any further.”

“Let us think no more of that,” said I, “but of our journey ; we have yet ten leagues to

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Thionville, and must get on six before we can attempt to stop again. From our next resting place we will take our departure at six o'clock, which will bring us to Thionville after the gates are shut, and will make it a matter of course that we do not attempt to enter it."

Having accomplished our six leagues we stopped, and eat a very good dinner, which we stood in great need of, as well on account of the fatigue we had undergone as for that we had to look forward to. After resting an hour we resumed our rout, and arrived at the gate of Thionville at eight o'clock at night, but the gates were shut, as I expected. We demanded entrance, but were answered that it could not be granted, and therefore they told us we must go to the first village which was at the distance of a league; there we might get a lodging, and in the morning we must come back to the city. By this means we were directed to proceed on the very road we wished, and were furnished with an excuse to any of the guards we might meet. We therefore proceeded on without fear towards the house of a farmer (at a distance of five leagues from Thionville) who was connected with my conductor, and through whose means the plan of escape for so many had been effected. The manner was as follows: Thomas always kept a large store of wine at this farmer's, which gave him the excuse of frequently passing backward and forward. To

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this place therefore he conducted the persons emigrating, it being only four leagues from the farm occupied by Thomas's brother, which was but a short league from the emperor's territories. At this place the emigrants stopped until they knew the road was clear. They were then conducted at night to Thomas's brother's, where the emigrants in general remained during the day preceding the night on which they were to pass the frontier. As we had yet a considerable distance to walk, we mended our pace, and arrived at the house of Thomas's associate in three hours and a half, which was exactly at midnight. But we only found the wife at home, and she was in the utmost inquietude on account of the husband, who had gone to conduct the family before mentioned consisting of the husband, the wife, and the young daughter. They had only taken their departure that day, though Thomas had brought them to this place three days since.

The distance we had walked without taking refreshment had quite overcome my guide. As to myself, I was accustomed to misery and fatigue of every kind. However, I stood in need of refreshment, and we therefore begged our good hostess to expedite any victuals she might have to give us, and in the meantime to bring some wine which my guide was vehemently calling for, not being accustomed to have the conducting of those who so indefatigably pursued their rout,

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as was the case with me. Poor man, he would have thought otherwise, had he been concerned in the affairs of La Vendée. And, indeed, had I not urged him forward, and prevented his stopping so often as he otherwise would have done, we should have been twice as long on our rout.

Our landlady soon put before us soup, an omelette and a good piece of ham. And scarcely were we seated at table when her husband arrived, and added to our good-humour by removing the melancholy which had overcast the countenance of our kind hostess. Her husband made known to her the cause of his delay by acquainting her that as soon as they reached the forest the poor little girl had found herself so overcome with fatigue, as to lay him under the necessity of carrying her a very considerable distance; and though the father took his share of the labour, yet it had fatigued him beyond expression, especially as they were obliged to walk very fast to arrive at a certain point before day broke upon them. He therefore was very happy to find so good a supper ready, and began a most vigorous attack upon it. Nor was the wine at all spared, particularly by my two associates, who drank as though they feared their frequent journeys would totally dry up the whole moisture of their bodies. While at supper we talked over the cause of my emigration, of which I did not think it proper to communicate more than to show the necessity

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of losing no time in our departure. Thomas's associate then assured me that he was so exhausted with fatigue, as to put it out of his power to proceed till he had taken some rest, beside that the road through the forest was too long to admit our arriving at the frontier before day. I had still five hundred livres in *assignats* left, which I slipped into his hand, saying he must make an effort in my favour. The money aided by the wine prevailed. He replied that he would take me by a short cut which reduced the distance to two leagues, but that we should run some risk from the horse-patrols who were placed at certain distances from each other on the frontier.

"But," said he, "it becomes necessary that Thomas should also accompany us, as on account of these guards and the lateness of the hour we should have one person rather in advance as soon as we approach a certain point; at that place I must then go before, and, if I meet the guard, Thomas must reconduct you to the farm to which he knows the way most perfectly."

Thomas hesitated, not being willing to proceed any further, but I begged we might have another bottle to give us legs, saying, that after the contract Thomas had made with me I was sure he would not quit me till he had completely seen me beyond danger. I purposely did not mention the sum I had given him, that I might keep

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before his eyes the fear of its being communicated by me to his partner, for I doubted not the two associates were playing the rogue towards each other. This finesse had the desired effect, and Thomas declared his readiness to join us. This settled, we lost no time in our departure.

On our rout we were now obliged to observe the strictest guard and caution. Thus, on hearing the least noise we threw ourselves flat on the ground, and in like manner we were continually turning to the right and left, being now surrounded by the guards whose fires we discovered in all directions. Two rivers we forded, with the water up to the breast, and in some of the fields of corn we were obliged to walk almost double. Notwithstanding these impediments, we accomplished the two leagues in two and a half hours, and arrived in safety beyond the lines of this camp.

Our guide now quitted us, giving Thomas his directions how to proceed to fall in with the high road that led to the village, where his brother's farm was situated. When we had proceeded about two leagues, I found by the remarks I had made on the stars that we were returning to the place where our guide had quitted us, which on noticing to my fellow-traveller he frankly confessed that having drunk too much he had lost his way. Thus it became necessary that I should by the stars reconduct my guide to that part of

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the rout from which we had deviated. And now I found the use for a knowledge acquired by my travels during the night. In consequence, I brought him to the confines of an immense plain which he immediately recognized—as fear and the loss of the road had brought him in some degree to his sober senses. He then told me we were not so far from his brother's house as he had supposed, and that if we followed the path we were now in it would bring us to the high road. But when we had proceeded another half-league, we found ourselves surrounded by a perfect quagmire; at every step the ground trembled under our feet, and this increased as we advanced. My comrade now lost his senses a second time from fear, declaring we were lost beyond hope, adding:

“I know this quagmire perfectly well, it is situated at half a league from my brother's village; and it is utterly impracticable that we can ever extricate ourselves from it.”

Our condition being become so desperate, I resumed my former office of guide, telling him to follow me. I immediately faced about and put myself at the head of the line of march, at the same time reconnoitring the ground with my stick. By this means, in about a quarter of an hour, I found we got upon the bank which surrounded this quagmire, but which I perceived to have a deep ditch beyond it. This discovery

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in some degree revived my fellow-traveller, who till then had walked on in profound silence.

"Ah, ha!" said he, "now we shall do, but I owe my life to you, and that through the miraculous manner in which you have got out of this quagmire."

I now proceeded along the bank until such time as I found a place where we could get over the ditch; but this proved a task of infinite labour, as the ditch in most parts was of an enormous width and likewise very deep. Nor was this effected until I had several times made the attempt in vain. At last, however, I found a passage where there were only two feet of water and a hard bottom. Thus we got out of this danger, and found ourselves once more on firm ground. My companion now recognized a clump of trees just at the edge of the road leading to the village—which was only at half a league distance—and we lost no time in finishing this our unpleasant journey; but we found ourselves extremely fatigued as well by the length of the journey as by the state of anxiety in which we had been involved. We were therefore extremely happy at last to enter the village, and went directly to his brother's door, which was immediately opened to us, and the brother got up from his bed, and came down to us, saying:

"It is impossible to be more surprised than I am at seeing you after the notice I have sent

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to you by an express to stop this commerce for a time, at least while we remain suspected." Then addressing himself to me, "Let that not make you uneasy, as you are come, your business shall be settled, and you shall be safe conducted to the frontiers this night. In the meantime, go up to that chamber on the right, you will find a bed in it. I recommend you to repose yourself until such time as I send up to you, because this day we shall have an assembly of the parish, and the municipal officers meet at my house because I am the mayor, and therefore we shall hold our public sitting here to-day."

I was so much exhausted with fatigue that I could not take the least repose. Nevertheless, I did not stir, in the fear of making any noise that might give suspicion to any of this assembly, who, however, made so much noise themselves that I should scarce have run any risk on that account. The meeting did not break up until two o'clock in the afternoon. Then they brought me something to eat. I did not come down till nine o'clock at night, when we set off on our journey, that is, Thomas's brother and myself, who told me that his brother had been obliged to go away before the meeting because of the suspicions that were entertained of them, but that he had recommended me to him in the strongest terms. I then related to him the manner in which I had induced his brother to undertake

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the conducting me to the frontier, to which intent I had delivered to him so considerable a sum, and had, in fact, left myself quite destitute ; that therefore he must look to his brother to be reimbursed his share for the trouble he might have, as I was unacquainted with the means he pursued, or the persons he employed. He told me that his brother had never mentioned the circumstance to him, or acquainted him with any sum being given, but at the same time desired me not to make myself in the least uneasy on that account, as he should settle that matter with his brother. I thanked him, saying I much regretted not having it in my power to present him with his proportion of the sum which I should have given him with so much satisfaction, but added :

“If you will please to accept this pair of pistols, they are the only mark of gratitude I have in my power, and are worth about forty crowns.”

This he did very readily, and we safely arrived at the house of one of his intimates, in fact, the man connected with him in this business who resided in the territories of the emperor.

Thus, on the 27th of April, 1794, at ten o'clock at night, it was that I was released from my persecutors and all fears on account of the blood-thirsty villains who had been my dread for so great a length of time, but who took care to leave me penniless, and without a single article

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of the smallest value. I had been obliged to strip myself to effect the purpose which I had so long aimed at, without considering that it requires money to subsist in every other country as well as in France.

CHAPTER XIV

De Cartrie sleeps in a barn—Introduces himself to the abbé Thibault—Relates his misfortunes—Sets out with the abbé for Luxembourg—They separate before entering the town—De Cartrie is arrested—Asks to be conducted to General Schröder—On the way the people run out to see the French officer from La Vendée—The general gives him a passport to Liège—Meeting with a French émigré—A sumptuous repast—Sets out for Liège—Receives great kindness on the way—Reaches Stavelot—Invitation to dinner—No acquaintances at Spa—Arrival at Liège—Is again arrested—Begs to be taken to an emigrant from his province—Is conducted to the inn of M. d'Autichamp—M. d'Autichamp is just going to a dinner-party—He mentions De Cartrie's arrival—De Cartrie is sent for to join the party—He relates his experiences—M. d'Autichamp leaves for Aix-la-Chapelle—Invites De Cartrie to follow him—De Cartrie visits his nephews.

SUCH was my situation on the first day of my arrival in the territories of the emperor, but, as providence had carried me through so many dangers, I did not doubt that same providence, who feeds the sparrow, would not now abandon me.

The wife of the farmer offered me something to eat, but I declined it, not only because I had not a farthing to pay for the same, but also on account of my extreme fatigue, which made rest my only want at the time. I therefore inquired of her, if she had not some small place where I

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might lie down. She replied, that she had only one spare bed which was occupied by a French priest, but that there was some clean straw in the barn which was the only accommodation she had to offer me, for, being on the frontier, she was continually exposed to be plundered, which had actually been the case three times in the course of the last two years from the devastations of the French Patriots, who had left her destitute each time. I told her I commiserated her losses, but unfortunately such was but too frequently the case with those who lived so near to their enemies. I then took advantage of the proffered bed of straw with the greatest content, as I knew she could not expect from me any money for my lodging. Besides the intimation of the French priest in the house gave me hopes, and, had I not heard from the landlady that he was already gone to rest, I should have made bold to go up to his room that night.

My repose this night was of a nature I had been a stranger to for two years, as now I felt myself free from all those perils which had surrounded me during that period.

In the morning the landlady went into the French priest's room, and told him that a Frenchman, who had arrived at ten o'clock the preceding night, wished to speak to him before his departure. The abbé Thibault—for such was the priest's name—replied that he was going to get

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up, and then would be happy to see me at breakfast.

At a proper time I therefore went to the chamber of the abbé, where in brief I soon made him acquainted with my misfortunes. He seemed much affected at my relation, assuring me that he should be happy to render me any assistance in his power, to which purpose, as he left the place on the succeeding day and as he had a passport from General Beaulieu for himself and a servant, I should avail myself of it by accompanying him as his servant, without which I should run the risk of being arrested by the horse-patrols who would conduct me to prison at Luxembourg. I told him I would with pleasure avail myself of his kind offer, not from the fear of being arrested but that I might have the opportunity of more immediately cultivating his acquaintance. After breakfast the abbé told me he should be absent the whole day, having some affairs of great consequence to transact in the neighbourhood.

I therefore remained alone with my landlady, as her husband had some affairs abroad during the whole day, and was not expected home till night. About two o'clock I ventured to eat a bit she offered me, not daring to order anything, as I was sensible of my inability to pay for it. My appearance made such a strong impression on the kind heart of my landlady, that she said she feared I should be starved. This induced me to

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let her know my real situation, at the same time relating to her the means by which I had been obliged to effect my escape which had reduced me to my present state of want. It is impossible to express the sensibility of this poor woman on hearing my story.

"There," said she, taking out her purse, "there is a *gourde* [a silver dollar] which I give you. It is all that we can now afford from the rapacity of the French Patriots. My husband will demand of you forty sous for your day's rest here. You will give them him, and there will remain to you sixty sous which will carry you to Luxembourg, where providence and charitable persons will supply you with further means; but say not one word to my husband of my gift."

I remained in utter astonishment at the generosity of this good creature, who thus was relieving me at the time when she had been plundered and robbed by my countrymen. However, I was not wanting in making my thanks in a suitable manner for this so timely assistance.

It was eight o'clock, and neither host nor abbé returned. The host arrived first, and immediately inquired if the abbé was come back. His wife answered "No." This put him into a terrible fright on his account, and he said, "He certainly must have been arrested by these Carmagnoles, I am very apprehensive of it." When I heard this discourse, I doubted not but the

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abbé was concerned in that commerce with the parents [? relations] of those who had emigrated by which they were restored to their friends. At last, however, the abbé arrived, but it was ten o'clock at night, and I could not then hear the cause of his stay.

Next morning we put ourselves *en route* for Luxembourg, after I had paid my debt with the money which my kind benefactress had given to me, for though the abbé was acquainted with the state of my finances, yet he never offered to me the smallest aid. We had not proceeded a league before we met a horse-patrol who demanded our passports. In like manner, we were arrested four times, so that without the aid of the abbé's passport I certainly should not have reached Luxembourg that day. When this reflection came across me, I said to myself, "Certainly the more I stand in need of Providence, the more assistance I receive from his bounty." We now approached Luxembourg, and when within a quarter of a league the abbé said :

"Sir, here lives one of my friends at this country dwelling, I advise you to call upon him and use my name, as most assuredly you will be arrested if you enter Luxembourg, and a prison is the consequence until such time as you can identify yourself."

In reply, I told him that I had not quitted France in the fear of experiencing any such

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events, that there I was borne down by certain revolutionary events which did not exist in the dominions of the emperor, and that though poor I had not the smallest cause for fear or for measures of concealment. I therefore now should most certainly assume my own character without the smallest degree of restraint.

"You most assuredly have a right to follow your own inclinations," he replied, "but you will excuse me if I do not enter the city with you, and I therefore beg you to let me go a little forward."

After this discourse, I could not but conclude this man to be a spy in the employ of General Beaulieu,⁶⁴ and that the offer of going to the country-house of his friend had been made merely to try whether I was apprehensive of entering the city. As to myself I had no fears now, and I considered the lives of my wife and children preserved by the measures I had taken, without being under the smallest anxiety on account of the state of poverty to which the measure had reduced me. Whereas, had I been taken, these regicides to increase my sufferings would most assuredly have executed my wife and family before my eyes—which to me would have been a pain worse than a thousand deaths—such being the general practice of these knights of the New Order of Humanity.

The abbé told me where he lodged, desiring

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me to call upon him at the *auberge*, if I should get out of my difficulty. I therefore followed him at some little distance, and, as I expected, was arrested at the first *corps de garde*, where a young officer about eighteen years of age interrogated me, demanding who I was and where I came from?

In reply, I told him that I was one of the generals commanding the army of La Vendée, and that since our defeat at Le Mans I had been three months in effecting the means of escape from France, by which alone I could save my wife and children from the guillotine which was decreed as soon as I could be taken.

Like a young man without consideration, who merely wanted to make himself of consequence at the expense of the feelings of others, he again said in the most haughty tone possible :

“How comes it that you did not emigrate at the time the others did so? This is rather late for you to pass yourself as a good subject.”

In reply, I told him his youth and inexperience might in some degree plead his excuse for thus treating a French officer, on which account, however, I should waive all argument with him. I demanded to be immediately conducted to the town major, which was complied with, and on the way I was guarded by two fusiliers. To this officer I related the impertinent behaviour of the young officer, whom he promised to reprimand.

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I then requested the favour of being introduced to General Schröder,⁶⁵ which he agreed to, observing that it was noon and we should meet the general on the parade. We therefore proceeded to the parade, but on the way we met a concourse of people, who had run out to see me in consequence of the news having instantly spread of a French officer being arrived from La Vendée. In consequence I was all the way saluted by the soldiers with the cry of "Long live the French officer from La Vendée!" When we reached the parade, I was presented to the general, who took me cordially by the hand, and very kindly congratulated me on my escape, observing that, if instead of emigrating the nobility in general had acted as I had done it was more than probable the unhappy Civil War had never taken place. In as few words as possible, but speaking so as to be heard by all around me, I related some of the events of the war, and concluded by begging the general would favour me with a passport for Liège to join Marshal de Broglie and my friend, the Marquis d'Autichamp, with some others in that army. The general desired me to follow an officer, whom he ordered to deliver to me the passport which he requested me to bring to him myself for signature. Again all the soldiers cried out, "Long live the French officer from the army of La Vendée!" This paper was immediately delivered to me, and I had no occasion to inquire

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the residence of the general—I was conducted there by an innumerable concourse of people.

From thence I went in search of the inn pointed out by the abbé, but owing to my forgetfulness I sought in vain. A like thoughtlessness in regard to myself prevented my asking some pecuniary aid from the general. In fact, though I had changed the posture of my affairs as to the point of security, yet my unfortunate purse was precisely in the same state as left at my last stage, the remains of my generous landlady's donation—sixty sous—constituting its whole strength. As I was going from inn to inn in search of my abbé, and in a manner stopping all passengers to make my inquiries, I was accosted from a window above by a French émigré, who said to me :

“Monsieur, you seem to be under some embarrassment. If you will have the goodness to come up, perhaps it may be in my power to remove your difficulty.”

Being unwilling to lose any opportunity that might be favourable, I went up into the room, at the same time mentioning to him my name, which he no sooner heard than, taking me by the hand, he exclaimed :

“Do you not remember the Chevalier St. Prieux who was first lieutenant of the Regiment of Royal Vaisseaux, when you entertained the officers of the regiment as we passed Pontivy,

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a small city of Brittany, where you gave us some wine?"

This circumstance brought to my mind the days of peace and happiness which wrung from me a sigh, when I informed him how matters were changed with me, at the same time relating to him a part of my misfortunes. He expressed his sorrow at not having it in his power to assist me.

"But, alas!" said he, "I have been living a twelvemonth in this house which is inhabited by a family rich and respectable, who have been so good as to let me partake of their comforts on the condition of being repaid on my return to France. Without their help I should actually have been destitute. I mean to introduce you to them. You have seemingly sustained much fatigue, and stand in need of refreshment."

He then led me into the hall, where he introduced me to the master and mistress of the house, who received me with all possible attention, and ordered a ham to be brought in, with some excellent wine, of which I made a most sumptuous repast. A French priest came in on a visit at the time, and he heard a part of my adventures and misfortunes. When I had finished my meal, and had taken my leave of the family, this priest followed me and said :

"Monsieur, from your narration, I should suppose your purse totally empty. I have two

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pieces of the money of this country, each of the value of half a crown ; they are all I possess, and I will beg you to divide them with me."

I accepted his kindness with gratitude, and proceeding on my rout towards Liège, stopped at a village at three leagues distance from Luxembourg, where I could meet with no other bed than an old haystack. However, it was not in my power to run into any expenses on this account, and it being the 28th of April the nights were not cold. I therefore thought myself comparatively happy when compared with the many I had passed so miserably. I slept very well, and next morning at four o'clock resumed my travels. At noon, after passing a desert country, I arrived at a small village, where I could with difficulty make myself understood. They sent for a man who could talk a little French, through whose means I made the host understand that I wanted something to eat, but that being a soldier and my purse not overstocked I requested to have some of the cheapest bread and a little lard [? bacon]. My landlady told me not to make myself at all uneasy at the state of my purse, as she should make me an omelette, which she did at the instant, nor would she receive any payment for the same.

At one o'clock I departed, and had to walk seven leagues to an inn—the only one on the road—but though the way was difficult to make

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out on account of the woods and wastes I had to pass, yet I accomplished it by eight o'clock at night. At the door of the inn I addressed myself to a young man, who spoke very good French, and who was son to the landlady. I told him that being from La Vendée, as my passport would show, and having been plundered of all my property my purse was very ill-stocked, and that I would therefore thank him to let me have a little straw to sleep on, and a piece of bread was all that I could afford to pay for. The young man was about twenty. He said :

“ We will do a little better. You shall sup with my mother and me, and, as we have heard much of the extraordinary actions performed by your army, all we will require of you shall be to amuse us with some of the particulars, when we have finished our meal.”

He showed me immediately into the saloon, where supper was soon served, and the kind landlady, who talked very good French, made it her study to anticipate my wants. I then related to them some of the most interesting events of our war, when, instead of straw, my good entertainers put me into an excellent bed, in which I found myself so much at my ease that it was six o'clock before I awoke. I was going to set off, when the young man brought me a message from his mother insisting that I should stay and breakfast with her. In short, I made a most sumptuous repast on

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chocolate and roast meat, after which the good hostess made me take two glasses of spirits.

Thus I became fortified at all points for my journey, and accomplished the six leagues to Stavelot, which appeared nothing compared to those I had travelled the preceding day. At this place I was in hopes to meet some emigrants, and, in fact, I met two who no sooner heard where I came from than they invited me to dine with them, and, as it was dinner-time, they took me immediately to their inn, where we met six of their comrades who showed me every kind of attention. They informed me that I must be presented to the landlord who would insist on my dining with them; that he was one of the most generous of men, and had maintained them all for eight months, saying that he should look to be reimbursed only when they returned to France. Thus I got another good dinner, after which I set off for Spa, where I arrived at five o'clock in the evening, but as on inquiry I could not find any emigrants of my acquaintance I pushed forward three leagues to reach a village where I had not such good luck, for I was under the necessity of sleeping (*à la belle étoile*) under the great canopy of Heaven and without supper. Next day (30 April) having only five leagues to walk to Liège, I accomplished it by ten o'clock in the morning. I was immediately arrested to be conducted to the prince. On the way I was accosted

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by several recruiting parties, who asked me if I would enter into the service of the emperor, where I should receive twenty sous per day and five louis entrance money. This I considered as a last resource which would never fail me, but from what I had seen of the ability and disposition of the emigrants I had little expectation from that quarter. I was introduced to the presence of the prince, who asked me a number of questions as to the means taken for my escape, which I recounted, begging he would be so good as to order me to be conducted to any emigrant that might be from my province. He named several and at last the Marquis d'Autichamp, to whom I begged to be conveyed, and was very soon at his inn. I inquired for him, desiring they would inform him that one of his friends from La Vendée wished to see him. He instantly appeared, and embracing me said :

“My good friend, what a situation do I see you in, and what distresses you must have undergone. But come up to my room ; you seem in want of immediate refreshment which shall first be brought to you. As to myself, I am unluckily engaged to an entertainment given to me at this inn by the officers of this garrison ; but as soon as dinner is over I will return to you to learn the circumstances that have occurred to my own as well as to your family. But the dinner-time is come, and I am expected by the company.”

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He therefore left me, and went to his entertainment, but having mentioned the circumstances of my arrival they immediately detached two officers of the party, who, in spite of my remonstrances and the dress in which I appeared, forced me into the assembly, where I had to receive the congratulations of the whole party. Dinner was served in the most sumptuous style, and I was overloaded with good things. After dinner I had to relate some of the events that had taken place, which proved a tragical relation, and inspired the whole company with horror.

The marquis then conducted me to his apartment, where I gave him an account of all that related to his family, at the same time inquiring of him, if I had not some of my relations at Liège. He told me that I had two of my nephews and a number of my friends, where he would have me conducted. He then opened his purse, from which I would only accept ten louis. He then gave me to understand that on the succeeding morning he was obliged to go to Aix-la-Chapelle to his family, and as soon as I was rested from my fatigues and had got some clothes made he desired I would go to him there, when he would find out some means for my subsistence. This I promised to do in a few days.

I then went to seek my nephews, when we had the melancholy task of talking over our misfortunes. They informed me they had met with the

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same sort of attention as had been described to me on the road, their landlord having supplied them in the expectation of being reimbursed on their return to France, but that they now had exhausted this means, as it became impossible for the people longer to supply their wants. Thus I found all were in the same predicament as myself.

CHAPTER XV

De Cartrie remains six days at Liège—Goes to Spa to see M. de Serrant—Spends two days with him and his family—Is invited to return—After remaining a week at Aix-la-Chapelle returns to the De Serrants—Undertakes to keep their garden in order—Six weeks later the De Serrants are obliged to leave Spa—De Cartrie accompanies them—He spends a month with them at Düsseldorf—Meets M^{me} de Feriet and her husband there—Hears that they have been compelled to leave France—De Cartrie and the De Serrants now go to Holland—Remain three weeks at Rotterdam—Compelled to seek another place of refuge—Arrival in London—De Cartrie is struck by the appearance of the shops—They remain six months in London—The De Serrants lose money—De Cartrie resolves to offer his services to the Prince de Léon—Embarks at Southampton for Quiberon—An unfortunate expedition—Sets sail for Noirmoutier—Siege abandoned—De Cartrie's sad condition—Arrival at Jersey—An old servant of M^{me} de Lugé lends him three guineas.

I REMAINED six days at Liège—during which time my appearance was materially changed—and passed it with my friends ; but the state of wretchedness in which I found them took off from the pleasure I should otherwise have enjoyed. However, two grand points were accomplished—the removal of all fears of a prison, and by my having as far as depended on myself secured the lives of my wife and children.

I now went to Aix-la-Chapelle to avail myself

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of the obliging offers of the marquis. I resumed the rout to Spa, having heard that one of my intimate friends was there—the Viscount Walsh de Serrant.⁶⁶ His family were also with him, and living very comfortably. I reached Spa by noon, and went direct to his house, where I found his wife and daughters with the Baroness de Lugé. They were in extreme surprise at seeing me, and loaded me with professions of kindness, insisting that I should pass two days with them. I left them at the end of that time, informing them of the kind offers of the Marquis d'Autichamp, when they requested I would return and live with them, if I found my life uncomfortable at Aix-la-Chapelle. Thanking them for their kindness, I promised to do so, which would be particularly agreeable, especially as they had hired a house at three leagues from Spa, where the solitude would more conform to my wishes than the bustle of the great world.

On reaching Aix-la-Chapelle, I went direct to the marquis's, who told me to find a lodging near him. This I did through the means of a young man named De l'Etoile, cousin-german to my wife, who procured for me a lodging at the same inn with himself. The marquis now showed me every attention, but, when I considered the slenderness of my purse and that I was living upon sums drawn from the purses of others, I thought it most advisable to return to Spa and to accept the



LE VICOMTE CHARLES-EDOUARD-AUGUSTIN DE WALSH-SERRANT
(1746-1820)

(From a portrait in the possession of the present Duc de la Trémoille)

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kind offer of the viscount. I therefore continued only eight days at Aix-la-Chapelle, leaving the marquis with regret, who made me the most warm professions, at the same time regretting that his own limited finances put it out of his power to render me perfectly at my ease.

Returning therefore to the family of Serrant, I was received by them with open arms. And as they had at this house in the country an immense garden and workmen were very rare to be found, I undertook to keep this in order, by which means I reconciled to myself the expense I put them to by the service I rendered, which at the same time occupied my mind. I had been six weeks thus employed in my garden, having produced a great store of vegetables, when the Patriots came a second time to Liège; and, as we were within a certain distance of that city, it became necessary for us to move first to Aix-la-Chapelle and afterwards to Düsseldorf. Thus I was again thrown upon the wide world, for my labours in this garden made me consider it as in a manner my own. As I did not choose to intrude upon my friend, who had four children to convey in carriages, I made the journey on foot, and on the road fell in with my brother, who was also flying from the enemy.⁶⁷ This was some consolation to me, and I insisted on his accompanying me, which he did, and went with me to sup with my friends, the Serrants, at Aix-la-Chapelle.

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Next day we took our departure all together for Düsseldorf, where we passed a month in like manner, when the Carmagnoles obliged the viscount to proceed still further. At this time the viscount said to me :

“My friend, I am sorry my means are so unequal to the expenses of my own large family as to render it impossible for me longer to subsist your brother, and under the circumstances it would be advisable for him not to follow us when we quit this place.”

I replied that my brother seeing the additional expense he put them to had entered into a corps, which he was immediately going to join. This separation caused to me infinite grief, and the viscount took every possible means to alleviate it during the eight following days that we remained at Düsseldorf to prepare for his departure for Holland.

The evening preceding our departure, as we were walking in the environs of the town, we were met by a party of four persons who eyed us with great attention. I was as usual in deep meditation on my misfortunes, when the viscountess shook me by the arm, saying—

“My friend, that party are eyeing you with the utmost attention, and in particular an elderly and a young lady.”

I could scarce believe my eyes.

“Surely,” said I, “it cannot be the Countess

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de Feriet and her husband, who so recently assisted me in my escape from France."

The viscountess then gave me a lecture on suffering melancholy to take such hold of me as to bring before my eyes visions that had no reality, adding—

"My good friend, if you do not bear up against it, you will have your mind disordered."

However, on my return, we met these four persons again, when I was assured as to their identity; and, making an excuse to the viscountess for leaving her, I ran to join my friends, for, in fact, it was the good family that had so essentially assisted me. They informed me that in consequence of Robespierre's vow not to leave a single person alive of any noble family—but that his intentions were to begin with those that were rich—they had been under the necessity of quitting all their comforts to seek safety in a foreign country, which had been accomplished by the same means they had recommended to me. During our conversation I perceived Madame de Feriet to be at times absent and incoherent in her discourse, which, on noticing to Monsieur de Feriet, he told me, that when they had stopped at one place on the road, they were so nearly overtaken by the Patriots that a sudden impulse of fear had for the present put her in that state, but which he hoped would soon be got over now they were in security. During that evening

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I contributed all in my power to alleviate the distress of the good father and of the daughter, who was not only a beautiful young woman but accomplished to a degree.

Next morning we set off on our journey to Holland, turning our backs on these good friends whom it was most probable we never should see again. I performed the whole journey to Rotterdam on foot. Here we remained three weeks, but the Patriots threatening Holland, and having sacrificed two hundred emigrants found in Nimeguen, it became necessary to seek a more secure retreat. As his wife and children were apprehensive of the voyage by sea, it was at first determined to go by land to Hamburgh, though the viscount had received a letter which pointed out the necessity of his repairing to London. However, instead of his leaving his family at Hamburgh and going alone on this business, they consented to the voyage; and though the horses and carriages were actually ready for the journey by land in the evening, we all on the morrow got into a vessel which conveyed us safe to London, where we arrived at seven o'clock at night on 2 October, 1794. We had to traverse the city from one end to the other to reach Princes Street, where we took our abode at the sign of the *Two Friends*.⁶⁸

What struck me as the most extraordinary circumstance of novelty was the illumination of the

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shops during the whole distance, and in which were exposed to view everything that was rich and splendid, a circumstance strongly indicating the opulence of that great city.

We remained two days at the tavern, until such time as the viscount had found a house suited to his family and me, for he was so good as to consider me a part.

A house was found in two days. Thus I remained in a state of ease near six months; but without any occupation which would have been a relief to my mind. This made me retire to my room as much as possible, not being willing to communicate my griefs to this good family. On the other hand, when the viscountess was not at the play or some visiting party, she made it her study to keep my mind as much occupied as possible.

About this time my friends experienced a reverse of fortune, for as their property lay among the French West Indian Islands the insurrection there involved them in the consequences. This resolved me to offer my services to the Prince de Léon,⁶⁹ who had the command of a body of men in the service of Great Britain, who were to be landed in Brittany to make a diversion in favour of the people of that province who were expected to join them.⁷⁰ The prince told me he should depend upon me, and should call upon me at a proper time as being a person who knew the nature of the service in those parts.

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The prince gave me a pass to proceed to Jersey from Southampton, as soon as I thought proper. I made this matter known to my kind entertainers who were very much surprised at this step, not knowing that I was acquainted with their late disappointment in their expected remittances. My friend at this time informed me that his correspondent had not only ceased to make his accustomed monthly payments but had actually demanded of him to pay back all the sums made in advance, giving him to understand that the correspondent at the Islands having ceased to make his remittances to the merchant in America, the latter had written him that he was to expect no more money from him on this account, and therefore that their account must now be closed. This was a sad stroke to my friend, especially as he had received the money in advance, and it was in a great measure expended. I told him that it was the knowledge of this from a friend, and my unwillingness to trespass on his goodness under these circumstances, which had determined me in the measure I had taken, and that in consequence I should take my departure in four days. He was extremely concerned at this news, observing that he had purposely kept it from me until such time as he had taken his measures in regard to a plan of retirement in the country, of which plan he looked to my making a part; that he had depended on me in guiding him as to the

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management of a small farm with which he proposed to amuse himself and his family ; and that I might be induced to join him in this plan, he told me he had saved a sum from his receipts which added to the sum at his banker's would remove all difficulties, and leave him comfortable. I thanked him for his kind intentions towards me, but on showing him my engagements with the Prince de Léon he was satisfied, especially when I assured him that the miserable state of my mind on account of my family had made me resolve to go on this expedition which would most probably bring me to a sight of them, or put a period to my miseries.

In fact, four days after I quitted this good family, and proceeded to Southampton on my way to Jersey, where the regiment of the Prince de Léon was stationed for the time, having joined them on 2 June, 1795, and in the month of July our regiment received orders to embark on board ship for Quiberon. Before we embarked, a general order was issued that all persons in any way afflicted with diseases should make them known, it being best that such should stay behind, as the landing was to be made on the continent of France, and none but those in perfect health could possibly be equal to the service in the first instance ; but that those who did stay behind would make part of a second expedition. Though very infirm at the time, yet I did not

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choose to be left behind; I therefore kept my maladies to myself, and embarked the latter end of July. Concluding the voyage would be a short one, I parted with all my clothes except the coat on my back and two shirts, being sensible that in such a war it were better to have no superfluities to attend to, the circumstance which in the war of La Vendée had caused so many of my friends to perish.

The affair of Quiberon was attended with fatal consequences from the treachery of some of our soldiers by the delivery of the fort into the enemy's hands, as this constituted the safety of our army by covering our retreat.⁷¹ This piece of treason left us no other resource than to attempt to gain the boats, but the tide being low and our boats not being able to come so near as they ought, we lost a great number of our people by the fire from the fort. The combined attack of the enemy having been made at a time concerted with the disaffected troops in the fort as well as those in the lines, it was found impossible to sustain the attack at the neck of the peninsula, as a part in front immediately joined the enemy at the first of the attack. When therefore the army was put to flight, the traitors in the fort turned the guns upon the troops retreating. Thus ended this unfortunate expedition. After losing a great part of the troops that were landed, our fleet went and anchored in

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Quiberon Bay till orders could be received from England, which arriving in three weeks, a false attack was made on Quiberon, while some of our best troops and some English were put on board vessels for the purpose of making an attack on the island of Noirmoutier.

We had now been six weeks at sea, which inactive life, added to the inconveniences I suffered having by this time very much enfeebled me, had brought on a low fever. While I was in health, I did not mind the having no other bed to sleep on than the deck of the ship, but illness made me sensible of the hardships I had to endure and without a single comfort. Add to which, we seemed to be at war with the elements, as we experienced at this time the most violent tempests. At last the winds abated, and we made sail for the island of Noirmoutier. We were making preparations for the landing and siege, when the enemy, finding themselves unequal to the contest, sent a deputy from the commandant who demanded twenty-four hours for the surrender, but in that time the enemy, having received reinforcements, sent word that they meant to sustain the siege. Our commander, now finding it in vain to pursue the siege, made an attack on l'Île Dieu which he took.⁷²

Having been so long in this weak state, without proper food, my means not allowing a single

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article of refreshment which my sickness required on account of the excessive cost, and not being able to eat the ship's provisions, I was now reduced to a very weak state. When I got on shore, I was in the same state, nor had any other bed than straw, besides by this time my shirts and clothes were in a sad ragged situation, add to which I was covered with vermin. All which circumstances—the danger of *gendarmerie* excepted—made this one of the most uncomfortable times I had ever experienced. At last we prepared to leave Quiberon, but we were detained three weeks longer by continual tempests and contrary winds. Thus I was brought to death's door; however, providence ordered it otherwise.

We left Quiberon in the month of December, 1795, for the Isle of Jersey, but contrary winds made this still a work of twelve days; and I landed more dead than alive.

The assistance I received from the faculty and the quiet on shore in a little time brought about my health. The merchants too were very kind in supplying me with some clothes, and at the representation of the Prince de Bouillon⁷³ I was allowed one shilling per day extra for a servant; but the pay of a servant amounting to twenty-four shillings per month, besides other expenses, I was put to the greatest difficulties to support myself, though with the utmost economy. I had been a month in this state, when an old servant



PHILIP D'AUVERGNE

(Reproduced by permission of Mr. Henry Kirke)

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of the Baroness de Lugé, mother-in-law to the Viscount de Serrant, came and offered himself to me, saying he had been seeking me some time with that intent, and to request I would clear up some doubts which had been entertained as to his principles. I lost no time in doing this with the magistracy, but told the man that my pay was so small, and my enfeebled state demanding some particular necessities, it was out of my power to maintain a servant. He replied that he did not want anything from me, but on the contrary he made me an offer to lend me as many guineas as I might stand in need of, as he was in possession of about sixty guineas which he had received from his mistress on quitting her service. I accepted his offer, and received from him three guineas with which I paid the merchants who had supplied me with clothes. As to the servant, I recommended it to him to seek employ, which he did, and by it gained six livres per day, so that though he remained with me, yet I had no benefit from his services, as he was absent on his employ the whole day.

CHAPTER XVI

Orders are received to quit Jersey—De Cartrie lands at Southampton without means—Is told that his services are no longer required—Decides to go to Romsey—The servant now demands payment of the sum he has lent—Proposes that De Cartrie shall work with him under the same master until the money is repaid—De Cartrie returns to Southampton, and enters the service of Mr. Dott—Remains with Mr. Dott until the debt is paid—Has a severe attack of gout—Receives help from people living in the neighbourhood—Removes to Itchen Ferry—Receives further assistance here—Saves money in the hope of rejoining his family—Hears that his wife has been allowed to return to their château—Goes to London—Takes passage in a vessel to Hamburg—Has written to the first consul at Paris for a passport allowing him to proceed thither—The consul sets off on an expedition before this letter is delivered—The battle of Marengo decides the fate of this expedition—We take leave of De Cartrie at Hamburg still awaiting a passport.

THUS we passed on till the month of July, when orders came for all the French to quit the island, and return to Southampton. I was among the first that obeyed the order, and my servant—as he called himself—was to follow me. I made application to the committee at the island for some advance of money to defray my expenses, but was told I should have all payments made to me at Southampton, and every needful assistance given. But being obliged to pay my debts

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before I left the island, I was obliged to take up money—an advance on my allowances for subsistence—so that instead of having my cash in hand on my arrival at Southampton—where I had to establish myself anew—I found myself three months in arrears, besides my debt to the servant. Instead, however, of receiving the promised aid on my arrival, they merely gave me a fortnight's subsistence, and told me my services were no longer wanted.

This resolved me to see what could be done at Romsey, where many French were established. I accordingly went there, and my servant—as he still called himself—remained at Southampton. Seeing the little prospect of supporting myself, much more of supporting him, and having no further need of my interest with those who had protected him when suspected at Jersey, he now in my present state of poverty, which was perfectly known to him, demanded from me the repayment of the sum he had lent me. This it was totally out of my power to comply with. I therefore remained at a distance from him at Romsey for a fortnight. He then paid me a visit at Romsey, acquainting me that if I chose to work in the same garden where he had found employ, it would give me the opportunity of settling the debt with him. This intimation he brought to me on 2 August, 1796, at which time, having nothing to prevent my immediate depar-

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ture, I put the little clothes I had into my port-manteau, and throwing it on my shoulder I followed my domestic, or more properly speaking my master, as by him I was now governed, and for him I was now going to hard labour to satisfy his demand on me.

We arrived at nine o'clock at night at a lodging he had near the house of that gentleman who was named Mr. Dott,⁷⁴ which was situated at about half a league from Itchen Ferry, or two miles from Southampton. Next morning my domestic carried me to and presented me to this gentleman as a labourer who wanted employ, and I was immediately received by him as such. I continued then to work for ten hours each day till the month of December, when having gained enough to settle with my servant we both left our work, for immediately on his payment he set off for London.

As to myself, I remained in the neighbourhood, having a lodging in a small cottage not far from Mr. Dott's house, and here I was confined by a most violent fit of the gout which lasted four months, during which time I could not stir out of my room. In this state of distress and abject poverty, I was discovered by the gentlemen in the neighbourhood who most generously afforded me their aid, without which I must have perished. On my recovery, I amused myself for some time in the garden of the cottage where I lodged, but



BITTERNE GROVE
THE RESIDENCE OF MR. DOTT, WHERE DE CARTRIE WAS EMPLOYED AS GARDENER

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in the month of April, 1797, I removed to a small lodging at Itchen Ferry.

My allowance from the government was one shilling per day, but through the application of a friend I received an additional shilling per day for a servant.⁷⁵ However, I thought it most prudent not to employ one, and by this means added to a most rigid economy and the constant assistance of the neighbouring gentlemen, who supplied me with potatoes, vegetables, etc., and likewise procured me a house to live in free of charge. By this means I proposed to myself to lay by so much money as would enable me to return and rejoin my family.

And in the month of July, 1798, I had the satisfaction to hear that on the death of Robespierre my wife and family, being included in the Act of Amnesty, were permitted to return and take possession of my château, where they have remained ever since, most probably concluding me dead.⁷⁶ However, my anxiety to visit them increasing, and I having by economy and the bounty of my friends got together the sum of fifty guineas, I have now repaired to London, and have actually engaged my passage in a vessel going to Hamburgh, having a proper pass for that purpose.

I must here mention that I, through my friends, had found means to transmit to Paris a letter to the first consul, stating my case, and begging a

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passport that I might come to Paris, and present myself to him. This paper got safe to Paris, and was to have been delivered by Monsieur Perregaux, the banker; but unfortunately for me, the very morning when this was to have taken effect, the chief consul set off on the memorable expedition, wherein by the battle of Marengo he decided the fate of that campaign. Thus am I now left no other mode than to wait at Hamburgh until I receive a passport either from thence or from Paris.

FINIS

APPENDIX A

The Talour Family



APPENDIX A

THE TALOUR FAMILY

IF in the twilight of their lives the last survivors of the Talour family ever looked back upon their past, they must, like Shakespeare's Henry VI, have envied the happiness of the humble shepherd who, seated in the shade of a hawthorn bush, has no other care than to tend his flock and reckon up the days, months, and years which bring him peacefully to a quiet grave. After having filled high positions in provincial Parliaments; after having bravely drawn the sword on battlefields where the French army won glory, even in defeat; after having enjoyed large fortunes honestly acquired, contracted brilliant marriages, and distributed around them the blessings of intelligence and charity; the Talours, suddenly uprooted from their native soil by one of those social convulsions which upheave humanity as the hurricane overthrows the oak trees, ended in pain and misery an existence the last moments of which may well have been embittered by contrast with the peace and prosperity of former years.

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Toussaint-Ambroise, lord of the manors of La Cartrie and La Villeni re, was born January 26, 1743. His father Guy-Barth lemy, Secretary of the Court of Audit of Brittany, had married the daughter of a former consul and alderman of the city of Angers, Jeanne Ollivier, by whom he had fourteen children. Coming originally from Normandy, the Talours settled in Anjou at the close of the sixteenth century, and having successively acquired the properties of La Cartrie and La Villeni re, they added these titles to their family name; but they do not seem to have been ennobled except in virtue of the offices they held from father to son in the Court of Audit of Brittany, as well as in various Parliaments.

This family of lawyers numbered, however, several representatives in the army. Toussaint-Ambroise's grandfather, Mathieu Talour, had been an officer in the regiment of La Gervaisais before being appointed King's Councillor at the Parliament of Metz in 1704, from which post he was transferred in 1713 to the Court of Audit of Brittany, and Toussaint-Ambroise himself, with several of his brothers, entered the military service almost in childhood.

It was in donning military accoutrements that the young gentlemen of that day looked to complete their education, of which they frequently imbibed only the first rudiments in their own homes. In the time of Louis XIV the company of

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cadets of Besançon, consisting of 360 men, included over forty who had scarcely attained their fourteenth year. In the History of her family during the Reign of Terror,¹ Mademoiselle des Echerolles relates how her father was taken by her grandfather to join the army at nine years old, in company with a little band of some dozen cousins, all about the same age, and how these young warriors went gaily through the perils of the field with the carelessness characteristic of their years; so much so that at twelve young des Echerolles had received a sabre-cut across the face, and had been a prisoner of war!

With the young Talours, the Seven Years War replaced a University education. At eleven Toussaint-Ambroise joined the infantry regiment of Aquitaine as a gentleman cadet, and shortly afterwards entered, as officer, the regiment of Berri, with which he was sent to Canada, while his elder brothers, as captains, were killed—one at Port Mahon, the two others at Minden.

The regiment of Berri had been ordered out to Canada in 1793, and suffered a severe loss of men at the second battle of Quebec on April 28, 1760. The remainder of that corps was at Montreal when the town surrendered on September 8 following, and having agreed to lay down arms till the end of the war, was sent back to France, where the doomed garrison landed at

¹ Memoirs of Mlle. des Echerolles. John Lane, London, 1903.

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La Rochelle and Royan in the month of December. At the conclusion of the peace in 1763, Toussaint-Ambroise's father, deeply afflicted by the death of his three elder sons and several other members of his large family, lost no time in procuring his retirement in order that he might settle at home.

The young officer was then barely twenty. The stirring life he led from the time he entered the service had left him little leisure to advance his intellectual culture, and the friend who afterwards collected his reminiscences of the war in La Vendée declares that his education was not very extensive ; but the hazards of his life in camp had hardened his physique, and prepared him to triumph over the sufferings and privations he had to undergo during his memorable flight across France, when at fifty he found himself forced to outwit the vigilance of the revolutionary committees in order to reach the frontier. Devoted to the chase and to country life, he could not become enervated by the pleasures of Capua. It is greatly due to this precocious initiation into military life and to the perpetual attraction of country pursuits that the armies of the Republic and the Empire could show so many soldiers of iron constitution, who astounded the world by their endurance and unflagging courage.

Shortly after his return to the paternal roof,

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Toussaint-Ambroise, in obedience to his parents' wish, married his cousin, Anne-Michelle de l'Etoile. Like himself, she came of a family of lawyers, and his father was her guardian. She brought him a considerable fortune, and the young couple set up house in the Château de la Villeniére, which Guy Talour designated as their residence. Three sons and three daughters were born of this marriage. At fourteen the eldest son chose the military service, and entered the cavalry regiment of Lamarche, in which he had to serve two years before acquiring the rank of officer.

Left to themselves at such an early age, and frequently in garrisons at a great distance from home, these military cadets were necessarily exposed to all manner of temptations, of which gambling was one of the most enticing. The young lieutenant in Lamarche's regiment seems to have devoted himself too ardently to cards, for in 1787 he found himself in such difficulties that he could see no way out of the dilemma, and dared not confess to his family the full extent of his losses. Meanwhile, in his garrison in the east of France, he had become acquainted with a family hailing from Brittany. The Montaubans were influential and wealthy, and lords of Sompheu, Sampigny, Chouville, Han, and Loxeville. Marriage with a daughter of this house might set the young prodigal on his feet once

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more, and he began to pay his addresses to Catherine Victoire, daughter of Baron de Montauban, captain in the cavalry regiment of Orleans. Being personally attractive, he was well received, although the young lady was six years his senior. But the matrimonial projects of the lovers appear to have received some check, since they hastened events by an elopement,—of which we traced the traditions in the neighbourhood,—and were married in Luxembourg.

In the meantime the sisters of Toussaint-Ambroise had married into various aristocratic families of Anjou and of Poitou: the Sapinauds, the La Grandières, the Jousberts de Rochetemer, while the youngest, widow of M. Chappot de la Brossardière, had married again—this time with an Irish officer in Walsh's regiment, and had gone with him to the Ile de France.

Such was the situation of the Talour family when the Revolution broke out, which did not at first meet with any violent opposition in the district of Anjou. The philosophical ideas and liberal principles circulated by the Encyclopedists had found an echo in the provinces as well as at the Court of Versailles, and no repugnance was felt in joining the masonic lodges and other associations independent of the Government, which concealed themselves under the cloak of pure philosophy. Everywhere men were taking part unreservedly, heart and soul, in the reform

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movement, which was imposed by necessity, and needed only a firm hand and a clear head to guide it to a successful issue by legitimate and peaceful methods. While waiting for the genius of a Napoleon to co-ordinate the various elements of a new society, the general disturbance of mind and conflict of opinion showed itself throughout France by methods as tumultuous as the wreck of fortunes and the change of situations.

Entirely absorbed by family life and his rural occupations, ignoring court intrigues and the political agitations of the provinces, Toussaint-Ambroise de la Cartrie appears to have been more or less indifferent to the movement taking place around him, the reverberations of which must have reached him but slowly in his retreat, for the first risings in La Vendée are passed over almost unnoticed in his memoirs. It required violent action on the part of the revolutionists and also religious persecution to rouse him from his apathy, and it seems as though with him, as with so many other gentlemen, it was only under constraint and pressure that he resolved to leave his hearth and give himself, body and soul, with all his family, to the risks of a civil war from which he had everything to fear; joining the Royalist and Catholic forces which, as Taine says, had risen not so much against the new order of things, as against the brutal disorder which had resulted from it.

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We will leave M. de la Cartrie himself to relate the events in which he took part during the war in La Vendée. His tale adds a personal note to the touching narratives of many historians who followed stage by stage along this painful Calvary. But we have thought it worth while to discover what became of the chief actors in the drama which he has unfolded to our eyes.

At the moment when M. de la Cartrie abandoned the woods surrounding his house, which had served him as a place of refuge while awaiting an opportunity to reach the frontier, his wife and daughters were still in the prisons of Angers, or in the grip of their persecutors. Their cross-examinations still exist in the records of the Court of Appeal in that town. The poor women do not cut a brilliant figure as compared with the attitude of many heroines of the time who died bravely confessing their faith and the horror they felt for their executioners. The ladies of La Cartrie plead extenuating circumstances in order to explain their presence in the ranks of the Royalist army, and declare that it was only under compulsion, exercised by their husbands or their father, that they followed the campaign conducted by "the brigands." M. de la Cartrie's account shows them in a very different light, and we prefer to believe that they were obeying the instructions conveyed to them from the fugitive by his faithful servant Faligan,



GENERAL TURREAU AT PONT-DE-CÉ

From the original picture by Gautherot exhibited in the Salon of 1812, and purchased by M. Pichot just as this book was going to press.



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rather than see in this appeal to the clemency of their judges a decline in the courage of which they had given ample proof so long as the head of the family had watched over them with touching solicitude. Released in February, 1794, they were able to return to their home, but do not appear to have held any communication with the outlaw—perhaps because they had no means of doing so, or because relations with the emigrants involved too great a risk—until M. de la Cartrie returned from England to La Villeni re, where possibly he did not even find, like Ulysses, his dog waiting to lick his feet in welcome.

The conditions of family life, of which M. de la Cartrie draws a touching picture in the opening of his memoirs, were no doubt greatly changed. The guests of the old manor were dispersed or divided by their opinions or interests. Revolution brooded by the hearths of private individuals as well as in the wreckage of royal palaces. While the eldest son was serving with the Imperial troops, the younger ones were taking their part in the various risings which agitated the provinces, and after the death of their mother at La Villeni re in 1794, the sisters, reduced to great poverty, made very humble marriages, if we may judge by the death certificate of one of them, in which a village shoemaker, described as the brother-in-law of the deceased, and an innkeeper, signed as witnesses to the official document.

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Henceforward Toussaint-Ambroise de la Cartrie appears only as one among the bevy of starving petitioners who sprang up at the Restoration, thronging the ministerial antechamber to gain a decoration, a pension, an asylum—any assistance which would assure them the wherewithal to live.

Our poor hero of La Vendée does not seem to have been among the favoured, for in 1824 he was curtly refused a pension on the ground that the Emigrants Commission of 1817 had not in any way put forth his claims, and that "*it was quite sufficient that he had received the cross of St. Louis.*" But he was then eighty-one, and doubtless had no idea where to lay his head, for he led a wandering life, and disappeared on 30 August, 1824, at Le Mans, where we lose all trace of him.

His eldest son, Guy-Barthélemy de la Villeniére, continued to serve in the Republican army after his wealthy match with Mademoiselle de Montauban; but although he aired independent notions in keeping with the times, he did not escape the revolutionary persecutions. At the time of his marriage he was transferred to the Hainault Regiment (Chasseurs) which was then being raised, but in 1793 he was suspended from his duties as a ci-devant aristocrat, and in 1794 General Gougelot enjoined him to return home. This was precisely at the moment when M. de la

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Cartrie, hidden in the forest of Longuenée, became aware of his son's presence at Angers, whither he had gone with a comrade in the hopes of saving the remnants of his father's fortune by means of a subterfuge alluded to in the memoirs. It was at Angers, too—and at the same time—that Guy-Barthélemy de la Villenièrè addressed a petition to the National Convention praying to be reinstated in his rank. This document, couched in the florid style of the period, sets forth how Captain de la Villenièrè, after having conformed to the orders he had received, “*submission to the law being the first duty of a republican,*” had come to Angers to embrace his parents, but had learnt that “*his father had been murdered or carried off by the brigands, and that his mother and sisters, having escaped from the fury of these scoundrels, had thrown themselves upon the protection of the administrative body, who, after having taken measures for the general safety, had set them at liberty.*”

This language, enforced perhaps by circumstances, depicts in most unexpected colours the incarceration of the ladies of La Cartrie in the Prison du Calvaire, and is worthy to be compared with their examination, in which they put upon the wretched fugitive—concealed at the time in the hollow trunks of trees on his own estate—the entire responsibility of the part they played in the war of La Vendée ; but perhaps it expresses

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more truly than is at first apparent the state of mind of a number of the aristocracy during the Revolution, when, in their enthusiasm for the new ideas, they joined blindly in a movement of which they could not foresee the immediate consequences, or the future significance. Making short work of his ancestral traditions, Captain de la Villeni re begins his petition to the Convention with the following monumental phrase: "*Behold before you at the bar a citizen who can only be guilty by reason of his misfortune of birth, setting no more value on aristocracy than Philosophy may approve.*"

This petition was supported by names which must have assured it a favourable hearing—Dubois-Cranc , Chazal, Carnot, Merlin, etc. The soldier-citizen was, in fact, soon restored to his regiment. He served through the campaigns of the Republic and the Empire with gallantry, and received many wounds; but his unfortunate passion for high play, which had been the determining cause of his early marriage, seems to have checked his advancement, judging from a letter written by Colonel Briant to the Minister of War in 1808, in which he says: "*I am far more satisfied with M. Talour. Lately he has not contracted any new debts, and pays his creditors punctually two hundred francs a month. The improvement in his conduct and his long-standing service give him some claim to pro-*

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motion." He received the rank of major in 1812, and having been Chevalier of the Legion of Honour since 1803, he was made an officer of the Order in 1813. The same year he was taken prisoner on the field of Leipzig.

When he returned from captivity in 1815 France had again fallen under the sway of the Bourbons; and with so many other glorious survivors of the Imperial armies, Talour de la Villeni re was removed from the active service list, and the Government assigned him as residence the little town of Portoise. With the coming of the Constitutional Monarchy he reappeared once more to beg from Marshal G rard the confirmation of his rank as colonel, which had never been recognized at the Restoration. It was only in order to benefit by an increased pension, and he pleaded that he had taken part in the disturbances which preceded the change of r gime, and had received several wounds on the night of 29-30 June, 1830, "*in pursuing the assassins of the gallant Parisians.*" King Louis-Philippe granted him pecuniary assistance, and in 1848 he was admitted to Les Invalides, where, being seventy-nine years of age and entitled to a pension of 2000 francs, he might have ended his days in peace; but when the notification of this decision reached him at his residence in rue Lacu e, the old warrior had just breathed his last.

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Shortly afterwards, his widow, Catherine Victoire de Montauban, died at Saint Mihiel. In his condition of poverty it seems strange that he did not take refuge with her. The long and continuous campaigns under the Empire scarcely suffice to explain why this couple lived so estranged after a union which started under such romantic circumstances. At any rate, no one seems to remember having seen the fascinating officer of the Imperial army at the Château de Han, whereas the memory of Madame de la Villenièrè still lingers at Saint Mihiel and Nancy. According to our informants, she was an old lady who rarely went out, except to go to church, accompanied by a lady companion whose business it was to make her understand what was said to her and to interpret her replies. Repeated attacks of cerebral congestion had, indeed, made all communication with the valetudinarian a matter of great difficulty. At the time when she was still in possession of all her faculties many unsuccessful attempts had been made to induce her to relate the events of her life, but she showed a great repugnance to speak of the past, and invariably put off the recital of her reminiscences from day to day, so effectively that she carried to the grave the secret of her mysterious life.

Her Château de Han, or at least what remained of it, was long since converted into agri-

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cultural dwellings. Fifty years ago one might still see there a very fine chimney-piece carved by the Lorraine artist, Ligier Richier; but this relic was sold to strangers, who took it away with them. The description given by M. de la Cartrie of his daughter-in-law's property, where he was able to lie hidden in the course of his flight, renders it easy enough to locate the ruins, marked by a polygon tower pierced by curious loopholes, and still separated from the Meuse by the very same meadows.

In the archives of the Ministry of War we have been able to trace the service records of the two remaining sons of M. de la Cartrie. Are these records quite authentic? Dating from the Restoration, a period when the victims of the Revolution and the internal dissensions were petitioning for decorations or pensions, they seem to us to pass over unmentioned certain details in the careers of the petitioners which might have been compromising, and to put in evidence matters of a secondary importance in their agitated lives. Jean-Alexandre-Etienne Talour, whom his father could not save from the conscription of 1793—in spite of the clause of repurchase which should have made him exempt—figures in these records as a soldier in the 5th Chasseurs, under General Moreau. He fought at Rexpood, Dunkerque, and Hondschoote, and in 1794 rejoined the army of La Vendée, in

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which he acted as captain. He also served in the ranks of the insurgents in the various risings which followed the first pacification, and afterwards went through the Spanish campaign of 1824 in the army of the Duc d'Angoulême. Retiring to Angers he married there a Mademoiselle Julie Gentilhomme, whose marriage portion was evidently not sufficient for him to live upon, for he sought the post of tax-collector at La Pouëze, while his wife kept an office for the sale of stamped paper in the rue de Bondy, Paris. He died in the hospital of Saint Louis, February 5, 1836.

Réné-Michel, M. de la Cartrie's youngest son, after accompanying his father in his painful wanderings across France, found himself obliged for safety's sake to separate from him before they reached the frontier. He then enrolled under an assumed name in a battalion of the line, but afterwards rejoined the Chouans with whom he fought until 1799, and reappeared in the ranks of the Royalists in 1815.

Finding himself without means of subsistence, he then asked the Government of the Restoration to be allowed to retire on his rank, and obtained a pension of 450 francs, with which he withdrew to La Tirelaie, a little farm which represented a poor remnant of the Talour domains. Here he died in 1854.

As to M. de la Cartrie's sisters, their names

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figure in various ways in the martyrology of La Vendée. Madame Sapinaud de Bois-Huguet must have escaped the fusillades and the guillotine by a miracle, for she remained in the country throughout the fiercest time of strife. She left a pathetic account of her sufferings, which was published by her grandson in 1824. The beautiful Céleste, Madame Bulkeley, returned from the Indies with her husband about the time of the first disturbances, and followed him boldly through the Royalist camps, but she did not drag along piteously in the rear of the troops, like so many poor women who were only driven from their homes by the fear of reprisals. Madame Bulkeley fired in the front ranks, and held a remarkable place among those brilliant Amazons whose heroism has thrown a romantic glamour over this barbarous struggle. Monsieur de la Chanonie has related so admirably in the "Revue du Bas-Poitou" the adventures of his great-grand-aunt that we have nothing to add here. Widowed by the guillotining of her husband, the handsome Irish officer of Walsh's regiment, Madame Bulkeley did not lay down arms until after peace was declared; but she must have retained her taste for camp-life, for after a third marriage, which did not last long, she took for her fourth husband Commandant Pissère, an officer in the garrison of Nantes, and a soldier of fortune whose adventurous career she followed

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until the day when the Bourbon Government, having dismissed this soldier of Napoleon, offered the indefatigable lady of La Vendée an opportunity of retiring with him to Anjou, where she predeceased her husband, in 1832, at the age of seventy-nine.

Thus one after another disappeared every member of the once numerous and flourishing Talour family. Though merely subordinate players on the stage of the Revolution, the parts they filled were characteristic of the vicissitudes of humanity at a period which recalls the words of Tacitus: "Never have the judgments of heaven shown more clearly that the gods think of us less for our welfare than for our chastisement" — words which would be indeed applicable were it not that in the vast cemeteries of our cities, as in the humble churchyard of La Pouëze, even above the grave of a Talour, the Cross can fill the hearts of men with the Christian hope of a reign of justice and reparation to come.

PIERRE AMÉDÉE PICHOT.

PARIS, *April*, 1906.

APPENDIX B

The Translator's Preface
to the Memoirs of
The Count de Cartrie

APPENDIX B

THE following extraordinary events in the life of Ambroise Toussaint de Cartrie, Count de Villenièrre, were written by himself. In England he was only known under the title of Count de Cartrie.

On his return to France in 1800, these Memoirs were left by him with a friend, and permission given to extract from or to copy them. At first it was only intended to make some extracts, but on perusal they were found so interesting that a full translation was undertaken.

In this relation some of the transactions in La Vendée will place that war in a very different point of view from which it has been considered in England. As to the circumstances attending Monsieur de Cartrie's escape through the kingdom of France, they are in a manner miraculous; but at the same time they show the cruel internal policy which the Government of the time adopted, and to which many noble families owe their present state of abject poverty, and perhaps an equal number their total extermination, not only in La Vendée but throughout the kingdom.

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Previous to reading De Cartrie's Memoirs, it would have been proper to have become acquainted with the preceding events of the war; but the account of that war as published by General Turreau, the Republican General of the Western Army, having come to hand since this translation was begun, a few extracts from it were thought a proper Introduction, and would have preceded this MS., but, there being only two blank leaves, room could not be found for the purpose. The extracts from Turreau's work are therefore entered at the other end of the book, and they are recommended first to be perused.

Extracts from a book published in France by General Turreau, Commander-in-Chief of the Western Army, in justification of his conduct while in that command; it appeared under the following title:—

“Memoirs for the History of the War of La Vendée. In which the principal events of that war are accurately related from its origin until the 13th Floréal of the second year of the French Republic.” By Louis Marie Turreau, Commander-in-Chief of the Western Army.

The translation from which these extracts were taken was published by Didot in 1796.

The following are minuted down as coming from such authority, they corroborating the almost improbable events of the war in La Vendée,

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which become a part of the Count de Cartrie's Memoirs.

It must be remarked that these circumstances preceded the period when De Cartrie's Memoirs commence, and of course may be read as a sort of introduction.

As it was only wished to take such parts as would give a proper idea of the Vendean Army, its means and power of action, reference is only had to such parts of General Turreau's publication as suits this purpose alone.

He begins by a general description of the country the Rebels (as he calls them) occupied, and he then proceeds to treat on the different descriptions of men that composed this great mass put into military motion, which he describes as having been one day invisible, and the next assembling in incredible numbers by a system till then unthought of.

He says they may properly be called four distinct armies :

The Army of the right bank of the Loire.

The Army of the left bank of the Loire.

The Army of the Chouans.

The Army of Morbihan.

The Chouans infested a country occupying a square of which the angles are Nantes, Angers, Rennes, and Mayenne. Their commanders were the Prince de Talmont, the Chevalier de Puisaye—

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formerly Adjutant-General to General Wimpfen—the Count de Boulainvilliers, etc.

The Army of Morbihan occupied the Marais, or that part of Lower Poitou adjoining the sea. In this district the great roads are only two, and the small ones almost impassable at certain seasons. The roads on each side have canals from thirty to forty feet wide, and very deep. The soldier of the country carries his musket in a bandolier, and has a long pole with which he leaps from one bank to the other with amazing facility. If the presence of the enemy will not admit his performing this exercise without exposing himself, he hrows himself into his niole (a very small and light boat), and crosses the canal with very great rapidity, being always sufficiently shut up to hide himself from the sight of his pursuers. He soon appears again; fires at you; and disappears in an instant, very often before you have time to answer his fire. By such advantages of situation it costs the Republican soldier several hours to traverse over a space which the native most commonly accomplishes in a few minutes, as the canals in like manner divide their fields. The inhabitants of the Marais formed a division of Charette's Army.

Of La Vendée General Turreau, to use his own words, says: "Let us now speak of the Vendéans. Let us speak of those truly extraordinary men whose political existence, whose

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rapid and extraordinary successes, and above all their unheard of ferocity, will form an epoch in the republican æra.

“A mode of fighting hitherto unknown, and perhaps inimitable if it be really practicable in other countries; an inviolable attachment to their party; an unlimited confidence in their chiefs; such fidelity in their promises as may supply the want of discipline; an invincible courage which is proof against every kind of danger, fatigue, and want; these are what make the Vendéans formidable enemies, and which ought to place them in the first rank of military people.

“Le Bocage and Le Loroux form the country which may be called Vendée. Le Bocage is a part of Poitou: Le Loroux part of Anjou and Brittany. This country is very fertile, and was formerly very populous.”

There are only two great roads in La Vendée. None but the carts and waggons of the country will run in the by-roads on account of the ruts, and these are narrower than common. In some parts the roads are sunk from ten to twelve feet below the level of the country, nor can a convoy travel above three leagues a day. It therefore requires two thousand men to escort a waggon loaded with cartridges, and, as there are very few parts where a waggon can turn round, if the escort is defeated, the convoy becomes inevitably lost.

General Turreau says, “An army in these

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countries ought not to have artillery, and cavalry are almost useless."

Talking of their attack, he says, "Their attack is a dreadful, sudden, and almost unforeseen irruption. Their order of battle is the form of a crescent, and their wings, thus directed *en flèche*, are composed of their best marksmen, soldiers who never fire without taking aim and who seldom miss a mark at common distance. You are routed, before you have had time to look about you, by a heavy discharge which surpasses that of our ordonnances. When conquerors, they completely rout you, and cut you off in all parts. They run in an attack and in a victory in like manner as they do in a defeat; but they charge while marching, nay, even in running, and the vivacity and justness of their musketry lose nothing by their constant state of mobility."

He says he had rather make six campaigns upon the frontier than one in La Vendée.

"Against these men you can never unite in order of battle. You know not at what point you shall engage, or where you will be attacked."

When remarking on the services and sufferings of the Republican soldiers in this quarter, he says, "Ought not the Republicans who have been employed in the War of La Vendée to partake of the glory which appears to be exclusively reserved for their brethren in arms employed on the frontier? Upwards of two

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hundred battles which have been fought on both sides of the Loire since the commencement of the war prove that it was sufficiently severe, and sufficiently important to attach some merit to those that carried it on."

Again, "The experience of more than twenty battles that I have witnessed has convinced me that the real advantages gained by six victories were not equal to the evils suffered by a single defeat from these rebels. I have seen two retreats of the Western Army (I was Adjutant-General in the first and General of Brigade in the second). We lost many men, a prodigious number of muskets, about sixty pieces of cannon, and eighty waggons. During the first five months of the War in La Vendée we gave the Rebels 300 pieces of cannon and 500 waggons."

"The loss of cannon was still nothing when compared to the loss of waggons. The scarcity of powder was already felt by the Republic, and we carried ours to the enemy."

"The White Flag was hoisted in La Vendée 10 March, 1793, O.S.

"The rebels in arms by the month of June were full 200,000 men, half of whom were armed with muskets, already inured to warfare by twenty battles, or rather twenty brilliant victories. And they were so connected by local situation and by the disposition of their posts that, if I may be allowed so to express myself, they seemed to

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form but one square battalion placed on a central point, the diagonals of which they traversed alternately in masses of 30,000, 40,000, and 50,000 men."

"The defenders of the Altar and Throne, seeing the mass of their proselytes augmenting daily, perceived the necessity of establishing a government to agitate the political movements of their new state, to direct alike all its parts, to repress all ambition distinct from the general cause, and to prevent so many various interests from dividing them, from crossing each other, and from injuring by individual pretensions the harmony of military operations and of administrations. They therefore formed a sovereign council, composed of general officers, of priests, and of some other agents, strangers to the profession of arms. Among these generals were D'Elbée, Lescure, Des Essarts, Stofflet, Fleuriot, Bonchamps, etc. Bernard de Marigny presided."

"This sovereign council united in itself all authority; the acts which emanated from it were made in the name of Louis XVII. The ancient laws, substituted in place of the new ones, preserved to La Vendée monarchical forms. The national money was proscribed, and an *assignat* could not have currency unless endorsed with the signatures of several members of the council."

"An early object of the rebel chiefs was to organize their army. They formed different

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corps of infantry, of cavalry, and even of artillery from among the foreign recruits. It was these troops who were paid and disciplined that formed the strength of the army."

"All the natives of the country, in whom consisted its chief force, on account of their numbers, were classed into companies, the companies into communes, and the communes into divisions. These troops were never assembled but to go on expeditions; one or more divisions of them were united at the point nearest to that which was intended to be attacked; to these were joined a strong detachment of the regular troops, and they marched against the enemy. When the expedition was finished, the activity of the inhabitants ceased, who, whether conquerors or vanquished, returned to their own homes. But they could be easily assembled next day, if necessary."

"In most of the villages, relays were prepared for the couriers who carried the orders of the sovereign council and the generals; and the Vendean, at the least signal, on the first notice, quitted his hoe for his musket, and appeared at the rendezvous full of audacity and confidence."

"They went to a battle as to a feast; women, old men and priests, even children of twelve and thirteen years of age (and I have seen some of them slain in the first ranks of the army), excited, and partook of the fury of the soldiers. Their

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wives and young women signalized themselves by a courage beyond their sex ; among others, one La Rochefoucauld and a young woman named Lescure, sister of one of the chiefs, who gave in several combats examples of intrepidity. The latter was at the attack of Thouars (14 September, 1793, O.S.), which her brother directed, and where he was vanquished. At this battle there was a woman who served at an eight-pounder during the whole of the action, and who did not abandon it but with life. They assure us it was Madame de Lescure. There were many women killed in different affairs. In that of Gesté (Pluviôse, second year) one of the chiefs of the rebel army was a woman disguised in man's apparel. Three times she rallied her broken troops, and brought them back to battle ; then she found her death." This lady was most probably the sister of De Cartrie, as mentioned in his narrative.

Among the chiefs of La Vendée were distinguished D'Elbée, a nobleman of Poitou, who was taken by Turreau, and shot. Wounded at the affair of Cholet, he took refuge in the island of Noirmoutiers ; his chagrin and the little care he had taken of his wound had rendered it mortal. He was shot according to the sentence of the Military Commission. D'Elbée was forty-two years of age ; he was so weak that he had to be carried to the place of his punish-

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ment. D'Elbée was the generalissimo of this army.

“D'Elbée, Bonchamps, Lefaire, Bernard de Marigny, Pyron, Domanié, the Prince de Talmont, D'Autichamp, Stofflet, La Rochejaquelein, the two Fleuriot, the two De Bruc, Langrenière, La Haye des Ormes, Saint-Hilaire, D'Auterive, La Roche Saint - André, Rostaing, Souleyrac, Bérard, Savin, Cathelineau, Charette, La Cathelinière, Joly, Sapinaud, Baudry, La Roberie, etc. all had in view this same end, the re-establishment of the Catholic religion, of the nobility and of royalty.”

On D'Elbée being elected generalissimo, Charette separated himself. He had 45,000 men under his command. He took with him Joly, Savin, La Roberie, and some other chiefs of less note, and was joined by La Cathelinière, who commanded 12,000 men in the neighbourhood of Machecoul and Princé.

Bonchamps, whom his military talents rendered a worthy competitor of D'Elbée, remained with him, as well as the other general officers.

There were two distinct armies : the principal being called the Catholic and Royal Army, otherwise the Army of Anjou and Upper Poitou, commanded by D'Elbée, and the other called the Army of Lower Poitou, or the Army of Jesus, directed by Charette.

“D'Elbée had a very contemptible opinion of Charette's military abilities.”

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"In organizing the military force, great attention was paid as well to the persons who composed it as to the means of providing them with necessary supplies. It had its commissaries, its treasurers, its agents of every kind, very active, very intelligent, and above all very faithful. There is no example of an agent of the Royalist party having betrayed it, or even quitting it voluntarily."

"Magazines of warlike stores and establishments for the fabrication of arms were formed. A great quantity of gunpowder was made every day in several towns, particularly at Mortagne and Beaupréau."

"It is astonishing that all the operations of administration and of interior organization, which seemed to give no time to the leaders for other occupations, did not slacken the course of military operations, for they fought almost every day, and often in several places at once."

"It is also astonishing that in the midst of this agitation and continual movement, inseparable from the daily events of this terrible war, the fields were cultivated, and agriculture did not seem to suffer from the frequent but almost momentary absence of the Vendéans."

The territory in charge of the Western Army of the Republic was divided by the Loire into two nearly equal parts. The army formed a circle round the revolted country, and the river was the diameter of it. But at this epoch, the

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right bank giving no uneasiness, almost all the forces were directed to the left.

General Turreau says: "The Republican generals were beaten in La Vendée by occupying too many points, and dividing their armies into too many detached parties, so that they were conquered in succession."

He remarks the following engagements:

9 *June*, 1793.—General Ligonier commanded at Vezins, Coron, Vihiers; he was defeated on this day with infinite loss.

General Salomon, going to the relief of Saumur with 5,000 men, was defeated.

9 *June*.—The rebels took Saumur after a splendid victory. The besieging army was computed to be 80,000 men. General Menou commanded the Republicans.

29 *June*.—D'Elbée and the sovereign council failed in their attack upon Nantes. D'Elbée commanded 40,000 men on the right bank; on the left, Charette had 40,000 men; they fought from three o'clock in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon.

29 *June*.—Westermann totally defeated at Châtillon, and all his infantry cut to pieces; he had 10,000 men.

29 *June*.—General Biron, commander of the division of Niort; 16,000 men remained inactive at that very time.

General La Barolière entered La Vendée by

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Pont-de-Cé; he was attacked three times, the last day near Vihiers by 50,000 Royalists, and was then totally defeated. Only 4,000 men mustered three days after at fifteen leagues from the field of battle.

August, 1793.—General Turreau says that previous to this time Charette might have overrun the whole country with ease.

August, 1793, to May following.—He says that between these months the Patriots had ten successful battles, general ones, and more than sixty partial ones, on the borders of the Loire; that between these months the Patriots lost 120,000 soldiers.

July and August.—Some skirmishes and the siege of Les Sables, where the Royalists miscarried; also the attack of Luçon, where they were beaten with loss.

He adds that the division among the Royalist chiefs was the circumstance to which the Patriots owe the greater part of their successes. Lescure, D'Autichamp, and the Prince de Talmont, all aimed to supersede D'Elbée in the supreme command. Charette had also separated himself, and assumed the command of the Army of Lower Poitou, refusing even to act in concert with D'Elbée. These men were also envious of D'Elbée, Bonchamps, and the chiefs of the council. D'Elbée always succeeded by keeping the whole of his force united, but the above

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chiefs in the council overpowered this plan, in the hope of gaining honour by separate attacks of their own divisions; thus they fell into the very error which had caused the so frequent defeats of the Patriots.

August, 1793.—Luçon attacked, where the Royalists lost 6,000 men.

At this time arrived in La Vendée the garrison of Mayence; that of Valenciennes was to follow, and was to destroy all the habitations and the inhabitants, if found in arms.

4 September.—The Patriots marched against Cholet, the central point of La Vendée. Canclaux entered La Vendée with three columns, of which the divisions of Mayence, 12,000, composed the major part. Canclaux and Beysser were defeated.

14 September.—At Doué the Patriots were successful. Turreau observes: "It was easy to perceive neither D'Elbée or Bonchamps commanded that day. They were commanded by D'Autichamp and the Prince de Talmont, who, it was easy to perceive, were very young in the art of war." D'Elbée and Bonchamps protested against this attack, but D'Autichamp and the Prince would attack, in despite of this advice, with the troops which they immediately commanded.

14 September.—Lescure attacked Thouars with 10,000 Royalists, and was beaten.

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No date.—Santerre defeated at Coron ; lost all his artillery.

No date.—Duhoux attacked next day, and completely routed ; lost all his artillery and baggage, besides a great number of men.

Canclaux was a successful general, but in the moment of victory he was dismissed from the command of the Republican Army.

16 *October.*—Léchelle succeeded, and fought the battle of Cholet, where D'Elbée, Bonchamps, Lescure, Pyron, Stofflet, etc. commanded. They had 40,000, the Patriots 28,000 men. The Patriots fled for two hours, and everything seemed lost, but, being rallied and the attack renewed, it was soon seen that D'Elbée and Bonchamps were not present. It was afterwards found that they had both been mortally wounded, in the first part of the action. In consequence, the Royalist Army sustained a complete overthrow.

Charette never attacked the army of Nantes in the rear, when so closely bearing upon the royal army ; had he done so, the Patriots must have been totally lost. This was owing to his jealousy, and his hope that this army would be obliged to recross the Loire (as was the case after their defeat), when he would become master of La Vendée.

Thus the Royalist Army was ruined by the

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ambition of the Prince de Talmont, D'Autichamp, and Charette.

Charette was now often beaten. He never fought a general battle.

After the defeat of Cholet, La Rochejaquelein, Stofflet, and D'Autichamp commanded that part of the army that crossed the Loire. D'Elbée was left on the opposite side wounded.

Afterwards La Rochejaquelein and Stofflet passed to the left bank of the Loire, and had an interview with Charette in the presence of D'Elbée, then wounded. His advice was that Charette should act in concert with those two chiefs, and that their forces should be reunited; but his advice proved of no effect. The chiefs parted in discontent with each other.

Memorandum.

At this period De Cartrie begins his account of the actions of that part of the army that crossed the Loire under La Rochejaquelein, D'Autichamp, and Stofflet.

NOTES

NOTES

1. De Cartrie's residence was situated at three leagues from Ségré on the confines of Brittany, six leagues from Angers, and five leagues from the ironworks of the mines of Montrelais. The name of the village near which he lived was La Pouëze, in the parish of the same name.

2. Talour de la Cartrie, comte de la Villenièrre. This title was first bestowed on a paternal uncle of the writer—Jean-Jacques Talour, sieur de la Villenièrre et de Quinzé, member of the Parliaments of Paris and Brittany, on whom had been conferred, 26 August, 1740, the office of *conseiller-maitre ordinaire en la Chambre des Comptes de Bretagne*.

3. According to a memoir written by Jean-Jacques Talour in 1787, which is preserved among the records of the Department of Maine et Loire, a patent of nobility was conferred on the Talour family by the Council of Regency, upon the appointment of Barthélemy Talour de la Cartrie as secretary in ordinary of the King's Chamber, 22 March, 1651.

The first of the Talours who came from Normandy to the province of Anjou was Pierre Talour, an advocate at Angers, to whom the Cartrie estate belonged in 1590.

The genealogical chart of the family was printed by L. de la Chanonie in his memoir of Madame Bulkeley, published in 1891-2 in the *Revue du Bas-Poitou* at Fontenay-le-Comte.

4. Toussaint-Ambroise, the writer of these Memoirs, entered the army in 1755 as a gentleman cadet in the Aquitaine-Infanterie Regiment. He was promoted to the rank of officer in the Berry Regiment in 1757, and went through the Seven Years War in that corps.

5. Hercule Gilles, chevalier de la Grandière, seigneur du Plessis, captain in the Aquitaine-Infanterie Regiment.

6. René-Prosper Sapinaud, chevalier, seigneur du Bois-Huguet.

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7. Marie-Louis-Félicité de Jousbert de Rochetemer, chevalier, seigneur de Bois-Groleau.

8. William Bulkeley, born 1763 at Clonmel, Ireland.

9. Alexandre-Gilles-Hercule, a canon of St. Geneviève, an order founded in the sixth century for the service of the church of St. Geneviève in Paris. Born 1750.

10. Jean Barthélemy-Geneviève, born 1755, a cavalry officer who emigrated in 1791, and served during the Revolution in the Prince's army and the Duc d'Angoulême's cavalry.

11. Anne-Michelle de l'Etoile.

12. De la Cartrie's grandfather Mathieu Talour, *écuyer*, was at first an officer in the La Gervezais Regiment and afterwards councillor in the Parliament of Metz (1704) and the *Chambre des Comptes de Bretagne* (1713). He married Marguerite de Bailleul.

13. Madame Turpin de Crissé, daughter of Marshal Lowendahl (died 1789), was of a literary turn of mind. She is one of the authors of *La Journée de l'Amour ou Heures de Cythère* (1776). She was a friend of Voisenon, whose works she published in 1781. Her husband, after a brilliant military career, died in 1792, an exile in Germany. He was the author of numerous philosophical and military works.

14. The marriage was solemnized 28 November, 1768.

15. The estate of La Villenière.

16. Guy-Barthélemy Talour de la Cartrie, *conseiller-secrétaire-auditeur de la Chambre des Comptes de Bretagne*, died in 1774 at the age of 73. He married Jeanne Ollivier, daughter of a former consul and sheriff of Angers.

17. The property was divided in 1776. (*Archives de la Bibliothèque Nationale, collection Chérin*). La Cartrie fell to the lot of Jean-Barthélemy-Geneviève, who sold it 3 May, 1783, to Marie-Anne-Louise de Varice, widow of Louis-Gaëtan-Balthazar de Meaulne. It was through a demoiselle de Meaulne, his mother, that La Cartrie passed into the hands of Monsieur G. de Villebiot, the present owner of the estate.

18. Guy-Toussaint-Barthélemy de la Villenière entered the army at the age of 14, and was attached to the Lamarche-cavalerie Regiment. After an eventful military career he was admitted as lieutenant-colonel pensioner in the *Hôtel des Invalides* 24 October,

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1848, and died about the same period. (*Archives administratives du Ministère de la Guerre*).

19. Catherine-Victoire was born at Han-sur-Meuse 10 December, 1764, and died at St. Mihiel, 15 September, 1850. Her father Jean Baptiste, Baron de Montauban, was born 1718, and married 18 April, 1752, Marie-Victoire Le Petit. He was a captain in the Orléans-Cavalerie Regiment, and seems to have held the rank of General of Brigade.

20. Jean-Alexandre-Étienne Talour de la Villenièrre, born at Angers 16 July, 1771; died 5 February, 1836.

Réné-Michel Talour de la Villenièrre, born at La Pouèze 23 April, 1776; died 4 May, 1854.

Marie-Adélaïde-Joséphine-Marguerite Talour, born at La Pouèze in 1772; married (1) Provost, (2) Girardièrre. Died 1820.

Louise-Talour, born 1778; married Barice.

Pauline-Talour, born 1780; married Pierre-Estachevon-Maison-neuve.

21. Le Chevalier de la Grandièrre was guillotined later at Angers on the *Place du Ralliement*, 4 March, 1794. His wife died 18 February, 1794, in the castle of Montreuil-Belley, where she was imprisoned. La Cartrie is not always correct in his statements, which is no doubt owing to the troubled state of the times and the difficulty of communication.

22. Réné-Michel, born 23 April, 1776, at La Pouèze; died 4 May, 1854.

23. This is Jean-Alexandre-Étienne, born 16 July, 1771, at Angers, whom we find mentioned in the *Archives* of the War Department as a privateer in the Armée du Nord, in the 5th Regiment of Chasseurs, 1 March, 1793.

24. Madame de La Rochejaquelein in her memoirs (chap. iv.) mentions one "Gaston," at the head of the Royalists of Challans, who was killed at St. Gervais. The Vendéans and Chouans were accustomed to fight under assumed names, and this has often been the cause of great difficulty in identifying the precise persons meant.

25. We have already rectified the error in the date of the death of the Chevalier de la Grandièrre (*vide supra*).

26. The tomb of Bonchamps is to be found in the church of St. Florent le Vieux. His effigy was carved by the celebrated sculptor David d'Angers. He is represented lying on the tomb-

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stone, trying to raise himself on his elbow, and uttering the famous phrase: "Grâce, grâce aux prisonniers! Bonchamps le veut: Bonchamps l'ordonne." These words are engraved on the mausoleum.

Upon an etching of the monument which belongs to David's daughter, Madame Laferme, the artist has written the following note:—

"My father was one of the five thousand Republican prisoners confined in the church of St. Florent whom Bonchamps rescued from death when he was himself dying. By carving this monument, I have endeavoured to discharge, as far as lies in my power, my father's debt of gratitude."

27. Among the unfortunate women, who were every night hurried down to the Loire to be drowned, was Madame de Veau de Chavagne, whose husband had been killed at the battle of Savenay. She was a very beautiful and wealthy woman, and a Republican officer offered to save her life if she would become his wife. "I have sworn," she answered, "to love only one man. My husband has died for his King, and my one wish is to join him in Heaven." The officer could not persuade her to change her mind, and consequently she was drowned with many others to whom no such alternative had been offered. (CRÉTINEAU-JOLY, *Histoire de la Vendée militaire*, t. II. chap. II).

28. Céleste-Julie-Michèle Talour de la Cartrie was born at Angers 14 May, 1753, and married (1) in 1779 Louis-Henry-Marie Chappot de la Brossardière; (2) in 1786 William Bulkeley; born 7 December, 1766, at Clonmel; chevalier, officer in the Walsh Regiment, son of James Bulkeley and of Mary Kent Butler, his wife; (3) in October, 1797, Jacques Thoreau de la Tonchardière; (4) in June, 1803, Captain François Pissère, capitaine de la 7^e compagnie du 2^e bataillon de la 23^e demi-brigade d'infanterie légère.

29. Marguerite-Ambroise-Céleste-Aminthe, born 31 March, 1781. The author of the memoirs was her godfather, and he is described in the baptismal register of the church of St. André d'Ornay in Vendée as: Messire Toussaint-Ambroise Talour, chevalier, seigneur de la Villenièrre, de la Goubrie et de la Droère.

30. Born 1753; died 1785.

31. Marie-Marguerite de Morais, widow of Charles Chappot de la Brossardière, captain of light cavalry, brigadier of the King's

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gendarmes, knight of St. Louis, and the Duke of Orleans' *inspecteur des chasses* in the principality of La Roche-sur-Yon, etc.

32. Léontine d'Esparbès de Lussan, Bouchard d'Aubeterre, the last Abbess of Ronceray at Angers, 1762-90 (*vide* Port, t. I., p. 70). Henri Bouchard d'Esparbès de Lussan, Viscount d'Aubeterre, was the husband of Françoise-Adélaïde-Rosalie de Scépaux, owner of the estate and castle of Beaupréau, which he came into possession of on his marriage. He was General of Brigade in 1783, and member of the Assemblée des Notables in 1787. He died in 1789. His widow emigrated in 1792, but returned in 1800 to Beaupréau, where she died February, 1816 (*vide* Port, t. I., pp., 260-261).

33. Probably one of the soldiers of the German legion known as the Légion de la Fraternité, which was despatched to La Vendée, and from which many soldiers joined the Royalist Army. The infamous Carrier, at the revolutionary tribunal, had even accused the legion of having entirely gone over to the ranks of the rebels; but this seems to have been an exaggeration made in order to support the complaints of some low informers against the chiefs of the Legion (*vide* Chuquet, etc.).

34. René-Michel, who took an active part in the War of La Vendée, and again joined the risings of 1798 and 1815. At the Restoration he was pensioned, but seems to have died in great poverty in 1854.

35. General Tilly (born 1749, died 1822) was at the head of the Cherbourg Division, which had not yet taken part in the war.

36. "... M. de La Rochejaquelein entered Ancenis without resistance, and prepared to cross the Loire. He had taken a small boat from a pond in the grounds of the château de St. Marc, and had placed it in a waggon, foreseeing that we should have no means of crossing the river because the Republicans would take away the boats on our arrival" (*Mem. of Madame de la Rochejaquelein*, chap. XIX.).

37. Madame Sapinaud de Bois-Huguet.

38. Montrelais, *Loire Inférieure*, *canton de Varades*, *arrondissement d'Ancenis*.

39. La Romagne (la Grande et la Petite). A manor situated in the Commune of Villemoisais, Le Loroux-Beconnais, near Angers.

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40. *The Armorial Général de l'Anjou* mentions a De Mergot family.

41. The forest of Longuenée in the Commune of Brain-sur-Longuenée, between St. Clement de la Place, La Membrolle and La Pouéze.

42. They were arrested 24 December, 1793. M. de la Chanonie has published *in extenso* an account of their examination in his biography of Madame Bulkeley. The name of the maid was Anne Lemanceau, *alias* Lacoudre.

43. The marriage took place in 1779. Madame de la Brosardière became a widow 27 April, 1789.

44. M. Sapinaud de Bois-Huguet has devoted some lines to Bulkeley in his appendix to the memoirs of Madame Sapinaud, his great-grandmother, sister of M. de La Cartrie. "Boucly" (the name is almost always misspelt by the writers of the time), he remarks, "was of Irish descent. He was the tallest and finest of the officers of La Vendée." The Mayor of Angers writing to the Mayor of Paris some time after Bulkeley's execution says: "Our holy mother Guillotine is actively engaged in her work. Within the last three days she has shaved eleven priests, one ex-nun, one general, and a handsome Englishman six foot high, whose head was in the way! It is now bagged!"

45. He had entered the Walsh Regiment in 1785, through the influence of his uncle Richard Butler, formerly lieutenant-colonel in the regiment, and brigadier of the Royal armies.

46. Pierre de Mornac, born at Ussel (Corrèze); prior of the Abbey, canon of the French congregation des Fontenelles. It appears from a petition written in his own hand to the Assemblée Constituante that he was a prior for more than thirty years. He died at Clouzeaux, aged 77, on 31 January, 1798. He had refused to take the oath to the civil constitution, and had been expelled from his abbey in 1792 (cf. *Le Clergé vendéen victime de la Révolution*, by the Abbé Baraud).

47. In November, 1786.

48. Bulkeley was twenty at the time.

49. De Chouppes, a descendant of the Marquis de Chouppes, lieutenant-general. He was killed at the beginning of the insurrection in La Vendée, about 1794.

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50. Anne Lacoudre, Madame Bulkeley's maid, was shot 1 February, 1794. Her trial had taken place on 22 January.

51. This declaration is contained in the account of the trial of 4 January. It was only two days after the execution of her husband that Madame Bulkeley appeared before the Felix Committee, and was respited. It does not appear that sentence of death was ever passed on her; however, in a legal document drawn up in 1806 by the advocate Boncenne she is said to have been condemned to death, and only reprieved upon declaring herself to be *enceinte*.

52. The night between 10 and 11 February, 1794. De Cartrie's narrative contains several errors, probably owing to the fact of his having to rely on his memory for fixing the dates of certain events, or on the reports of those who had not been eye-witnesses of what had actually taken place. In our time we can hardly imagine how easily people lost sight of one another on account of the slowness, difficulty, and cost of postal communication. The nearest relations were often years without having news of one another.

53. Bourniseaux, in his *Histoire des Guerres de la Vendée* (vol. III, p. 266), mentions the strength of Madame Bulkeley's Company. "She wore a riding habit, and commanded thirty troopers whom she had mustered in the Division of Les Sables, and fitted out and paid herself."

54. General Beaupuy, a Republican Commandant, mentions in a report of 13 October, 1794, two attempts of Madame Bulkeley to storm the castle of Givré with her numerous followers.

55. Talour de la Cartrie, having left France 27 April, 1794, had lost touch with La Vendée, and only knew from hearsay what was taking place there. No doubt the execution of Madame de La Rochefoucauld, who fought like a hero in the ranks of Charette's Army, side by side with Madame Bulkeley, had been mistaken for that of La Cartrie's own sister. Madame Bulkeley continued fighting until Charette was taken prisoner (March, 1796). After the pacification of La Vendée she retired to her castle of La Brossardière near La Roche-sur-Yon. She died at Angers 13 March, 1832, aged 79 (*vide* Chanonie's *Memoir of Madame Bulkeley*).

56. Faligan is a not uncommon name in Anjou.

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57. (P. 75.) It was not at La Ronceray, but at Le Calvaire, also an ancient abbey.

(P. 77.) This is not exactly the truth. The daughters were not shut up at Le Calvaire, and the youngest one was never under arrest, as far as one can judge from the examination they underwent before the *commissaires recenseurs*, records of which have been preserved.

(P. 84.) The daughters had been released on 12 February. The mother only had been detained and condemned to be guillotined.

58. André Dominique Girard Réthureau, confectioner and dealer in spirits. Louis Antoine Thierry, called "Brutus," a grocer, and also a member of the Revolutionary Committee of Angers (September, 1793—March, 1794).

59. The castle of St. Hubert, in the forest of Rambouillet, was built by the celebrated architect Gabriel; and decorated by such famous sculptors as Constant, Pigalle, Falconet, and the artist Val Loo. It was destroyed by Louis XVI.; but a hamlet and pond bearing the same name are still to be found near the railway station of L'Artoire.

60. The records in the War Department give a full account of René-Michel's services, and state that after the battle of Le Mans he enlisted under an assumed name in a line regiment, in order to escape the guillotine, and served in the 3rd Paris Battalion, the 4th Demi-brigade, and the 31st Regiment until 1798.

61. The description is still correct, and we have been enabled to trace the exact spot from it. The remains of the Castle of Han are now occupied by some agricultural labourers. A finely carved chimney-piece by Ligier Richier was sold about fifty years ago to some foreigners when the manor was pulled down.

62. *The Three Pigeons* was kept by a man called Lepine, and was opposite the market, at the corner of the rue Stanislas and the rue des Carmes, where the Hôtel and Café du Commerce now stand.

63. One Monsieur de Feriet, a captain in the Artillery, was living in 1786 at 336 rue des Églises, now rue des Quatre Églises. The town was divided into parishes, and the houses in each parish were numbered consecutively. This may have been the residence of Madame de la Villenièr's aunt.

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64. An Austrian general, born 1725 ; died 1819.

65. General Gottfried Schröder, Knight of the Order of Marie Thérèse, an Austrian general born at Berlin about 1735, died at Pellendorf, 18 February, 1807. He was captain in the Seven Years War, and distinguished himself in numerous battles. He was with Beaulieu in command at Luxembourg during the war against the Republican army.

66. Viscount Charles-Edward-Augustin de Walsh Serrant (born 1746, died 1820), married Julie Pagué, daughter of the Baronne de Lugué. His posterity is now the elder branch of the Walsh family in France, and bears the title of Count de Serrant.

67. Jean-Barthélemy Geneviève, the youngest brother of La Cartrie, was born at Angers in 1755. As sub-lieutenant in the Cavalry he emigrated as early as 1791, and served in the Prince's Army (1792), in the 2nd squadron of the Duc d'Angoulême. We find him in '94-95 quartermaster in the Laval-Montmorency Regiment, and from '96 to 1801 in the Cavalerie Noble of Condé's Army.

68. I have been unable to identify the *Two Friends*, mine host, or even which Princes Street is referred to. There were nine Princes Streets in London in 1827.

69. The Prince de Léon, a nobleman of a Breton family, commanded one of the four battalions of the "Regiment of Loyal Emigrants" raised and commanded by the Duc de La Châtre. The other battalions were commanded by the Count Oilliamson (or as he called himself in England, Williamson), Count Armand d'Allonville, and the Count du Trésor. In a return to the House of Commons 13 February, 1795, "La Châtre's Loyal Emigrants" was composed of 732 infantry-men (*Annual Register*, 1795, p. 110). Probably all the French regiments of émigrés were over-officered—there being among them many more members of the *noblesse* than of the lower classes. All that I can find about the Prince de Léon is that he sailed with the Count d'Artois in H.M.S. *Jason* 22 August, 1795, and returned to England, from Belle-Isle, 26 October, 1795, with a part of the battalion under his command, "tous bien fatigués et annuyés." (See Robert, *Expédition des Emigrés à Quiberon*, pp. 205, 223, 345 ; Forneron, *Histoire des Emigrés*, tome II, 104.) The regiment was disbanded in 1802 (Arnault, vol. 10, p. 231).—G. K. F.

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70. On 1 April, 1794, the Pitt Cabinet passed a Bill allowing the King to recruit a corps of émigrés for the purpose of furthering the action of England against France. This corps included four regiments of émigrés amounting to 1,691 men, who were to be enlisted from the refugees in England and Germany.

71. The foot-soldiers who were taken prisoners, when Fort Penthièvre fell into the hands of the Royalists, included many men who had been recruited from the London prisons. These men had only enlisted in order to gain their liberty, and could not be relied on; it was an imprudence to admit them into the ranks of the rebels.

72. The English forces cast anchor at l'Île d'Yeu (or Dieu) 29 September. Seven or eight hundred émigrés and four thousand English troops landed. Comte d'Artois, with his staff, landed 2 October.

73. Captain d'Auvergne, known as the Prince de Bouillon, was born at Jersey in 1754, and was only the adopted son of the old Duc d'Auvergne et de Bouillon, who had no issue. He served in the British Navy, and resided at Jersey in the Castle of Montorgueil, from which he kept up communication by signals with the coast of France. The life of Captain d'Auvergne was that of an adventurer, and he can be identified in Gilbert Parker's novel, *The Battle of the Strong*, as Captain d'Avranches. Napoleon confiscated the estates which he had inherited from the old duke; these were given back to him at the Restoration, and again taken away and given to the Rohans, who were descended from the old duke's family in the female line. After a most eventful and adventurous life, the Prince de Bouillon died in London in 1816, broken down in health and in a state of great poverty. See also *From the Gun Room to the Throne*; being the Life of Vice-Admiral H.S.H. Philip d'Auvergne, Duke of Bouillon, by Henry Kirke, M.A., B.C.L., 1904.

74. Mr. James Dott had been a surgeon in the East India Company's Service. Upon his return to England he went to live at Bitterne Grove, Southampton; he also had a house in London—in Margaret Street. He died, without issue, 15 November, 1844, in his ninety-first year. He was interred in West End Church, Southampton. For some years before his death he was a well-known eccentric character in the neighbourhood of Southampton. A portrait of him was known to exist in 1866, but it has now been

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lost sight of. His house, Bitterne Grove, is still standing, denuded of most of its grounds ; it is now the property of Mr. H. I. Sanders, and it is in the occupancy of Mrs. Bramwell. No traditions of De Carrie or even of Dott linger in Bitterne village, except in the name of a byway still known as Dott's Lane.

75. *Pensions and Assistance to Emigrés.* Many of the émigrés, especially those of the clergy, were penniless. At a meeting for their relief at the Freemasons' Tavern, 20 September, 1792, it was stated by Mr. Wilmot, M.P. for Coventry, that there were 1,500 émigrés in England and 1,000 in Jersey. By December of the same year the numbers were greatly increased—3,000 or more in England and 3,000 in the Channel Islands. Large subscriptions were raised for their relief—private subscriptions to the amount of £33,590 6s. 4d., and public collections, under royal patronage and "briefs," amounted to £41,314 12s. 7d. (Jervis, *The Gallican Church and the Revolution*, pp. 227, 228). In addition to these voluntary subscriptions, large amounts were taken from the Civil List or voted by Parliament, as shown by the following figures : (*Journals of the House of Commons*, vol. 51, p. 185):—

"Account of Money issued to the Committee for the Relief of the Suffering Refugee Clergy and Laity of France out of H. Majesty's Civil List Revenue.

"For the support, etc., of the suffering Refugee Clergy of France	£ 54,000
"For the support of the suffering Refugee Laity of France	18,000
"To be paid to sundry persons formerly Officers of Marine or in the magistracy of France	4,750
"To be paid to sundry persons formerly Officers of the Land Service in France	800
	£77,550"

A similar account will be found of the expenses of relieving émigrés in 1796, in the *Commons Journal*, vol. 52, p. 155. The total amounts to £140,090, and in 1797 the amount is put down at £192,677 12s. 1d. in *Reports from Committees*, vol. 13, p. 173.

There is in the British Museum a manuscript in two volumes (Add. 18592) containing the "Minutes of the Committee of Subscribers for the relief of the French Clergy," 1793-6. The sum granted by the Government to this Committee rose from about £7,000 to £9,000 monthly during these years.—G. K. F.

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76. We find records of the following members of La Cartrie's family in the parish registers at La Pouëze :

Michelle-Anne de l'Etoile, his wife, died 17 September, 1804.

Marie-Adélaïde, his eldest daughter, died 4 September, 1820, after having been twice married to men in very low positions.

Réné-Michel, his youngest son, died 3 May, 1854, a pensioner of the state and in very poor circumstances.

Louise Talour, the second daughter, was married to a man named Barice.

Pauline Talour, the third daughter, married Pierre Estachevon Maissoneuve.

We have already given an account of the eldest son, Guy-Toussaint de la Villenièrre, in a preceding note.

In fact, all the members of that once illustrious and wealthy family ended their days in such misery, that there was a saying in the country that the Castle of La Villenièrre had been cursed by Heaven on account of the private and political misdeeds of some of the members of the family.

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